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Shakespeare

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. V.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

D L.

1749 Sept 21. / 1750 Feb 22
Oct 20. / Sept 8 (year)

1749 (mars)
1750 Oct. 10
mai 16
1751 Janv 7e
Juin 6

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should, however, be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers."—"These plays," says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) "are goode and sweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's Wits Treasury, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of Gernutus the Jew of Venice, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his reliques of Ancient English Poetry: and the ballad intituled, The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the rich Jewe of Malta; and the tragedy on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May, 1594. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of The Gesta Romanorum, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The first was made of pure *gold*, well beset with precious stones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth.* The second vessel was made of fine *silver*, filled with earth and worms; the superscription thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of

lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him*.—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the *leaden vessel*.

In a MS. of Lidgate, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Askew, I find a Tale of Two Merchants of Egipt and of Baldad, ex Gestis Romanorum. Leland, therefore, could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of Gesta Romanorum. The first, *Of the Bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri et vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—"*Conventionem meam volo habere*.—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam et omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum, abscessit; et sic vita militis salvata est, et nullum denarium dedit."

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro purissimo* et lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, et plenum *ossibus mortuorum*: et exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro et gemmis pretiosis, plenum *terra*; et exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretiosis enterius et gemmis nobilissimis*; et exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me*

inveniet quod Deus disposuit. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, et dixit, Si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, et proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis." The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets*, Shakspeare might take from the English Gesta Romanorum, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the Pecorone; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novellist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one, TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the year 1594. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED [1].

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTONIO, the merchant of Venice:
BASSANIO, his friend.
SALANIO [2], }
SALARINO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew:
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
SALERIO [3], a messenger from Venice.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

[1] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[2] It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*. STEEVENS.

[3] This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

Bayerische
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München

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies [4] with portly sail,—

[4] —argosies—] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's Maxims of Turkish Polity, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragusans* lent their last great ship to the King of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of Ragozine to the pirate in Measure for Measure.

STEEVENS.

Argosies are properly defined to be "ships of great burthen," and so they are described almost wherever they are mentioned, Mr. Steevens has quoted Rycaut's Maxims of Turkish Polity, to shew that the term originated in a corruption of *Ragosies*, i. e. ships of *Ragusa*. However specious this may appear, it is to be observed that Rycaut, a writer at the end of the seventeenth

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood [5],
Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass [6], to know where sits the wind;
Peering [7] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

century, only states it as *a matter of report*, not as a *fact*; and he seems to have followed the slight authority of Roberts's Marchant's Map of Commerce. If any instance shall be produced of the use of such a word as *ragosie*, the objection must be given up. In the mean time it may be permitted to hazard another opinion, which is, that the word in question derives its origin from the famous ship *Argo*; and indeed Shakspeare himself appears to have hinted as much; for the story of Jason is twice adverted to in the course of this play. On one of these occasions Gratiano certainly alludes to Antonio's *argosie* when he says:

"We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece." Act III. Sc. II.

Gregory of Tours has more than once made use of *Argis* to express a ship generally. Douce.

5 — burghers of the flood,] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read— "burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel passage in As You Like It—

"—— native burghers *of* this desolate city,"

might have led to the present correction. Steevens.

The "signiors and rich burghers *on* the flood" are the Venetians, who may well be said to live *on* the sea. Douce.

6 Plucking the grass, &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found:

"This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a *lyttle light grasse*, and so learned how the wind stood." *Ascham.* Johnson.

7 Peering —] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying*. Malone.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew [8] dock'd in sand [9],
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs [1],
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio

[8] — Andrew —] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

[9] — DOCK'D in sand,] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] VAILING her high top lower than her ribs,] In Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *strike sail*, to *give sign of submission*." So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called Playes confuted in several Actions:

"They might have *valed* and bended to the king's idol."

It signifies also—to *lower*, to *let down*. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 60:

"They *avaled* the brigge and lete them yn."

Again, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) in Hardynge's Chronicle:

"And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set."

Again, in Middleton's Blurt Master Constable, 1602:

"I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in The Fair Maid of the West, 1613, by Heywood:

"——— it did me good
"To see the Spanish carveil *vail her top*
"Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607. STEEVENS.

Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fye, fye!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus [2],
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes [3],
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile [4],
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

[2] — Now, by two-headed Janus,] Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." Farmer.

[3] — peep through their eyes,] This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. Warburton.

[4] — their teeth in way of smile,] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. Warburton.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours. [*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My lord Bassanio[5], since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it[6], that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part[7],
And mine a sad one.

[5] My lord Bassanio, &c.] This speech [which by Mr. Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to Salanio,] is given to Lorenzo in the old copies: and Salarino and Salanio make their *exit* at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. Lorenzo (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied Bassanio, till he should find Antonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by Gratiano, who enters into a conversation with Antonio. Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to Lorenzo, and marking the exits of Salarino and Salanio at the end of the preceding speech. Steevens.

[6] — lose it,] All the ancient copies read—*loose*; a misprint, I suppose, for the word standing in the text. Steevens.

[7] A stage, where every man must play a part,] The same thought occurs in Churchyard's Farewell to the World, 1593:

Gra. Let me play the Fool[8]:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream[9] and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness[1] entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle* *,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark[2]*!*

* So quartos; first folio, *an oracle.*

"A worldling here, I must hie to my grave;
"For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
"A borrowde roume *where we our pageants play,*
"A *skaffold* plaine," &c.

Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.:

"She found the world but a wearisome *stage* to her, where she *played a part* against her will." Steevens.

[8] Let me play the Fool:] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool.* Warburton.

[9] There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream —] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

"With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."

So, also, the author of Bussy d'Ambois:

"Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces." Henley.

[1] — a wilful stillness —] i. e. an obstinate silence. Malone.

[2] — *let no dog bark!*] This seems to be a proverbial expres-

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure [3],
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears [4],
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner [5].

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more*,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

* First folio, *mo*; quartos, *moe*.

sion. So, in Acolastus, a comedy 1540: "— nor there shall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

[3] —WHO, I am very sure,] The old copies read: "—*when*, I am very sure." Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] — would almost DAMN those ears,] Several old editions have it *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this: That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

It is *dam* (which is merely the old spelling for *damn*) in the first folio and both the quartos; *damme*, in the second folio. BOSWELL.

[5] I'll end my EXHORTATION after dinner.] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

Ant. Farewell *: I'll grow a talker for this gear [6].

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gratiano *and* Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing now [7]?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as * two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,

* So quarto R. the folio and quarto H. *fare you well.*
† Folio omits *as.*

[6] — for this GEAR.] In Act II. Sc. II. the same phrase occurs again: "If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear.*" This is a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

So, in Sapho and Phao, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I say no more." Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatory to his Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two staves and a pike *for this geare.*" MALONE.

[7] Is that any thing NOW?] All the old copies read,—is that any thing *now?* I suppose we should read—is that any thing *new?* JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio asks: Is that *any thing* now? and Bassanio answers, that Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of *nothing*,—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Othello: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read—*It* is that, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port [8]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow [9] of the self-same flight

[8] — a more swelling PORT, &c.] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance. Thus, in the first Iliad, as translated by Chapman, 1611:

" — all the gods receiv'd,
" (All rising from their thrones) their sire; attending to his court
" None sate when he rose; none delaid, the furnishing his *port*,
" Till he came neare: all met with him and brought him to his throne." STEEVENS.

So, in Sidney's Arcadia: " My *port* and pomp did well become a king of Argos' daughter." MALONE.

[9] — when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow, &c.] This thought occurs also in Decker's Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, &c. 4to. bl. l.: " And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free

The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth: and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth [1],
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now * more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

* Folio omits *me now*.

him: he *shot a second arrow to find the first*." I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no less than eight editions; the last in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his treatise de Agricultura, lib. x. cap. xxviii. and is also mentioned in Howel's Letters, vol. i. p. 183, edit. 1655, 12mo. DOUCE.

[1] — like a WILFUL youth,] This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read —*witless*, i. e. heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs. JOHNSON.

And I am prest unto it [2]: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes [3]
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;

[2] — PREST unto it:] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:

"What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all."

Again, in Hans Beer-pot, &c. 1618:

"—— your good word
"Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good."

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's Warning to the Wanderers Abroad, 1593:

"Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,
"Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call."

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

[3] — SOMETIMES from her eyes —] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*sometimes* fellow of such a college." FARMER.

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean * happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs [4], but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot

* First folio, *small.*

[4] —superfluity COMES sooner BY white hairs,] i. e. Superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning * is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince[5].

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse[6]; and he makes it a great

* First folio, *reason.*

[5] —the Neapolitan PRINCE.] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essaies, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at Naples, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

[6] Ay, that's a COLT, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence

appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine[7].

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be * married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle[8] sing, he falls straight a caper-

* First folio, *to be.*

the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.* See Henry VIII. Act I. Sc. III. See also Love's Labour's Lost, Act III. Sc. I. JOHNSON.

7 —is there the county Palatine.] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

8 —if a THROSTLE—] Old copies—*trassel.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"The *throstle* with his note so true—." MALONE.

That the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*, may be known from T. Newton's Herball to the Bible, quoted in a note on the foregoing passage in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

ing; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall * never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian [9]; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture [1]; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord [2], his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the English-man, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety [3], and sealed under for another.

* First folio, *should*.

9 — he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. Warburton.

1 — a PROPER man's picture;] *Proper* is *handsome*. So, in Othello:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." Steevens.

2 — Scottish lord,] *Scottish*, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio [and *other* printed instead of it] for fear of giving offence to King James's countrymen. Theobald.

3 — I think, the Frenchman became his surety,] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assist-ance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. Warburton.

Ner. How like you the young German[4], the duke of Saxony's nephew.

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure[5].

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier,

[4] How like you the young German, &c.] In Shakspeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

[5] —I WISH them a fair departure.] So the first folio: the quartos, "I *pray God* grant them," &c. BOSWELL.

that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news [6]?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for * you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition [7] of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A publick Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock [8].

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

* First folio omits *for*.

[6] How now! what news?] Omitted in the first folio. Boswell.

[7] —the CONDITION—] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in Othello: "—and then, of so gentle a *condition!*" Malone.

[8] —Shylock.] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet, entitled "Caleb

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man [9].

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Shillocke his prophecie," or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. [Thomas Pavier,] no date. Steevens.

If Shakspeare took the name of *Shylock* from the pamphlet mentioned by Dr. Farmer, it certainly was not printed by Thomas Pavier; to whom Mr. Steevens has ascribed it; for that prototype of Curl had not commenced a bookseller before 1598. The pamphlet in question, which was not in Dr. Farmer's collection, (nor do I know where it is to be found,) may have been printed for Thomas Purfoot. Malone.

Mr. Bindley had a copy of this pamphlet, the date of which was 1607. Boswell.

9 Antonio is a good man.] So, in Marston's Dutch Courtezan: "There's my bond for your plate—Your bill had been sufficient, y'are a *good* man!" Malone.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into[1]: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice[2].
If I can catch him once upon the hip[3],

[1] —the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. Henley.

[2] He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.] "It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yeres ende the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties." *Thomas's Historye of Italye*, 1561, 4to. fol. 77. Douce.

[3] If I can catch him once upon the hip,] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won * thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft, how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To Antonio.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit † I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend[4],
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd[5],

* First folio, *well-worne.* † Quarto R. *although.*

hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. Henley.

If the reader should refer to the passage alluded to in Genesis, he will find that the angel did *not thus* lay hold on Jacob. We meet with the phrase again in Othello:

"I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip!" Boswell.

[4] — the ripe wants of my friend,] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. Johnson.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So, afterwards:

"But stay the very *riping* of the time." Malone.

Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Here is a brief how many sports are *ripe*." Steevens.

[5] — possess'd,] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in Twelfth-Night: "*Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him." Steevens.

How much you would [6]?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see,—But hear you;

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings [7] which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the * ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind [8], bol 14.289. †

* First folio and quarto omit *the*.

[6] How much you would?] The first folio reads—how much *he* would have. Roberts's quarto reads:

" —— are you resolv'd
" How much *he* would have." Boswell.

[7] — the EANLINGS —] Lambs just dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*. Musgrave.

[8] — of KIND,] i. e. of nature. So, Turberville, in his book of Falconry, 1575, p. 127:

" So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes [9];
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs [1], and those were Jacob's [2].
This was a way to thrive [3], and he was blest;

Again, in Drayton's Mooncalf:

"—— nothing doth so please her mind,
"As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

9 — the FULSOME ewes;] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means *lascivious*, *obscene*. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in Acolastus his After-Witte. By S. N. 1600:

"Why shines not Phœbus in the *fulsome* night?"

In the play of Muleasses the Turk, Madam *Fulsome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies *offensive in smell*. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the Odyssey:

"—— and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip," &c.

Again, in the dedication to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 63: "— noisome or *fulsome* for bad smells, as butcher's slaughter houses," &c.

It is likewise used by Shakspeare in King John, to express some quality offensive to nature:

"And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust."

Again, in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587:

"Having a strong sent and *fulsome* smell, which neither men nor beastes take delight to smell unto."

Again, ibid.:

"Boxe is naturally dry, juicelesse, *fulsomely* and loathsomely smelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, b. xv.:

"But what have you poore sheepe misdone, a cattel meek and meeld,
"Created for to manteine man, whose *fulsome* dugs do yeeld
"Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Minsheu supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

It perhaps only meant, in this passage, *pregnant*. *Fulsome* frequently was used for *full*, as it certainly was in Mr. Steevens's quotation from Golding: "Pleno quæ fertis in ubere." The same writer, in his translation of Abraham's Sacrifice, by Beza, speaks of the moon's "round and *fulsome* face." BOSWELL.

1 FALL party-colour'd lambs,] To *fall* is frequently used by our author as a verb active, to *let fall*, to *drop*. BOSWELL.

2 — and those were Jacob's.] See Genesis xxx. 37, &c. STEEVENS.

This thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast [4]:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose [5].
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath [6]!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

[3] This was a way to thrive, &c.] So, in the ancient song of Gernutus the Jew of Venice:

"His wife must lend a shilling,
"For every weeke a penny,
"Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
"If that you will have any.

"And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
"Or else you lose it all:
"This was the living of the wife,
"Her *cow* she did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury. Percy.

[4] — I make it BREED as fast:] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

"Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets;
"But gold that's put to use more gold *begets*." Malone.

[5] The devil can cite scripture, &c.] See St. Matthew iv. 6. Henley.

[6] O, what a goodly outside FALSHOOD hath!] *Falshood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falshood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating. Johnson.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances[7]:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug[8];
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit[9] upon my Jewish gaberdine,

7 — my USANCES:] *Use* and *usance* are both words anciently employ'd for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. So, in The English Traveller, 1633:

"Give me my *use*, give me my principal."

Again:

"A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *use* fifty." STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson asks, whether Mr. Steevens is not mistaken in saying that *use* and *usance* were anciently employed for *usury*. "*Use* and *usance* (he adds) mean nothing more than *interest*; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense." That Mr. Steevens however, is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation: "I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnynge still upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounde at first, so that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundred poundes inherytance, for one thousand pound in money, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

Usance, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense:

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down
"The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a subsequent part, he says, he will take "no *doit* of *usance* for his monies." Here it must mean *interest*. MALONE.

8 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;] So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
"*Heave up my shoulders* when they call me *dogge*."
MALONE.

And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,——
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend [1]?)

9 And SPIT —] The old copies always read *spet*, which spelling is followed by Milton:

" —— the womb
" Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

STEEVENS.

1 A BREED for BARREN metal of his friend?] A *breed*, that is, *interest money bred from the principal*. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, " Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, usurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See De Repub. lib. i. HOLT WHITE.

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty *.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth † me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity [2].

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

* First folio, *penalties*. † First folio, *it pleaseth*.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed *of*. Malone.

[2] — dwell in my necessity.] To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*. Johnson.

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard [3]
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will * be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind *.

Bass. I like not fair terms [4], and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

* First folio and quartos, *I'le.* † Quarto R. *so kind.*

3 —left in the FEARFUL GUARD, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours.* JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

4 I like not fair terms,] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

Fair terms, mean, I think, a *fair offer*. ROBERTS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco [5], *and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine [6].
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant [7]; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:

[5] — *the Prince of Morocco,*] The old stage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly," &c. Steevens.

[6] To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksop*. Johnson.

It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses. See Habits du Levant, pl. 43, and Picart's Religious Ceremonies, vol. vii. p. 111. Harris.

[7] Hath FEAR'D the valiant;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in K. Henry VI. P. III.:
"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." Steevens.

Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit [8], to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy [9], and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare * the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page [1];

* First folio and quarto H. *ore-stare.*

[8] And hedg'd me by his WIT,] I suppose we may safely read—and hedg'd me by his *will*. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient signification of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author, passim. STEEVENS.

[9] That slew the Sophy, &c.] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The Prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled* himself *with geography* worse than in the present case. If the Prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of Sultan *Solyman* (*the second*, for instance,) I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See D'Herbelot in Solyman Ben Selim. TYRWHITT.

[1] So is Alcides beaten by his PAGE;] The ancient copies read —his *rage*. STEEVENS.

Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd[2].

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest[3], or cursed'st among men.
[*Exeunt.*

corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipped in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains; this one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation I have substituted, *page* instead of *rage*. Theobald.

[2] —therefore be ADVIS'D.] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. Johnson.

So, in K. Richard III.:

"—who in my wrath
"Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd?*"

Steevens.

[3] —bless't,] i. e. blessed'st. So, in King Richard III.:

"—harmless't creature;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickshire. Steevens.

There is no trace in the old copies of any contraction, the word being printed *blest;* and in K. Richard III. the old copies read *harmless*, not *harmless't*. Malone.

SCENE II.

Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO[4].

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:* My conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or,* as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*[5]*:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the

[4] *Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits.* STEEVENS.

[5] — SCORN RUNNING *with thy heels:*] Launcelot was designed for a wag, but perhaps not for an absurd one. We may therefore suppose, no such expression would have been put in his mouth, as our author had censured in another character. When Pistol says, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels,* has scarce less of absurdity. It has been suggested, that we should read and point the passage as follows: "Do not run; scorn running; *withe* thy heels:" i. e. connect them with a *withe,* (a band made of osiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries, to prevent their straggling far from home. The Irishman in Sir John Oldcastle petitions to be hanged in a *withe;* and Chapman, in his version of the tenth Odyssey, has the following passage:

"——There let him lie
"Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
"A *with,* a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a sure league meete."

I think myself bound, however, to add, that in Much Ado About Nothing, the very phrase, that in the present instance is disputed, occurs:

"O illegitimate construction! I *scorn* that *with my heels;*" i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuously at the idea, as animals

fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens*[6]; *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should

throw up their hind legs. Such also may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—"Use your legs; take the start; run away." MALONE.

Mr. Steevens calls this *absurdity*, and introduces a brother critick, Sir Hugh Evans, who had maintained that "he hears with ears" was *affectations:* both the parties had forgotten their Bible. As to the proposed alteration "*withe* thy heels," it might be asked, who ever heard of a person *binding* his *own heels* to prevent running? Mr. Malone has well defended the consistency of Launcelot's speech. It may be added that in King Richard II. Act V. Sc. III. we have "*kneel* upon my *knees*." DOUCE.

And in the Common Prayer "meekly *kneeling* upon your *knees*." BOSWELL.

[6] — AWAY! *says the fiend, for the* HEAVENS;] As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* sake, I have no doubt but this passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read:

"*Away!* says the fiend, for the *haven*,"

by which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

Mr. Gifford, in a note on Every Man Out of His Humour, has shewn by a number of instances that *for the heavens* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *Heaven's* sake is a specimen of that "acute nonsense," which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakspeare was sometimes very fond of. BOSWELL.

be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but * a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run [7].

Enter old GOBBO [8], *with a Basket.*

GOB. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true be-

* First folio omits *but*.

[7] —well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience.] It is not improbable that this curious struggle between Launcelot's conscience and the fiend might have been suggested by some well known story in Shakspeare's time, grafted on the following Monkish fable. It occurs in a collection of apologues that remain only in manuscript, and have been severally ascribed to Hugo of Saint Victor, and Odo de Sheriton or Shirton, an English Cistercian Monk of the 12th century. "Multi sunt sicut mulier delicata et pigra. Talis vero mulier dum jacet mane in lecto et audit pulsari ad missam, cogitat secum quod vadat ad missam. Et cum *caro*, quæ pigra est, timet frigus, respondet et dicit, Quare ires ita mane, nonne scis quod clerici pulsant campanas propter oblationes? dormi adhuc; et sic transit pars diei. Postea iterum *conscientia pungit eam* quod vadat ad missam. Sed *caro* respondet, et dicit, Quare ires tu tam cito ad ecclesiam? certè tu destrueres corpus tuum si ita manè surrexeris, et hoc Deus non vult ut homo destruat seipsum; ergo quiesce et dormi. Et transit alia pars diei. Iterum *conscientia pungit eam* quod vadat ad ecclesiam; sed *caro* dicit, Ut quid ires tam cito? Ego bene scio quod talis vicina tua nondum vadit ad ecclesiam; dormi parum adhuc. Et sic transit alia pars diei. Postea *pungit eam conscientia?* sed *caro* dicit, Non oportet quod adhuc vadas, quia sacerdos est curialis et bene expectabit te; attende et dormi. Et sic dormiendo transit tempus. Et tamen ad ultimum verecundia tacita atque coacta, surgit et vadit ad ecclesiam, et invenit portas clausas." DOUCE.

[8] *Enter old* GOBBO,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

gotten father! who, being more than sand-blind [9], high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions [1] with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand [2], at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties [3], 'twill be a hard way to

[9] — being more than SAND-BLIND,] So, in Anthony Copley's Fig for Fortune, 1596:

"But on the other side, when thou consider
"The *sand-blind* errors even of justest men."

So, also in Latimer's 1st Sermon on the Lord's Prayer: "The Saintis be *purre-blinde* and *sand-blinde*." MALONE.

[1] — try conclusions —] To *try conclusions* is to *try experiments*. So, in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611:

"—— since favour
"Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*."

Again, in the Lancashire Witches, 1634:

"Nay then I'll *try conclusions*:
"Mare, mare, see thou be,
"And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

So quarto R. Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*. MALONE.

[2] Turn up on your right hand, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the Brothers of Terence:

"—— ubi eas præterieris,
"Ad *sinistram* hac *rectâ* plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,
"Ito ad *dextram*: prius quam ad portam venias," &c. THEOBALD.

[3] — God's sonties,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635.

Again, in The longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

"*God's santie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have

hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir *[4].

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

* First folio omits *sir*.

been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. Steevens.

[4] Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot;* and observes, that phraseology like this occurs also in Love's Labour's Lost:

"—— your servant, and *Costard*." Steevens.

Mr. Capel observes that from the son being termed *young Launcelot*, it is probable that the father had the same Christian name. Boswell.

"—— and Launcelot, sir." i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot." Malone.

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be [5].

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be!

5 —your child that shall be.] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So, afterwards:—" you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick supposes: " he means to say, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *shall ever be* your *son*." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides, if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son*?

MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus, says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV.: I will redeem my character:

" And, in the closing of some glorious day,
" Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son*." STEEVENS.

what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse[6] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

[6] — my PHILL-HORSE —] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in A Woman Never Vex'd, 1632:

" —— I will
" Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be
" I' the *fills*."

Again, in Fortune by Land and Sea, 1655, by Thomas Heywood and W. Rowley: " — acquaint you with Jock the forehorse, and Fib the *fil-horse*," &c. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horse, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in Kent and some other counties, for the proper term, *thill-horse*. MALONE.

See Christie's Catalogue of the effects of F—— P——, Esq. 1794, p. 6, lot 50: " Chain-harness for two horses, and *phill*-harness for two horses." STEEVENS.

Phil or *fill* is the term in all the midland counties,—*thill*, would not be understood. HARRIS.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve ——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery
[*To his Followers.*
More guarded [7] than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm;*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book [8].—I

[7] More GUARDED—] i. e. more ornamented. So, in Soliman and Perseda, 1599:

"*Piston.* But is there no reward for my false dice?
"*Erastus.* Yes, sir, a *guarded* suit from top to toe."

Again, in Albumazar, 1615:

"—turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen."

STEEVENS.

[8] Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. "Well," says he, "if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book."—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot:—"I'll be *sworn on a book* she loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible oath of it."

MALONE.

shall have good fortune[9]; Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection: "Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune"—i. e. *a table*, which doth (*not only* promise, *but*) offer to swear (*and to swear* upon a book *too*) *that* I shall have good fortune.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken;* or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

9 I shall have good fortune;] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators,) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—Well; if any man *that* offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine—[I am much mistaken:] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—I shall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *simple* line of life! &c. So, before: "I *cannot* get a service, *no;*—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in Romeo and Juliet, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you have made a *simple* choice; you know not how to choose a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy," &c. So, also, in King Henry IV.: "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of King Henry V.: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "We are *simple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling."

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted.

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed [1];—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye *. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

GRA. Signior Bassanio,——

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—

* So quarto R.; quarto H. and first folio omit *of an eye*.

judicious critick, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

[1] — in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure: "O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompû le Cou—." WARBURTON.

Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal [2];—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit [3]; lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes [4]
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent [5]

[2] Something too LIBERAL;] *Liberal* I have already shown to be *mean, gross, coarse, licentious.* JOHNSON.

So, in Othello: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" STEEVENS.

[3] —— allay with some COLD drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit;] So, in Hamlet:

"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
"Sprinkle *cool* patience." STEEVENS.

[4] — HOOD mine eyes —] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in The Tragedy of Crœsus, 1604:

"And like a *hooded* hawk," &c. STEEVENS.

It should be remembered that in Shakspeare's time they wore their hats on during the time of dinner. MALONE.

[5] — sad ostent —] Grave appearance; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Ostent is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatick writers. So, in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632:

"—— you in those times
"Did not affect *ostent*."

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer, edit. 1598, b. vi.:

"—— did bloodie vapours raine
"For *sad ostent*," &c. STEEVENS.

To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing [6].
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk * with thee.
Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—

* Quartos, *in talk.*

The word occurs soon afterwards in the present play, Sc. VIII. of this act:

"Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts,
"To courtship and such fair *ostents* of love." Boswell.

[6] —your BEARING.] *Bearing* is *carriage, deportment.* So, in Twelfth-Night:

"Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
"With such a smooth, discreet, and stable *bearing*."
Steevens.

Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee[7], I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

7 — and GET thee,] I suspect that the waggish Launcelot designed this for a broken sentence— "*and get thee*"—implying, *get thee with child*. Mr. Malone, however, supposes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's house*. STEEVENS.

I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica: "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not;*" but he is now on another subject.

MALONE.

From the general censure expressed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed; who, by following the first folio, was no sharer in the inexpiable guilt of the second. STEEVENS.

Notwithstanding Mr. Malone charges the editor of the second folio so strongly with ignorance, I have no doubt but that *did* is the true reading, as it is clearly better sense than that which he has adopted. Launcelot does not mean to foretell the fate of Jessica, but judges, from her lovely disposition, that she must have been begotten by a christian, not by such a brute as Shylock: a christian might marry her without playing the knave, though he could not beget her. M. MASON.

A christian may be said to play the knave if he should steal the Jew's daughter, as Lorenzo himself expresses it, Sc. VI.:

"When you shall please to *play the thieves* for wives,
"I'll watch as long for you then."—

In answer to Mr. Steevens, I have to state that I printed this play in 1784, and that Mr. Reed's edition did not appear till 1785. I may add that I communicated to that gentleman this very correction. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers [8].

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this [9], it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

[8] — torch-bearers.] See the note in Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. IV.: "We have not *spoke us yet*," &c. i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean,—we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke *as* yet." STEEVENS.

So a few speeches afterwards:

"I am provided *of* a torch-bearer." BOSWELL.

[9] — TO BREAK UP this,] To *break up* was a term in carving: So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act III. Sc. I.:

"Boyet, you can carve;
"*Break up* this capon."

See the note on that passage. STEEVENS.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth [1] to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian [2].—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding

[1] I am BID forth —] I am *invited*. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

That *bid* was used for *invitation*, may be seen in St. Luke's Gospel, ch. xiv. 24: "— none of those which were *bidden* shall taste of my supper." HARRIS.

[2] — to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

on Black-Monday last [3], at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking * of the wry-neck'd fife [4],

* So quarto R.; first folio, and quarto H. *squealing*.

[3] — then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,] "*Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." *Stowe*, p. 264—6. Grey.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*: "As he stood gazing, *his nose on a sudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his." Steevens.

Again, in The Dutchess of Malfy, 1640, Act I. Sc. II.:

"How superstitiously we mind our evils?
"The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,
"*Bleeding at nose*, the stumbling of a horse,
"Or singing of a creket, are of power
"To daunt whole man in us."

Again, Act I. Sc. III.:

"*My nose bleeds.* One that was superstitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." Reed.

[4] Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the WRY-NECK'D FIFE,]

"Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
"Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ." *Hor.* lib. iii. od. vii. Malone.

It appears from hence, that the fifes, in Shakspeare's time, were formed differently from those now in use, which are straight, not *wry-necked*. M. Mason.

The *fife* does not mean the instrument, but the person who played on it. So, in Barnaby Rich's Aphorismes, at the end of his Irish Hubbub, 1618: "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." Boswell.

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye [5]. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough [6]; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and * he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors [7] after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

* First folio, *but.*

[5] There will come a Christian by,
Will be WORTH A JEWESS' EYE.] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.

[6] The PATCH is kind enough:] Any low fellow that wore or was likely to wear a patched coat was thus termed. So, in A Woman Will Have Her Will (written in 1598,) the speaker addressing a post who had brought him letters: "Get home, you *patch*; cannot you suffer gentlemen to jest with you?" MALONE.

[7] Shut DOORS —] *Doors* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand *[8].

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly [9]
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,

* First folio, *a stand.*

[8] Desir'd us TO MAKE stand.] *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies—desired us *to* stand. The words—*to make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure. STEEVENS.

[9] O, ten times faster Venus' PIGEONS fly —] Lovers have in poetry been always called *turtles* or *doves*, which in lower language may be *pigeons*. JOHNSON.

Thus, Chapman, in his version of Homer's Catalogue of Ships, Iliad the second:

"—— Thisbe, that for *pigeons* doth surpasse—;"

Mr. Pope, in more elegant language:

"—— Thisbe, fam'd for silver *doves*—:" STEEVENS.

Venus' *pigeons*, I apprehend, mean the *doves* by which her chariot is drawn: Venus drawn by *doves* is much more prompt to seal new bonds, &c. BOSWELL.

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker [1], or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark [2] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind [3]!
How like the * prodigal doth she return [4];
With over-weather'd ribs [5], and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

* First folio, *a*.

[1] —a YOUNKER,] All the old copies read—*a younger*. But Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in The First Part of King Henry IV.: —"I'll not pay a denier. What will you make *a younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

"How like a younker, or a prodigal,

"The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c." Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal,) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repose*, however, was suggested by Thomson's —

"——deep fermenting tempest brew'd
"In the *grim* evening sky." HENLEY.

[2] —SCARFED bark—] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Yet the *scarfs* and the banerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a *vessel* of too great burden." STEEVENS.

[3] —embraced by the strumpet wind!] So, in Othello:

"The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets." MALONE.

[4] —doth SHE return;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *masculine* gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

[5] With over-WEATHER'D ribs,] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd*. MALONE.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach [6];
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you *, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

* First folio, *you are*.

[6] I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;] Read, with a slight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:

"I'll watch as long for you. *Come* then, approach."

Ritson.

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile *, and no Jew[7].

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,

* First folio, and quarto H. *gentle*.

[7] Now, by my HOOD, a GENTILE, and no Jew.] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

So, at the conclusion of the first part of Jeronimo, &c. 1605:

"—— So, good night kind *gentles*,
"For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620:

"Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled: "The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman." FARMER.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.

Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter Portia, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt[8];—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

* First folio omits *many*.

[8] — as blunt;] That is, as gross as the dull metal.
Johnson.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib[9] her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

[9] To RIB —] i. e. *inclose*, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in Cymbeline:

"—— *ribb'd* and paled in
"With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters."

STEEVENS.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold [1] ?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped * in gold; but that's insculp'd upon [2];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll: I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold [3].

* First folio and quartos, *stamp't.*

[1] — UNDERVALUED to try'd gold?] If compared with try'd gold, so in p. 17:

" Her name is Portia, nothing *undervalued*
" To Cato's daughter." BOSWELL.

[2] — INSCULP'D upon;] To *insculp* is to *engrave*. So, in a comedy called A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vex'd, 1632:

" ——— in golden text
" Shall be *insculp'd* —" STEEVENS.

The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is *raised* or *embossed* on the coin, not *engraved* on it. TUTET.

[3] *Gilded* TOMBS *do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

" Gilded *timber* do worms infold."

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

" Gilded *wood* may worms infold."

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote:

" Gilded *tombs* do worms infold."

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd[4]*:*
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance:——Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so[5]. [*Exeunt.*

A *tomb* is the proper repository of a *death's-head*. JOHNSON.

The thought might have been suggested by Sidney's Arcadia, book i.:

"But gold can guild a *rotten piece of wood*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101st Sonnet:

"—— it lies in thee
"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*." MALONE.

4 YOUR *answer had not been* INSCROL'D:] Since there is an answer *inscrol'd* or *written* in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read—*this*. When the words were written y^r and y^s, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

Your answer is *the answer you have got;* namely, "Fare you well," &c. BOSWELL.

5 — choose me so.] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no distribution of Acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the Second Act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday[6];
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

SALAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*
Slubber not[7] *business for my sake, Bassanio,*
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love[8]*:*

[6] I REASON'D with a Frenchman yesterday:] i. e. I conversed. So, in King John:

"Our griefs, and not our manners, *reason* now."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth book of the Odyssey:

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,
"To do what fits, and *reason* mutually." STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is used in the same sense. M. MASON.

[7] SLUBBER *not*—] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599:

"—— they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money:

"I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing *slubber'd*."
STEEVENS.

[8] —your mind of LOVE:] So, all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

Of love, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. VII.:

"*Quick.* —— desires you to send her your little page, of *all loves:*" i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

Your mind of love may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in The Tragedie of Crœsus, 1604: A *mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*.

Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him [9],
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness [1]
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

"Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*."
STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed. MALONE.

9 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

1 — EMBRACED *heaviness* —] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written—*entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, that he *hugs* his sorrows, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness?*
JOHNSON.

So, in Much Ado about Nothing, Sc. I.:
"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."
Again, in this play of The Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. II.:
"——doubtful thoughts, and rash-*embrac'd* despair."
STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House.

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain [2] straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: [3] Fortune now

[2] — DRAW the curtain —] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in King Henry VIII.: "The king *draws* the curtain, and sits reading pensively." STEEVENS.

[3] And so have I ADDRESS'D me:] To *address* is to *prepare*. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth *address* himself unto?" STEEVENS.

To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude[4], that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-let,

I believe we should read:

"And so have I. *Address* me, Fortune, now,
"To my heart's hope!"

So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Scene the last, Falstaff says: "—I will then *address me to* my appointment." TYRWHITT.

[4] —That many may be meant
By the fool multitude,] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—"*Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used.

So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as translated by North, 1575: "—he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Cassius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinshed, p. 1374: "—that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My Lord, quoth Lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile," i. e. by this he meant Catesby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, "—the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove," i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again, *ibidem*, p. 161: "—Any simple judgement might easily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queene of England." MALONE.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force [5] and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump [6] with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry * would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? [7] and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd [8]? Well, but to my choice:

* First folio, *pleasantry*.

5 —in the FORCE —] i. e. the power. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "—in the *force* of his will." STEEVENS.

6 —jump —] i. e. agree with. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "—and in some sort it *jumps* with my humour." STEEVENS.

7 How much low peasantry would then be GLEAN'D
From the true seed of honour?] The meaning is,—How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean. But since men are always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus:
How much low peasantry would then be PICK'D
From the true seed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd from the chaff? JOHNSON.

8 —how much honour
PICK'D from the CHAFF and ruin of the times,
To be new VARNISH'D?] This confusion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakspeare wrote:
To be new *vanned*—

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this [9],
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner;* which is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* used for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same thought. So, in The Second Part of Henry IV.:

"We shall be *winnow'd* with so rough a wind,
"That even our *corn* shall seem as light as *chaff*."

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to set down the name, when I transcribed the following passage:

"—when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*." The word occurs, however, both in the notes on Tusser, and in Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Steevens justly observes, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned;* but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varnished*. M. MASON.

9 I will assume desert;—Give me a key FOR THIS,] The words —*for this*, which (as Mr. Ritson observes,) destroy the measure, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

The fire seven times tried this ;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss :
Some there be, that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis [1],
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed [2],
I will ever be your head :
So begone, sir [3], *you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath [4].

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*

[1] —I WIS,] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in King Henry VI. :

" I *wis* your grandame had no worser match."

Again, in the comedy of King Cambyses :

" Yea, I *wis*, shall you, and that with all speed."

Sidney, Ascham, and Waller, use the word. STEEVENS.

[2] *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[3] *So begone,* SIR,] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

Unnecessarily. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[4] —to bear my WROTH.] The old editions read—" to bear my *wroath*." *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune ;* and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another*. Caxton's Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, &c. 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*. Thus, also, in Chapman's version of the 22nd Iliad :

" —— born to all the *wroth*,
" Of woe and labour."

The modern editors read—my *wrath*. STEEVENS.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord [5]?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets [6];
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit [7] in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

[5] *Por.* Here; what would my lord?] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa?*
TYRWHITT.

[6] — regreets;] i. e. salutations. So, in K. John, Act III. Sc. I.:
"Unyoke this seizure, and this kind *regreet*." STEEVENS.

[7] — HIGH-DAY wit —] So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor:
"— he speaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger[8], or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer[9]; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

[8] —KNAPP'D ginger;] To *knap* is to *break short*. The word occurs in The Common Prayer: "He *knappeth* the spear *in sunder*." STEEVENS.

[9] — MY prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by say-

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood*.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal[1], who dare scarce show his head

* Quarto H. *my blood.*

ing *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which, as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

[1] — a bankrupt, a prodigal,] This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him:

"—— I'll go in hate to feed upon
"*The* prodigal *Christian*—."

But Antonio was a plain, reserved parsimonious merchant; be assured, therefore, we should read—a bankrupt *for* a prodigal, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio. WARBURTON.

on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason *? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed[2]? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The

* First folio, *the reason*.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend.

Johnson.

His lending money without interest, "*for a christian courtesy*," was likewise a reason for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

Edwards.

[2] —if you prick us, do we not bleed?] Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians? says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, p. 140, 4to. V. IV.: "Cæsar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "ουδε απο των τραυμαλων λογισεται Καισαρ οτι θνηταν μεν αρχει."

S. W.

villainy, you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now :—two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ?—Why, so :—and I know not what's * spent in the search : Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders : no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

* First folio, *how much is.*

Shy. I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? † in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor[3]: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

* Old copies, *heere*.

3 — it was my TURQUOISE; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his Sejanus:

"And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,
"Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in The Muses Elysium, by Drayton:

"The *turkesse*, which who haps to wear,
"Is often kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton, in Secrete Wonders of Nature, bl. l. 4to. 1569: "The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51, b.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his Lapidary, &c.) might have presented Shylock with his *turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

The same quality was supposed to be resident in coral. So, in The Three Ladies of London, 1584:

"You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,

"*Coral* will look pale *when you be sick*, and chrystal will stanch blood."

Thus, Holinshed, speaking of the death of King John: "And when the King suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such *precious stones* as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewraeing the poison," &c. Steevens.

Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me [4], and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours [5]! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so [6],
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I [7].
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time [8];

[4] —Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me.] An anonymous correspondent in a newspaper suggests that *o'erlooked* may be a term in witchcraft, in which sense it is used by Glanvill, Sadducismus Triumphatus, p. 95. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Sc. V:

"Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even from thy birth."

MALONE.

[5] And so all YOURS:] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable.

MALONE.

[6] And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,] It may be more gramatically read:

And so though yours *I'm* not yours. JOHNSON.

[7] Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.] The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

[8] —to PEIZE the time;] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in King Richard III.:

"Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*. The modern editors read, without authority, —*piece*.

STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in suspense*, to *delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's Apology for Poetry:—"not speaking

To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each sillable." HENLEY.

With no less presence [9], but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster [1]: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray [2].

Musick, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy* [3] *bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, Reply [4].

9 With no less presence,] With the same *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

1 To the sea-monster:] See Ovid. Metamorph. lib. xi. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in The Destruction of Troy:—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his *greatness* and his *beauty*." See b. i. p. 221, 4th edit. 1617. MALONE.

2 Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.] One of the quartos [Roberts's] reads:

"Live then, I live with much more dismay
"To view the fight, than," &c.

The folio, 1623, thus:

"Live thou, I live with much more dismay
"I view the fight, than," &c.

Heyes's quarto gives the present reading. JOHNSON.

3 —*fancy*—] i. e. *Love*. So, in a Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Than sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers."

STEEVENS.

4 — *Reply*.] The words, *reply*, *reply*, were in all the late

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward shows [5] be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice [6],
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it [7] with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice [8] so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as a verse in the song; but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

I think Johnson mistaken here. "*Replie, Replie,*" is in the old copies placed at the side of the other lines; but there is nothing else to point it out as a marginal direction, and I cannot discover its use, if so understood. Mr. Capell supposes the song to be sung by two voices, the first of which calls upon the other to reply to the questions put. BOSWELL.

[5] So may the outward shows —] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[6] — gracious voice,] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

[7] — APPROVE it —] i. e. *justify* it. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— I am full sorry
"That he *approves* the common liar, fame." STEEVENS.

[8] There is no VICE —] The old copies read—*voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And these assume but valour's excrement [9],
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight [1];
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it [2]:
So are those crisped [3] snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre [4].

9 — valour's EXCREMENT,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "pedler's *excrement*," in the Winter's Tale. MALONE.

1 — by the weight;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

2 Making them LIGHTEST that wear most of it:] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So, afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not seem *light*." MALONE.

3 — crisped —] i. e. *curled*. So, in The Philosopher's Satires, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn."

STEEVENS.

4 — in the sepulchre.] See a note on Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. III. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in Love's Labour's Lost. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled, The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, ibid.: "These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore [5]
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty [6]; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore *, thou gaudy
gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man [7]: but thou, thou meager
lead,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence [8],
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

* So quarto R.; first folio, and quarto, H. *therefore then.*

[5] — the GUILED shore —] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. So, in The Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Or only a fair show, to *guile* his mischiefs."

I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

[6] —Indian beauty;] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——*Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

[7] — thou PALE and common DRUDGE
'Tween man and man:] So, in Chapman's Hymnus in Noctern, 4to. 1594:

"To whom *pale* day (with whoredom soked quite)
"Is but a *drudge*." STEEVENS.

[8] Thy PLAINNESS moves me more than eloquence,] The old copies read—*paleness*. STEEVENS.

Bassanio is displeased at the golden *casket* for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its paleness; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote:

"Thy *plainness* moves me more than eloquence:"

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket*:

"*This third, dull lead*, with warning all is blunt."

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy [9], scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

" —— Thou *stale*, and common drudge
" 'Tween man and man."—

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

Says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's Tasso, we have—

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his Legend of the Duke of Buckingham:

" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone."

And in the old ballad of the King and the Beggar:

" —— She blushed scarlet red,
" Then straight again, as *pale as lead*."

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

" When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of fancy and audacious *eloquence*." Farmer.

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleness moves me, &c.] Dr. W.'s objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that " pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. Malone.

9 In measure RAIN thy joy,] The first quarto edition reads:

" In measure *range* thy joy."

The folio, and one of the quartos:

" In measure *raine* thy joy."

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant:

In measure *rein* thy joy.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised. Johnson.

Having had frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I was once strongly inclined to read *rein;* but I now think the text is right. It is supported by the following passage in Henry IV. Part I.:

" — But in short space
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* show'ring on thy head." Malone.

For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here[1]?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit[2]? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,

So, in The Laws of Candy, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— pour not too fast joys on me,
"But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in Coriolanus, which approaches very near to the present reading:

"—— being once chaf'd, he cannot
"Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. II.:

"*Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

Lord Lansdowne, in his alteration of this play, has thus exhibited the present passage:

"In measure *pour* thy joy." BOSWELL.

[1] What find I HERE?] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here*, used as a dissyllable; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author design'd Portia to say:

"For fear I surfeit *me*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Capell reads "Ha! what find I here?" BOSWELL.

[2] Fair Portia's COUNTERFEIT?] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in The Wit of a Woman, 1604: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

Again, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother—

"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers." STEEVENS.

Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd [3]: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance [4].—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[3] Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave ITSELF UNFURNISH'D:] Perhaps it might be:
And leave *himself* unfurnish'd. JOHNSON.

If that in the text be the right reading, *unfurnished* must mean "unfurnished with a companion, or fellow." I am confirmed in this explanation, by the following passage in Fletcher's Lover's Progress, where Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts—

"——you are a noble gentleman,
"Will't please you bring a friend; we are two of us,
"And pity, either of us should be *unfurnish'd*."
M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation would altogether subvert the poet's meaning. If the artist, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, should lose both his own, that eye which he had painted, must necessarily be *left unfurnished*, or destitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

"And leave itself *unfurnish'd:*" i. e. and leave itself incomplete; unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author seems to have considered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in As You Like It: "—he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntsman. MALONE.

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title of A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio, bl. l.: "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite dispairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

A preceding passage in Bassanio's speech might have been suggested by the same novel:

"A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men:" "What are our curled and crisped lockes, but *snares and nets* to catch and *entangle the hearts* of gazers," &c. STEEVENS.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise [5] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me *, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,

* So quartos; first folio, *my*.

[4] — this shadow
Doth LIMP BEHIND the substance.] So, in The Tempest:
" — she will outstrip all praise,
" And make it *halt behind* her." STEEVENS.

[5] — PEALS of praise —] The second quarto [Roberts's] reads —*pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's Arbour of Virtue, 1576:
" The *pearles of praise* that deck a noble name."
Again, in R. C.'s verses in praise of the same author's Rock of Regard:
" But that that bears the *pearle of praise* away."
STEEVENS.

I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something[6]; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn[7]; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

[6] Is SUM of something;] We should read—*some* of something, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which she explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos, [quarto, R.] The folio reads:

"Is sum of *nothing*."—

The purport of the reading in the text seems to be this:

"—— the full *sum* of me——"

"Is sum of something;" i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unlesson'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

I should prefer the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention, in this speech, to undervalue herself. M. MASON.

[7] But she may LEARN;] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this dissyllabical pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—*and*, a harmless monosyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the sake of obvious metre. STEEVENS.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together[8],
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me[9]:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou can'st get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission[1]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;

[8] — being BLENT together,] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

[9] — you can wish none from me:] That is, none *away from* me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

[1] — for INTERMISSION —] *Intermission* is *pause, intervening time, delay*. So, in Macbeth:

" ——— gentle heaven
" Cut short all *intermission!*" STEEVENS.

And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love: at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece[2].

Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,

[2] We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.] So, in Abraham Fleming's Rythme Decasyllabicall, upon this last luckie Voyage of worthie Capteine Frobisher, 1577:

"The golden fleece (like Jason) hath he got,
"And rich'd return'd, saunce losse or luckless lot."

Again, in the old play of King Leir, 1605:

"I will returne seyz'd of as rich a prize
"As Jason, when he wanne the golden fleece."

It appears, from the registers of the Stationer's Company, that we seem to have had a version of Valerius Flaccus in 1565. In this year (whether in verse or prose is unknown,) was entered to J. Purfoote: "The story of Jason, howe he gotte the golden flece, and howe he did begyle Media [Medea,] out of Laten into Englishe, by Nycholas Whyte." Steevens.

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body [3] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night:
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;

[3] The paper AS the body —] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, Act IV.:

"Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. instead of—*is* mine.

MALONE.

The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body.

STEEVENS.

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should * lose a hair [4] through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

* So folio, and quarto, H.; *shall*, quarto, R.

[4] Should lose a HAIR.] *Hair* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer[5];
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I*[6], *if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor * rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent * out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

* So folio and quarto, H.; quarto, R. *no*.
† So quartos; folio, *lends*.

[5] — cheer;] i. e. countenance. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. I.:

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with *cheer*."

See note on that passage. Steevens.

[6] — and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. Malone.

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond[7]
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool[8],
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law[9];

[7] — SO FOND —] i. e. so *foolish*. So, in the old comedy of Mother Bombie, 1594, by Lyly: "— that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech." STEEVENS.

[8] — DULL-EY'D fool,] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestowed on *melancholy*, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre. STEEVENS.

[9] The duke cannot deny, &c.] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied [1],
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the * city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

* Quarto R, *his.*]

bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever. WARBURTON.

[1] For the COMMODITY that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.] i. e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. In The Historye of Italye, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a section On the libertee of straungers at Venice. MALONE.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love [2],
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners [3], and of spirit;

[2] Whose souls do bear an EQUAL yoke, &c.] The folio, 1623, reads—*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

"I will presume hym so to dignifie
"Yet be not *egall*." *Prol. to the Remedy of Love.*

Again, in Gorboduc:

"Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[3] Of lineaments, of manners, &c.] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is,—*lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say,—that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together. So, in King Henry IV. P. II.:

"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?
"*Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them "Arthur's *lineaments* three times translated;" and again, "all the *lineaments* of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen," &c.

Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth Iliad:

"—— took the weariness of fight
"From all his nerves and *lineaments*,—"

Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord [4],
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty * ?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things [5].—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,

* Quarto R. *misery*.

Again, in the thirteenth Iliad:

" ——— the course
" Of his illustrious *lineaments* so out of nature bound,
" That back nor forward he could stir,—"

Again, in the twenty-third Iliad:

" —— so overlabour'd were
" His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector," &c.

Again, in the twenty-fourth Iliad:

" —— Those throes that my deliverers were
" Of his unhappy *lineaments*;—" STEEVENS.

[4] — the bosom LOVER of my lord,] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him: " he is his true *lover*." So, in Coriolanus:

" I tell thee, fellow,
" Thy general is my *lover*."

Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, passim. MALONE.

[5] — HEAR other things.] In former editions:

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; HERE other things,
Lorenzo, I commit, &c.

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it; says, She'll say no more of that sort; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* Jessica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua[6]; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed[7]

[6] In speed to Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua;* and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done,—*In speed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So, afterwards:—"A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, now come from *Padua*."—And again: "Came you from *Padua*, from Bellario?"—And again, "It comes from *Padua*, from Bellario."—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. Theobald.

[7] —with imagin'd speed—] i. e. with celerity like that of

Unto the tranect [8], to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd [9] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;

imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third Act of King Henry V.:

"Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."

Again, in Hamlet: "—swift as *meditation*—." Steevens.

[8] Unto the tranect,] Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. Malone.

The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it.

Steevens.

[9] —accouter'd—] So, the earliest quarto, [quarto H.] and the folio. The other quarto [quarto R.]—*apparel'd*. Malone.

I could not do withal [1]; —then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks [2],
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fye! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you [3]. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I

[1] I could not do withal;] I could not help it. See the meaning of this phrase clearly ascertained and fully illustrated by Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's Silent Woman, p. 470. Boswell.

[2] — bragging Jacks,] Jack, in our author's time, seems to have been a term of contempt. See Much Ado About Nothing, Act I. Sc. I. Malone.

[3] — therefore, I promise you, I FEAR YOU.] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read—I fear *for* you. Malone.

There is not the slightest need of emendation. The disputed phrase is authorized by a passage in King Richard III.:

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
"And his physicians *fear him* mightily." Steevens.

think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother [4]: well, you are gone both ways.

[4] — thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:] Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled Alexandreis:

"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim." Malone.

Originally from the Alexandreis of Philippe Gualtier; but several translations of this adage were obvious to Shakspeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem entitled A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do seem to shun,
"In *Charibd* they do fall," &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards bishop of Megala,) was born towards the latter end of the 12th century. In the fifth book of his heroic Poem, Darius (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus,) is thus apostrophized:

"Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum
"Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
"Rex perituræ fugam? nescis, heu! perdite, nescis
"Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:
"*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.*
"Bessus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,
"Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locasti,
"Non veriti temerare fidem, capitisq verendi
"Perdere caniciem, spreto moderamine juris,
"Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes."

The author of the line in question (who was unknown to Erasmus) was first ascertained by Galeottus Martius, who died in 1476; (See Menagiana, vol. i. p. 173, edit. 1729,) and we learn from Henricus Gandavensis de Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the Alexandreis had been a common

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband [5]; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were

school-book. "In scholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuisse dignitatis, ut præ ipso veterum Poetarum lectio negligeretur." Barthius also, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the same effect. "Et media barbarie non plane ineptus versificator Galterus ab Insula (qui tempore Joannis Saresberiensis, ut ex hujus ad eum epistolis discimus, vixit)—Tam autem postea clarus fuit, ut expulsis quibusvis bonis auctoribus, scholas tenuerit." Freinsheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confesses that he had never seen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt state in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earliest edition,) still appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent transcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whose hands the MS. passed, seems to have made some ignorant and capricious changes in its text; so that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakspeare. "Galterus (says Hermann in his Conspectus Reipublicæ Literariæ, p. 102,) secutus est Curtium, & sæpe ad verbum expressit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli possunt; id quod experiendo didici." See also, I. G. Vossius de Poet. Lat. p. 74, and Journal des Sçavans pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had translated a long passage of The Alexandreis into blank verse before the year 1557, (See Surrey's Poems, and Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 63,) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's Theatrum, &c. a work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extensive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry.

STEEVENS.

Nothing is more frequent than this Proverb in our old writers. Thus Ascham, in his Scole-master: "— If *Scylla* drowne him not, *Charybdis* may fortune to swallowe him." Again, Niccols in his England's Eliza:

"To shun *Charybdis* jaws, they helpless fell
"In *Scylla's* gulf," &c.

I remember it is likewise met with in Lyly's Euphues, Harrington's Ariosto, &c. and Surrey's contemporary in one of his Poems:

"From *Scylla* to *Charybdis* clives,—from danger unto death."

FARMER.

[5] I shall be saved by my husband,] From St. Paul:

"The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband."

HENLEY.

Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more[6] than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

[6] It is much, that the MOOR should be MORE, &c.] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

" *Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
" Quis bene *moratam*, *morigeram*que neget?"

So, in The Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

" And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to say,
" I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

Lor. Goodly lord [7], what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit Launcelot.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited [8]!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,

[7] Goodly lord,] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord*, as it is in Theobald's edition. Tyrwhitt.

It should be—*Good ye Lord!* Farmer.

[8] —how his words are suited!] I believe the meaning is—What a *series* or *suite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. Johnson.

I cannot think either that the word *suited* is derived from the word *suite*, as Johnson supposes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long since the time of Shakspeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expresses his surprise that a fool should apply them so properly. So Jaques says to the Duke in As You Like It:

" —I met a fool
" That laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
" And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,
" In good *set* terms."

That is, in *words* well suited. M. Mason.

Suited means *suited to each other, arranged.* Boswell.

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st * thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

* Quarto R. *far'st.*

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach [9], I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse [1], more strange
Than is thy strange apparent [2] cruelty:
And where [3] thou now exact'st the penalty,

9 — his ENVY's reach,] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So, in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, 1621: "— he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*," p. 109, edit. 1679. So also, (as Mr. Malone observes,) in Lazarus Pyot's Orator, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play,] "—they had slaine him for verie *envie*." STEEVENS.

1 — remorse,] *Remorse* in our author's time generally signified *pity, tenderness*. MALONE.

So, in Othello:

"And to obey shall be in me *remorse*." STEEVENS.

2 — apparent —] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

3 — where —] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
"Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty," &c.

STEEVENS.

(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down [4],
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint *,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

* So quarto R.; folio and quarto H. *flints*.

[4] Enough to press a ROYAL merchant down,] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republick, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty: only doing homage to the republick for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence the most eminent of our own merchants (while publick spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction,) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "The Merchant Royal, a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day last, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath * have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour [5]; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig [6];

* So quarto R.; quarto H. and folio, *sabaoth*.

[5] — I'll NOT answer that:
But, say, it is my humour;] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

"— say, it is my humour;" suppose it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

[6] — a gaping pig;] So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*;
"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in the Mastive, &c. or, A Collection of Epigrams and Satires:

"Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,
"A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*."

See King Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's Elder Brother:

"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*."

A passage in one of Nash's pamphlets (which perhaps furnished our author with his instance,) may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman,

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths[7]: Now, for your answer:

if they see a *pig come to the table.* Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

So, in Muffat on Food: "What soldier knoweth not that a *roasted pigg* will affright Captain Swan more than the sight of twenty Spaniards." BOSWELL.

7 Cannot contain their urine; &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

"Cannot contain their urine for affection.
"*Masterless passion* sways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

Masterless passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

"Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
"*Master* of passion, sways *it*," &c.

And then *it* is govern'd of *passion*. The two old quartos and folios read—*Masters* of passion, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction; as Jonson in Sejanus:

"—— He hath studied
"*Affection's passions*, knows their springs and ends."

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to show a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

Masters of *passion*, is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians,) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two nominative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both should be plural, and consequently direct us to read thus?

"For *affections*, *masters* of passion sway it," &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616:

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

" His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*."

Affections, as used by Shylock, seem to signify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In Othello, Act I. is a passage somewhat similar: " And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. This is the only change that is now made in the present passage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line.

" Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bag-pipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation: " Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, (" sway it,") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance.

HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

" And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
" Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.
" Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are *so*

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe;[8] but of force

affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will. RITSON.

After all that has been said about this contested passage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he observes that "*Mistress* was formerly spelt *Maistresse* or *Maistres*. In Upton's and Church's Spenser, we have:

"—— young birds, which he had taught to sing
"His *maistresse* praises." B. iii. c. vii. st. 17.

This, I presume, is the reading of the first edition of the three first books of The Fairy Queen, 1590, which I have not; in the second edition, 1596, and the folios 1609 and 1611, it is spelt *mistresse*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maister, and my *maistress*." See p. 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maistres* (easily corrupted, by the transposition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maisters*, which is the reading of the second folio of Shakspeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult passage, gives a quotation from Othello, which countenances this supposed difference of gender in the noun:—"And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you."

Admitting *maistres* to have been Shakspeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the passage thus:

"—— for affection
"*Mistress* of passion, sways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be observed, *Affectio* and *Passio* are feminine.

To the foregoing amendment, so well supported, and so modestly offered, I cannot refuse a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may also receive countenance from the following passage in the fourth book of Sidney's Arcadia: "— She saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense; she found *opinion mistresse* of the Lover's judgment."

So, likewise, in the Prol. to a MS. entitled, The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game:—"ymaginacion *maistresse* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] Why he, a swollen BAG-PIPE;] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's Exot. Exercit. against

Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;

Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 Exercit. Sect. vi. he has these words: "Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam *Sympathiam* Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur."—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem* affectionem *duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by *affection*:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*."

Which shows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c. we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakspeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

The story of the Devonshire gentlemen, I believe, first appeared in the margin of De Loier's book in 1605, some years after this play was printed; but it might have been current in conversation before, or it may have found its way into some other book of that age. MALONE.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen* bag-pipe, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the author wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A passage in Turbervile's Epitaphes, p. 13, supports the emendation proposed by Sir John Hawkins:

"First came the rustick forth
"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question[9] with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made * the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;[1]

* First folio omits *why he hath made*.

Perhaps Shakspeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe.
R. G. Robinson.

As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the sound arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*swollen*, in the text. Steevens.

9 — you QUESTION —] To *question* is to *converse*. So, in Measure for Measure:

"— in the loss of *question* —" i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning.
Steevens.

1 — the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:] This

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,[2]
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine,[3] and I will have it:
If you deny me, fye upon your law!

image seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587, book xv. p. 196:

"Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the headdy easterne wind
"Doth whizz amongst them —." Steevens.

[2] — many a purchas'd slave,] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us*. Johnson.

[3] — 'tis mine,] The first quarto [quarto H.] reads—*as* mine, evidently a misprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. Malone.

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for[4] to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture[5] from that bankrupt there.

[4] — Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for —] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how should this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia*. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

[5] — the FORFEITURE —] Read—*forfeit*. It occurs repeatedly in the present scene for *for eiture*. RITSON.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew [6],
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy [7]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog [8]!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter [9],
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

[6] Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase: "Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the sole of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part." Absurd, the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife. Warburton.

So, in King Henry IV. P. II.:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
"Which thou hast *whetted on thy stony heart*,
"To stab at half an hour of my life." Steevens.

[7] Of thy sharp envy.] *Envy* again, in this place, signifies *hatred* or *malice*. Steevens.

[8] — inexorable dog!] All the copies read—*inexecrable*.—It was corrected in the third folio. Steevens.

Perhaps, however, unnecessarily. *In* was sometimes used in our author's time, in composition, as an augmentative or intensive particle. Malone.

[9] — thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,] This allusion might have been caught from some old translation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhasian turned into a *wolf*, because he had eaten part of a child that had been consecrated to Lycæan Jupiter. See Goulart's Admirable Histories, 4to. 1607, pp. 390, 391. Steevens.

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless * ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

* First folio, *endless*.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you[1], as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger[2], do you not?

[*To* ANTONIO.

[1] Cannot IMPUGN you,] To *impugn*, is to *oppose*, to *controvert*. So, in the Tragedy of Darius, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again:

"If any press t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

[2] You stand WITHIN HIS DANGER,] i. e. within his reach or control. This phrase originates from another in the lowest Latin, that often occurs in monastic records. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed on a passage in Chaucer,) See Hist. Abbat. Pipwell. ap. Monast. Angl. t. i. p. 815: "Nec audebant Abbates eidem resistere, quia aut pro denariis aut pro bladis semper fuerunt Abbates *in dangerio* dicti Officialis." Thus, also, in the Corvysor's Play, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries, represented at Chester. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters some tyme there were
"Oughten money to an usurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent instances in The Paston Letters of the use of this phrase in the same sense; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that to be in *debt* and to be in *danger*, were synonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Powel's History of Wales, 1587: "— laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*."

Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd[3];
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice[4]. Therefore, Jew,

Again, in our poet's Venus and Adonis:

"Come not *within his danger* by your will." Malone.

[3] The quality of mercy is not strain'd; &c.] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in Ecclesiasticus, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." Douce.

[4] And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.] So, in King Edward III. a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the nearest unto God,
"By giving life and safety unto men."

So Sir J. Harrington, as quoted in England's Parnassus, under the head Mercie:

"——This noble virtue and divine
"Doth chiefly make a man so rare and od,
"As in that one, he most resembleth God."

So also, Thomas Achely quoted at the same place:

"Then come we nearest to the Gods on hie,
"When we are farthest from extremetie,
"Giving forthe sentence of our lawes with mercie."

Malone.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation [5]: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court * of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! [6] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum [7]: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth [8]. And I beseech you,

* So quartos; folio, *course*.

There is something extremely like this in the petition of the Convocation to Queen Elizabeth, in 1580, praying her to pardon Archbishop Grindal. "Nihil est tam populare quam bonitas: atque principes ad præpotentem Deum nullâ re propius accedunt quam offensionibus deponendis et obliviscendis injuriis." *Fuller Ch. Hist. sub ann.* Blackeway.

[5] — in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation:] Portia referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. Blackstone.

[6] My deeds upon my head!] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" Henley.

[7] Yea, twice the sum:] We should read—*thrice* the sum.—Portia, a few lines below, says—

"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himself supports the emendation:

"I take his offer then;—pay the bond *thrice*."

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer; but Mr. Steevens has already proposed the alteration we ought to adopt. Ritson.

[8] — malice bears down truth.] Malice oppresses honesty; a

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I * honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:

* Quarto, *I do*.

true man in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh.
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do * bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come †, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such misery[9] doth she cut me off.

* So quartos; folio, *should*. † So folio; quartos, *you*.

9 Of such A misery —] The first folio destroys the measure by omitting the particle—*a*; which, nevertheless, is found in the corrected second folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands: I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas [1]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

[1] ——the stock of Barrabas—] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in The New Testament; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν· ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakspeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's Jew of Malta. Our poet might otherwise have written:

"Would any of Barabbas' stock had been
"Her husband, rather than a Christian!" Steevens.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then [2]; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;

[2] I take THIS offer then;] Perhaps we should read—*his*; i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

This offer is right. Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid *thrice*." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offer'd at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh[3].

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

[3] Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.] This judgment is related by Gracian, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his Hero, with a reflection at the conclusion of it: "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652:

"The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with that of Solomon: a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or less: And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his Life of Sixtus V. has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from Farneworth's translation, at the conclusion of the play. Steevens.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel;—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one* half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,

* Quarto R. *on*.

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state [4]; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content [5], so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

[4] Ay, for the state; &c.] That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. Malone.

[5] I am content,] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. Johnson.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in trust*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. Ritson.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in use*. M. Mason.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; send the deed after me, And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers; Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more[6], To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon[7]; I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not. Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

[6] — thou should'st have had TEN more,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in The Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson:

" —— I will leave you
" To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to show his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says: "I did see him aske blessinge to xii godfathers at ones." MALONE.

[7] —— grace of pardon;] Thus the old copies; the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority,—*your grace's pardon*. The same kind of expression occurs in Othello:—" I humbly do beseech you *of* your pardon."

In the notes to As You Like It, and A Midsummer-Night's Dream, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology. STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. MALONE.

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever [8],
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

[8] She would not HOLD out ENEMY for ever,] An error of the press.—Read "hold out *enmity*." M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in Much Ado About Nothing, Act I. Sc. I. the Messenger says to Beatrice:—"I will *hold friends* with you, lady." STEEVENS.

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice [9],
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

POR. Thou may'st, I warrant; We shall have old swearing [1],
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

9 — upon more ADVICE,] i. e. more *reflection*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "You never did lack *advice* so much," &c. STEEVENS.

1 — OLD swearing,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the King's English." Again, in King Henry IV. P. II.: "— here will be *old* utis." The same phrase also occurs in Macbeth. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA's House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this[2],
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls[3],
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,

[2] — In such a night as this,] The several speeches beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old comedy of Wily Beguiled; which though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's:

" In such a night did Paris win his love.
" *Lelia.* In such a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.
" *Sophos.* In such a night did Troilus court his dear.
" *Lelia.* In such a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."

Orig. of the Drama, vol. iii. p. 865. WHALLEY.

Wily Beguiled was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year. MALONE.

[3] Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,] This image is from Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* fast eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis host he would y-se, &c.
" The daie goth fast, and after that came eve
" And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide," &c.

Again, ibid.:

" And up and doune by west and eke by est,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [4]
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night [5],
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

[4] In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand—] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classicks. Steevens.

For the willow the poet must answer; but I believe he here recollected Chaucer's description of Ariadne in a similar situation:

" Alas (quod she) that ever I was wrought!
" I am betrayed, and her heere to-rent,
" And *to the stronde* barefote fast she went,
" And cried; Theseus, mine-hert swete,
" Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete;
" And might thus with beestes bin yslaine.
" The halow rockes answerde her againe.
" No man she saw, and yet shone the moone.—
" She cried, *O turne again*, for routhe and sinne;
" Thy barge hath not all his meine in.
" *Her kerchefe on a pole sticked she*,
" Ascaunce he should it well ysee,
" And him remember that she was behind,
" And turne againe, and on the stronde her find."

Legend of Good Women, p. 194, b.

Mr. Warton suggests in his History of English Poetry, that Shakspeare might have taken this circumstance of the willow from some ballad on the subject. Malone.

[5] In such a night, &c.] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but sterre light,
" She was vanished right as hir list,
" That no wight but herself wist:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was still on every side," &c.

Confessio Amantis, 1554. Steevens.

Jes. In such a night[6],
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses[7], where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

[6] And in such a night,] The word—*and* was necessarily added by Mr. Pope, for the sake of metre, both in this and the following speech of Lorenzo. Steevens.

No alteration is necessary: two hemistichs frequently occur at the end of one speech and the commencement of another. See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. It might as well be objected that the close and beginning of the preceding speeches are redundant. Boswell.

[7] —she doth stray about
By holy crosses,] So, in The Merry Devil of Edmonton:

"But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
"Any of these without a Pater-Noster."

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.
Steevens.

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul[8], let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.

[8] Sweet soul,] These words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's speech. MALONE.

These two words should certainly be placed at the beginning of the following speech of Lorenzo:

"*Sweet soul*, let's in," &c.

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *soule* into *love*, without any necessity.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. But instead of *soul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions, which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather suppose, that the printer of the second folio, judici-

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears[9]; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold[1];
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls[2];

ously correcting some mistakes, through inattention committed others. STEEVENS.

9 — and let the SOUNDS of MUSICK
CREEP IN OUR EARS;] So, in Churchyard's Worthies of Wales, 1587:

"A *musick* sweete, that through *our eares shall creepe*,
"By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe."

Again, in The Tempest:

"This musick *crept* by me upon the waters." REED.

1 — with PATINES of bright gold;] Dr. Warburton says we should read—*patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

Pattens is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

2 Such HARMONY is in immortal SOULS; &c.] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors:

"Such harmony is in immortal souls;
"But while this muddy vesture of decay
"Doth grossly close *in it*, we cannot hear it."

That the third line is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was:

Doth grossly close *it in*.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards: *Musick in the soul* is the

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it [3].—

quality of being *moved with concord of sweet sounds.* This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

Such harmony is in *th'* immortal *soul,*
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close *it in,* we cannot hear it. JOHNSON.

[3] —close IT in—] This idea might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of Virgil, b. vi.:

"Nor *closed* so *in darke* can they regard their heavenly kinde,
"For carkasse foul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison blinde." STEEVENS.

"Such harmony is in immortal *souls;* &c." This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

Such harmony, &c. is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illustration:—"Of the *same kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

"There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal souls; or," in other words, "each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards); but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing."—*It,* [Doth glossly close *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony.* This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts, and the folio, read—close *in it.*

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard;—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* reads *sounds.*

This hath been imitated by Milton in his Arcades:

"Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
"To lull the daughters of necessity,
"And keep unsteady nature in her law,
"And the low world in measur'd motion draw
"After *the heavenly tune which none can hear*
"Of *human mould, with gross unpurged ear.*" MALONE.

Thus, in Comus:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
"Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
"Sure *something holy lodges in that breast,*

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn [4];
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick [5].

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick [6]. [*Musick.*

"And with these raptures moves the vocal air
"To testify *his hidden residence*." Henley.

The old reading *in* immortal souls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, b. v.: "Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Mr. Malone observes that "the fifth Book of the E. P. was published singly, in 1597." Steevens.

[4] —wake Diana with a hymn;] *Diana* is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. Johnson.

[5] And draw her home with musick.] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in As You Like It. Malone.

[6] I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.] In the age of Shakspeare it is probable that some shade of meaning (at present undeterminable,) was occasionally affixed to the words *sweet* and *sweetness*. Thus, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, [See Act III. Sc. I.] we have "a *sweet* mouth;" and in Measure for Measure, [Act II. Sc. IV.] we are told of —

"Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image,
"In stamps that are forbid."

If, in the speech under consideration, Jessica only employs the term *sweet* in one of its common senses, it seems inadequate to the effects assigned to it; and the following passage in Horace's Art of Poetry, is as liable to the same objection, unless *dulcia* be supposed to mean *interesting*, or having such command over our passions as musick *merely sweet* can never obtain:

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, *dulcia* sunto,
"Et, quocunque volunt, animum auditoris agunto."
Steevens.

Sweet is *pleasing*, *delightful*, and such is the meaning of *dulcis* in Horace. Malone.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand [7],
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds [8],

[7] — do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and UNHANDLED COLTS,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.] We find the same thought in The Tempest:

"——Then I beat my tabor,
"At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,
"Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
"As they smelt musick." MALONE.

[8] The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and the *external musick* [*concord of sweet sounds;*] which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. "Jam verò video naturam (says Erasmus in praise of Folly,) ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut *Britanni*, præter alia, Formam, *Musicam*, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent." WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical and mo-

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

ral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in musick with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

Our ancient statutes have often received the best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman *only* to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated musick among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love musick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153: "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." Again:—"Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of musick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

The lovers of musick may submit to have the opinion of Lord Chesterfield quoted against them, while they have that of Shakspeare in their favour. BOSWELL.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark!

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect [9];
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale [1], if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a mucician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd [2]! [*Musick ceases.*

9 — without respect;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

1 The nightingale, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
" And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
" *But that wild musick burdens every bough,*
" *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.*"

MALONE.

2 Peace, HOA! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!] The old copies read—Peace!

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare *,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket* [3] *sounds.*

* So folio, and quarto H.; quarto R. *health.*

how, &c. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The oddness of the phrase: "*How* the moon would not be awak'd!" first made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and the following lines in Romeo and Juliet suggested the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

"*Peace, hoa*, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
"In these confusions."

Again, in As You Like It, Act I.:

"*Peace, hoa!* I bar confusion."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"*Hoa! peace* be in this place!"

Again, ibid.:

"*Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In Antony and Cleopatra the same mistake, I think, has happened. In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins the musick to cease: "Peace, hoa!" and then subjoins the reason for her injunction: "The moon," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of fighting. See Cant. Tales of Chaucer, vol. iv. p. 230. MALONE.

The old reading, I think, is right: *How*, as Johnson observes, is someiimes used as a mere affirmation. BOSWELL.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler[3]; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day[4] with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun[5].

Por. Let me give light[6], but let me not be light;

[2] A TUCKET —] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet STEEVENS.

[3] — DAYLIGHT sick,
It looks a LITTLE PALER;] Hence, perhaps, the following verse in Dryden's Indian Emperor:
"The moon shines clear, and makes a *paler day*."
STEEVENS.

[4] We should hold day, &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe. MALONE.

[5] We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.] Thus, Rowe, in his Ambitious Stepmother;
"Your eyes, which, could the sun's fair beams decay,
"Might shine for him, and bless the world with day."
STEEVENS.

[6] Let me give light, &c.] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the same quibble. So, Marston, in his Insatiate Countess, 1613:
"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee —
"So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature."
Again, Middleton, in A Mad World My Masters, 1608:
"— *more* lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole house."

Again, in Springes for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 1606:
"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy[7].

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk;
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy * was[8]
For all the world, like cutler's poetry[9]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

* So folio, and quarto H.; quarto R. *posie.*

"For *lighting* where she *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels." Steevens.

7 —this BREATHING courtesy.] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in Timon of Athens, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech:—"You *breathe* in vain." Malone.

So, in Macbeth:

"—— mouth-honour, *breath*." Steevens.

8 That she did give me; whose posy was —] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read:

"That she did give *to* me;" &c.

So, afterwards:

"Now, by this hand, I gave it *to* a youth." Steevens.

9 — like cutler's poetry —] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective [1], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know *,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy [2], that begg'd it as a fee;

* Quartos, *no, God's my judge.*

short sentences in distich. In Decker's Satiromastix, Sir Edward Vaughan says: "You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not." Reed.

[1] — have been RESPECTIVE,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. Mr. M. Mason thinks it rather means *regardful*. See King John, Act I. Steevens.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. [i. e. for *respectful*.] Malone.

[2] — a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little SCRUBBED boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, &c.] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenour of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

"—— a little *stubbed* boy."

In many counties it is a common provincialism to call young birds not yet fledged *stubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain un-

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

affected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubbed boy*, if not a man, at the dissolution of Abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, pref. signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows:

"For that same *stubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
"In lieu of this, did lie with me last night."

T. Warton.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted*, or *shrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History: "— but such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only." Steevens.

Stubbed in the sense contended for by Mr. Warton was in use so late as the Restoration. In The Parliamentary Register, July 30, 1660, is an advertisement enquiring after a person described as "a thick short *stubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a sad gray suit."

Reed.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring[3],
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony[4]?

[3] — contain THE ring,] The old copies concur in this reading. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. The word has been already employed in this sense:

"Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So also, in Montaigne's Essaies, translated by Florio, 1603, b. ii. c. iii.: "Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's Essaies, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." MALONE.

[4] What man——wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a CEREMONY?] This is a very licen-

Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady,
For,* by these blessed candles of the night[5],
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

* So quartos; folio, *And*.

tious expression. The sense is,—What man could have so little modesty, *or* wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

[5] — candles of the night,] We have again the same expression in one of our author's Sonnets, in Macbeth, and Romeo and Juliet. It likewise occurs in Diella, Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the Amorous Poeme of Don Diego, and Gineura, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the *candles of the skie*,
"Reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows," &c. MALONE.

In some Saxon poetry preserved in Hickes's Thesaurus, (vol. i. p. 181,) the sun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphrasis for the stars, such a favourite with our poet, might have been an expression not grown obsolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self[6],
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth[7];
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[*To Portia.*
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

[6] —— swear by your DOUBLE self.] *Double* is here used in a bad sense, for—*full of duplicity*. MALONE.

[7] —— for his WEALTH;] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.

So, in The Litany: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*—." STEEVENS.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That * I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*[8]

* First folio and quarto H. *till.*

[8] It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of Boccace, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.* Johnson.

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* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in his conjecture. Malone.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after

a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, that the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights, in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have had him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service: and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the woman servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame: but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return: He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwrecked, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, all his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship

of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid if she knew the streamers; the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time; the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady, who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest; when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweat-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised

to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady, thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady, perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of his palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Ansaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was

in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks one of the servants who his master was: the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, Justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, This question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to

Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, It will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, This, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, Let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me, at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, My lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you

pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will show you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, If you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, She esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto; and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before, and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively; yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto: and was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked

for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Ruggieri de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso King of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: You untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the

order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will show you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company, told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels; and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see, Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, show it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The Merchant of Venice the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in

French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. [i. e. Lazarus Pilot.*] London, Printed by Adam Islip, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401:

"DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

"Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment of the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intolerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the sences and spirits are tormented; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if

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* Lazarus *Pyot*, (not Pilot,) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounde of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons; for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, than to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed: neverthelesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which deliverethe the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

" *The Christian's Answere.*

" It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestely seene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Trulie, I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I think that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divell in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on, how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreme necessity is somewhat excusable: as for me I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastliness. Wherein then have I falsified my promise? is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us; for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Be-

cause he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murthered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe upon your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his Life of Sixtus V. translated by Ellis Farneworth, 1754, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true: and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his

authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant, at these words, began to tremble like an aspin-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes, protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content."—"But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to Cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. fol. b. vii. p. 293, &c. STEEVENS.

In a Persian manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the MS. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original,) by Daniel Braithwaite, Esq.:

"It is related, that in the town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, Lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected, and said, How can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, Thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, Let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said, "Say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems*. Go there, for thy business will be well." Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also

* Hems-Emessa, a city of Syria, long 70, lat. 34.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Templ

shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems *. When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, "Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, Thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, It cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur." In the story here related of the Jew and the Christian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, tom. ii. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps this Tale (like that of Parnell's Hermit,) may have found its way into every language.

STEEVENS.

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of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it it in the year 1258. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in possession of Syria.

HERBELOT.

* Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures in which the Mussulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to show the sagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Jewess an Opera
in three Acts (1755)

The Songs reduced from
the Original Score by
Mr Hook

The Music composed
by a Mr Jewett

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called Titana and Theseus, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. Titania is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607.

STEEVENS.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream I suppose to have been written in 1594. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

There are two quarto editions of this play in 1600; one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts. They are referred to in the margin by the initials quarto F. and quarto R.

BOSWELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED [1].

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUG, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, the Tinker.
STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, }
MOTH, } Fairies.
MUSTARD-SEED, }

Pyramus, }
Thisbe, }
Wall, } Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.
Moonshine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

[1] The enumeration of persons was first made by Mr. Rowe.
STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue [2].
HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights [3];
Four nights * will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow

* Quarto R. *daies.*

[2] Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long WITHERING OUT a young man's revenue.] The authenticity of this reading having been questioned by Dr. Warburton, I shall exemplify it from Chapman's translation of the 4th book of Homer;

" — there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace." STEEVENS.

" —— Ut piget annus
" Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
" Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora." *Hor.*
MALONE.

[3] — STEEP themselves in nights;] So, in Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. IV.:

" —— neither deserve,
" And yet are *steep'd* in favours." STEEVENS.

New bent [4] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling [5].

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke [6]!

[4] New bent—] The old copies read—*Now* bent. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[5] With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late editions of Milton's Poems, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So, again, in King Henry VI. P. III.:

"And now what rests, but that we spend the time
"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,
"Such as befit the pleasures of the court?"

Again, in the preface to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624: "Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revels, sports, playes." Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called Love's Triumph through Callipolis, by *triumph* seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, "the triumph is seen far off." Malone.

Thus also, (and more satisfactorily,) in the Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp, 1581: "Yet notwithstanding, their triumphes [those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which cometh thereof, *hath beene applied to all high, great, and statelie dooings.*"

Steevens.

[6] — our renowned duke!] Thus, in Chaucer's Knight's Tale:

"Whilom as olde stories tellen us,
"There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd[7] the bosom of my child:

"Of Athenes he was lord and governour," &c.
Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the Tragedies of John Bochas, calls him by the same title, ch. xii. l. 21:

"*Duke* Theseus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of Jocasta, translated from Euripides in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*.

So likewise Skelton:

"Not like *Duke* Hamilcar,
"Nor like *Duke* Asdruball."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's Iron Age, Part II. 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Nestor, *Duke* Nestor, &c.

Our version of the Bible exhibits a similar misapplication of a modern title; for in Daniel iii. 2, Nebuchadonozar, King of Babylon, sends out a summons to the *Sheriffs* of his provinces.
STEEVENS.

See also the 1st Book of The Chronicles, ch. i. v. 51, & seqq. a list of the *Dukes* of Edom. HARRIS.

Duke in our old language was used as *dux*, for a leader. The word is thus employed by Nicholls, in his translation of Thucydides, 1550, which was corrected in its progress by the learned Sir John Cheke, who would not have suffered a barbarism to remain. BOSWELL.

[7] This HATH bewitch'd—] The old copies read—This *man* hath bewitch'd—. The emendation was made for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. It is very probable that the compositor caught the word *man* from the line above.
MALONE.

As the reading, "This *man* hath bewitch'd," is found in all the old copies, and as the two quartos were printed in the same year, abounding in variations, and probably sent forth by persons who were wishing to outrun each other at the press, it is surely improbable that they should chance upon the same error. A redundant syllable, at the commencement of a verse, perpetually

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds [8], conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law [9],
Immediately provided in that case [1].

occurs in our old dramatists. See the Essay upon Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[8] —gawds,] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See King John, Act III. Sc. V.

Again, in Appius and Virginia, 1576:

"When gain is no grandsier,
"And *gaudes* not set by," &c.

Again, in Drayton's Mooncalf:

"——— and in her lap
"A sort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of The Battle of Flodden, observes that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house*. STEEVENS.

[9] Or to her death; according to our law,] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[1] Immediately provided in that case.] Shakspeare is grievously suspected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted smack of legal common-place. Poetry disclaims it. STEEVENS.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it [2].
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death [3], or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth [4], examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye [5] to be in shady cloister mew'd,

[2] To LEAVE the figure, or DISFIGURE it.] The sense is,—you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy. JOHNSON.

[3] — to die the death,] So, in the second part of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"We will, my liege, else let us *die the death*."

See notes on Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

[4] Know of your youth,] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd [6],
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke [7]

[5] For AYE —] i. e. for *ever*. So, in K. Edward II. by Marlowe, 1622:

"And sit for *aye* enthronized in heaven."

STEEVENS.

[6] But EARTHLIER happy is the rose DISTILL'D,] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happy*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Capell proposed to read *earthly happier*. BOSWELL.

"— the *rose distill'd*." So, in Lyly's Midas, 1592: "— You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and vertuous; that when, like *roses*, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *still*."

This image, however, must have been generally obvious, as in Shakspeare's time the distillation of rose water was a common process in all families. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. As in his fifth Sonnet:

"— Flowers *distilled*, though they with winter meet,
"Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet."

So, in the fifty-fourth Sonnet:

"The canker buds have full as deep a dye,
"As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
"Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
"When summer's breath their masqued buds discloses:
"But for their virtue only is their show,
"They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade:
"Die to themselves; sweet roses do not so;
"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made."

MALONE.

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him[8].

[7] — whose unwished yoke —] Thus both the quartos 1600, and the folio 1623. The second folio reads—

" ——— *to* whose unwished yoke —." Steevens.

Dele *to*, and for *unwish'd* r. *unwished*.—Though I have been in general extremely careful not to admit into my text any of the innovations made by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watched; and I printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the subsequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The old copies should have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

" Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
" Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
" My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

i. e. to give sovereignty *to*. See various instances of this kind of phraseology in a note on Cymbeline, scene the last. The change was certainly made by the editor of the second folio, from his ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology. Malone.

I have adopted the present elliptical reading, because it not only renders the line smoother, but serves to exclude the disgusting recurrence of the preposition—*to*; and yet if the authority of the first folio had not been supported by the quartos, &c. I should have preferred the more regular phraseology of the folio 1632.
Steevens.

[8] You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted [9] and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him." Tyrwhitt.
So, in K. Lear:
"Let pride which she calls plainness marry her."
Steevens.

9 — spotted —] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked.
Johnson.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*
Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so
pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
well
Beteem them [1] from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love [2] never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low [3]!

[1] Beteem them —] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. Johnson.

"So would I, said th' enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend." *Fairy Queen.*

Again, in The Case is Alter'd. How? Ask Dalio and Milo, 1605:

"I could *beteeme* her a better match."

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer*, Danish. Steevens.

[2] The course of true love —] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton, Paradise Lost, b. x.—896, & seqq. Malone.

[3] —too high to be enthrall'd to low!] *Love*—possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the passion; either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:

"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to *low!*"

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers. Theobald.

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's Venus and Adonis, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth:

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends *:
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany as a sound [4],
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night [6],
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up [6]:

* So quartos; first folio, *merit*.

"Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,
"Ne'er settled equally, *too high*, or *low*," &c. MALONE.

[4] —MOMENTANY as a sound,] Thus the quartos. The first folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentany* (says Dr. Johnson) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

"——that short *momentany* rage," is an expression of Dryden. HENLEY.

[5] Brief as the lightning in the COLLIED night,] *Collied*, i. e. *black, smutted with coal*, a word still used in the midland counties. So, in Ben Jonson's Poetaster:

"——Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough." STEEVENS.

[6] That, in a SPLEEN, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—*in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*: so just the contrary, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*: "*sudden quips*." And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers [7].

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues [8];
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to * a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head [9];

* First folio, *for*.

7 — FANCY'S followers.] *Fancy* is *love*. So afterwards in this play:

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me." STEEVENS.

So, in Turberville's Tragicall Tales:

"The noblest nymphes that ever were alive,
"The queyntest queenes the force of *fancy* felt."

MALONE.

8 From Athens is her house REMOTE seven leagues;] *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos; the folio has—*remov'd*.

STEEVENS.

9 — his best ARROW with the GOLDEN head;] So, in Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.:

"—— *arrowes* two, and tipt with *gold* or lead:
"Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head." STEEVENS.

By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen[1],
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair[2]: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars[3]; and your tongue's sweet air

[1] — by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

[2] Demetrius loves your FAIR:] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in The Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. IV.:

"——My decayed *fair*,
"A sunny look of his would soon repair."

Again, in The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"But what foul hand hath arm'd Matilda's *fair?*"

Again, in A Looking-Glass for London and England, 1598:

"And fold in me the riches of thy *fair*."

Again, in The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

"Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair?*"

Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616: "Though she were false to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."

Again:

"Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
"And would not diaper the meads with *fair*."

STEEVENS.

[3] Your eyes are LODE-STARS;] This was a complement not unfrequent among the old poets. The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding star*, that is, the *pole-star*. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in L'Allegro:

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so[4]!
Your's would I catch[5], fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated[6].
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

" Towers and battlements it sees
" Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
" Where perhaps some beauty lies,
" The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Queen Elizabeth:

" *Lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-stone* to all eyes."

JOHNSON.

So, in the Spanish Tragedy:

" Led by the *loadstar* of her heavenly looks."

Again, in The Battle of Alcazar, 1594:

" The *loadstar* and the honour of our line." STEEVENS.

[4] — O, were FAVOUR so!] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* So, in Twelfth-Night, Act II. Sc. IV.:

" ——— thine eye
" Hath stay'd upon some *favour* that it loves."

STEEVENS.

[5] Yours WOULD I catch,] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is—" Your words I catch."

JOHNSON.

[6] — to be to you TRANSLATED.] To *translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in Timon:

" —— to present slaves and servants
" *Translates* his rivals." STEEVENS.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine[7].
Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine[8]!
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see[9],
Seem'd Athens like * a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds[1] were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet[2]:

* Quarto F. *as.*

[7] His folly, Helena, is no FAULT of mine.] The folio, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read:

"His folly, Helena, is *none* of mine." JOHNSON.

[8] None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!] I would point this line thus:

"None.—But your beauty;—'Would that fault were mine!"

HENDERSON.

[9] Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness.

JOHNSON.

[1] — FAINT primrose-beds —] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or smell of primroses, let the reader determine. STEEVENS.

[2] Emptying our bosoms of their counsel SWEET;] That is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. HEATH.

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

"Emptying our bosoms of their counsel *swell'd;*
"There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
"And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
"To seek new friends, and *strange companions.*" This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors. I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying:* and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive*, stranger, *adjectively;* and *companies* to signify *companions:* as in Richard II. Act I.:

"To tread the *stranger* paths of banishment."

And in Henry V.:

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude and shallow."

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably; for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in Macbeth.

In Lyly's Midas, 1592, is a somewhat similar expression: "I am one of those whose tongues are *swell'd with silence.*"

Again, in our author's King Richard II.:

"—— the unseen grief
"That *swells* in silence in the tortur'd soul."

"*Of* counsels swell'd" may mean—swell'd *with* counsels.

Of and *with*, in other ancient writers have the same signification. See also, Macbeth—Note on—

"*Of* Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supplied."

i. e. *with* them.

In the scenes of King Richard II. there is likewise a mixture of rhyme and blank verse. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, concurs with Theobald.

Though I have thus far defended the old reading, in deference to the opinion of other criticks I have given Theobald's conjectures a place in the text. STEEVENS.

I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewise supported by Stowe's Annales, p. 291, edit. 1615: "The prince himself was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood." Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15,) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight [3].

[*Exit* HERM.

LYS. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYS.

HEL. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity [4],
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft * beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game [5] themselves forswear,

* Quarto R. omits *so;* first folio reads *often.*

my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends." MALONE.

[3] —when Phœbe doth behold, &c.

—deep midnight.] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from p. 175, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in Act III. Sc. I. BLACKSTONE.

[4] —holding no QUANTITY,] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than *quantity*, but either may serve. JOHNSON.

Quantity is our author's word. So, in Hamlet, Act III. Sc. II.:

"And women's fear and love *hold quantity*." STEEVENS.

[5] —in GAME—] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport, jest.* So Spenser:

"——'twixt earnest, and 'twixt *game*." JOHNSON.

So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne [6],
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail [7] some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence [8]:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING [9].

Quin. Is all our company here?

[6] — Hermia's EYNE,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's Character of the Prioresse, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:

"——— his *eyen* grey as glass."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iv. st. 9:

"While flashing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*." STEEVENS.

[7] — THIS hail —] Thus all the editions, except the 4to. 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads instead of *this hail,—his hail*. STEEVENS.

[8] — it is a DEAR EXPENCE:] i. e. it will *cost him much*, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

[9] In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion.

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip [1].

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow * to a point [2].

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable

* First folio, *grow on*.

He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time.

JOHNSON.

[1] —the SCRIP.] A *scrip*, Fr. *escript*, now written *ecrit*. So, Chaucer, in Troilus and Cressida, l. 2. 1130:

"*Scripe* nor bill."

Again, in Heywood's, If you know not me you know Nobody, 1606, Part II.:

"I'll take thy own word without *scrip* or scroll."

Holinshed likewise uses the word. STEEVENS.

[2] —GROW to a point.] Dr. Warburton reads—*go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the same kind of expression in Wily Beguiled:

"As yet we are *grown* to no conclusion."

Again, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
"Unless *unto some other point we grow*." STEEVENS.

"And so grow to a *point*." The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint*, a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakspeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense in a poem by N. B. 1614, called, I Would and I Would Not, stanza iii.:

"To *point* the captains every one their fight." WARNER.

comedy[3], and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry[4].—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves[5].

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure[6]. To the rest:—Yet my chief hu-

[3] —The most lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the title page of Cambyses: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, The Life of Cambises King of Percia," &c. By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date.

On the registers of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the boke of Perymus and Thesbye," 1562. Perhaps Shakspeare copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled Pyramus and Thisbe, by D. Gale, was published in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to the Midsummer-Night's Dream. MALONE.

In A Handefull of Pleasant Delites by Clement Robinson, 1584, there is "a new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie." BOSWELL.

[4] A very GOOD piece of work—and a MERRY.] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's Magnificence is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

[5] —SPREAD yourselves.] i. e. stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. STEEVENS.

[6] —I will CONDOLE in some measure.] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. So, in A Pennyworth of good Counsell, an ancient ballad:

mour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in [7], to make all split [8].

" The raging rocks,
" And shivering shocks [9],
" Shall break the locks
" Of prison-gates:
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall shine from far,
" And make and mar
" The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein [1], a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

" Thus to the wall
" I may *condole*."

Again, in Three Merry Coblers, another old song:

" Poor weather beaten soles,
" Whose case the body *condoles*." STEEVENS.

7 I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a CAT in,] In the old comedy of The Roaring Girl, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says: "I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage," &c. Again, in The Isle of Gulls, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." STEEVENS.

8 — to MAKE ALL SPLIT.] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of The Scornful Lady, we meet with "two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all split*." FARMER.

I meet with the same expression in The Widows Tears, by Chapman, 1612: "Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split*." MALONE.

9 AND shivering shocks,] Dr. Farmer would read—*With* shivering shocks. MALONE.

1 — Ercles' vein,] The verses recited by Bottom were probably a quotation from an old play, founded on the labours of Hercules. A play called Hercules, written by Martin Slaughter, a comedian,

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender[2].

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will[3].

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

was exhibited in 1595, by the Lord Admiral's and Lord Chamberlain's servants, and I suspect was formed on a still older piece. In Green's Groats-worth of Wit, 1592, a player who is introduced says: "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage." MALONE.

[2] —the BELLOWS-MENDER.] In Ben Jonson's Masque of Pan's Anniversary, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —as small, &c.] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene; and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's Roscius Anglicanus, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are—"It has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, (Kynaston,) so sensibly touched the audience as he." REED.

Prynne, in his Histriomastix, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother [4].—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here * is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written; pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study [5].

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

* So quartos; folio, *there.*

[4] — you must play Thisby's mother.] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. Theobald.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular. The introduction of Wall and Moonshine was an after-thought. See Act III. Sc. I. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus. Steevens.

[5] — slow of study.] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study* a speech." Steevens.

Steevens wrote this note to vex Garrick, with whom he had quarrelled. *Study* is not more a cant term than any other word of art, nor is it applied necessarily to *nonsense*. Malone.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you * an 'twere any nightingale.[5]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[7]

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.[8]—But,

* First folio omits *you*.

[6] — AN 'twere any nightingale.] *An* means *as if*. So, in Troilus and Cressida: — "He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." STEEVENS.

[7] — your perfect yellow.] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

So, in the old comedy of Ram-Alley, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
"A black man's, I think;
"I think, a *red*: for that is most in fashion."

This custom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in Measure for Measure, Act IV. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

[8] — French crowns, &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent allusions. STEEVENS.

masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties [9], such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

9 — properties,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In The Bassingbourne Roll, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrts*." See Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 326.

Again, in Albumazar, 1615:

"Furbo, our beards,

"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."

Again, in Westward-Hoe, 1607:

"I'll go make ready my rustical *properties*." STEEVENS.

1 *Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. — Hold, or cut BOW-STRINGS.] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—"hold or *cut* bow-strings"—i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.

WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In The Country Girl, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler:

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK *at another.*

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAI. Over hill, over dale [2],
Thorough * bush, thorough * briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere [3];

* So quarto H.; quarto R. and first folio, *through*.

" ———— fiddler, strike;
" I'll strike you, else, and *cut your begging bowstrings*."

Again, in The Ball, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" —— have you devices to jeer the rest?
" *Luc.* All the regiment of 'em, or I'll *break my bowstrings*."

The *bowstrings* in both these instances may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. Let the curious reader, however, consult Ascham's Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 38. b. STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bowstrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To *cut the bowstring*, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. " He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowstring*, (says Don Pedro in Much Ado about Nothing,) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." MALONE.

[2] Over hill, over dale, &c.] So Drayton, in his Nymphidia, or Court of Fairy:

" Thorough brake, thorough brier,
" Thorough muck, thorough mire,
" Thorough water, thorough fire." JOHNSON.

[3] — the MOONES sphere;] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. i. st. 15:

" And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."

Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: " Have we not *God hys wrath*, for God*des* wrath, and a thousand

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green [4]:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be [5];
In their gold coats spots you see [6];

of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the most, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte prosodye in over-many?"

The following passage, however, in the 3d book of Sidney's Arcadia, may suggest a different reading:

"——— what mov'd me to invite
"Your presence, (sister deare,) first to my *moony sphere?*"

STEEVENS.

The passage from Harvey tends to overthrow the notion that the Saxon genitive was employed. If *Goddes* were pronounced as a dissyllable, it would have the same prosody as *God hys*. But with regard to this and similar verses, see the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[4] To dew her ORBS upon the green:] The *orbs* here mentioned are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus, Drayton:

"They in their courses make that *round*,
"In meadows and in marshes found,
"Of them so called the fairy ground." JOHNSON.

Thus, in Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus: "—similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum *saltatorium orbem* cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent." It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of the fairy to refresh it. STEEVENS.

[5] The COWSLIPS tall her PENSIONERS be;] The *cowslip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning:

"—— For the queen a fitting tower,
"Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip flower*.——
"In all your train there's not a fay
"That ever went to *gather May*,
"But she hath made it in her way,
"The *tallest* there that groweth." JOHNSON.

This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men, of the best families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in The Merry Wives, Act II. Sc. II.: "—and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *pen-*

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear[7].
Farewell, thou lob of spirits[8], I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

sioners." They gave the mode in dress and diversions.—They accompanied the Queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held staff-torches at a play on a Sunday evening, in King's College Chapel. T. Warton.

[6] In their gold coats SPOTS you see;] Shakspeare, in Cymbeline, refers to the same red spots:

"A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson *drops*
"I' th' bottom of a cowslip." Percy.

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion to the habit of a *pensioner*. See a note on the second Act of The Merry Wives of Windsor, Sc. II. Steevens.

[7] And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.] The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600; i. e. the same year in which the first printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter says:

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
"Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
"*Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" Steevens.

[8] — LOB of spirits,] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind. Johnson,

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are used as terms of contempt in The Rival Friends, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568:

"Should find Esau such a lout or a *lob*."

Again, in the second book of Homer, as translated by Arthur Hall, 1581:

"—— yet fewe he led, bycause he was a *lobbe*."

Again, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*." This being seems to be of kin to the *lubber-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his Observations on the Fairy Queen. Steevens.

Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling [9]:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild [1]:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen [2],
But they do square [3]; that all their elves, for fear,

9 — changeling:] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

So, Spenser, b. i. c. x.:

"And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
"Such men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft."

STEEVENS.

It is *here* properly used, and in its *common acceptation*; that is, for a *child got in exchange*. A fairy is now speaking. RITSON.

1 — TRACE the forests wild:] This verb is used in the same sense in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, b. ii. song ii. 1613:

"In shepherd's habit seene
"To *trace* our woods."

Again, in Milton's Comus, v. 423:

"May *trace* huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths."

HOLT WHITE.

2 — sheen,] *Shining, bright, gay.* JOHNSON.

So, in Tancred and Gismund, 1592:

"——— but why
"Doth Phœbus' sister, *sheen* despise thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of Syr Tryamoure, bl. l. no date:

"He kyssed and toke his leave of the quene,
"And of other ladies bright and *shene*." STEEVENS.

3 But they do SQUARE;] To *square* here is to *quarrel*. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:

"——— let me not seem rude,
"That thus I seem to *square* with modesty."
"—— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *square*," &c.

Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

"Marry, she knew you and I were at *square*,
"And lest we fell to blowes, she did prepare." STEEVENS.

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow [4]: are you not he,
That fright [5] the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn [6];

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glasiers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

[4] — Robin Good-fellow :] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harsenet's Declaration, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [Ordinary, Act III. Sc. I.] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and œconomy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicksome spirit, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee." STEEVENS.

[5] That FRIGHT—] The old copies read—*frights;* and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If so, our author ought to have written—*frights*, *skims*, *labours*, *makes*, and *misleads*. The other, however, being the more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

[6] Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;] The sense of these lines is confused. Are not you he, (says the fairy,) that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect? The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm[7];
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines:

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good, but the evil he does. The observation will apply, with equal force, to his *skimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preserved, would be a piece of service. But we must understand both to be mischievous pranks. He skims the milk, when it ought not to be skimmed:—

(So, in Grim the Collier of Croydon:

"But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
"For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.")

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the same time perhaps throwing the flour about the house. RITSON.

The charge against Puck is not that he skims the milk at an improper time, but that he steals the cream. Jonson says the same of Mab in his Entertainment at Althorpe:

"This is Mab the mistress fairy,
"That doth mighty rot the dairy,
"And can hurt or help the churning,
"As she please, without discerning." MALONE.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Islandic. So, in Chaucer's Monkes Tale:

"Wheras they made him at the *querne* grinde."

Again, in Stonyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil, 1582, *quern*-stones are mill-stones:

"Theyre corne in *quern-stoans* they do grind," &c.

Again, in The More the Merrier, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

"Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of Robin Goodfellow, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry:

"I grind at *mill*,
"Their malt up still," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] — no BARM;] *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So, in Mother Bombie, a comedy, 1594: "It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeast." Again, in The Humorous Lieutenant of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

STEEVENS.

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work[8], and they shall have good luck:

[8] Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work,] To these traditionary opinions Milton has reference in L'Allegro:

" Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
" With stories told of many a feat,
" How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
" She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
" And he by frier's lanthorn led;
" Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
" To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
" When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
" His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
" That ten day-labourers could not end;
" Then lies him down the *lubber* fiend."

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his Nymphidia:

" He meeteth Puck, which most men call
" Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——
" This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
" Still walking like a ragged colt,
" And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
" Of purpose to deceive us;
" And leading us makes us to stray,
" Long winter's nights out of the way,
" And when we stick in mire and clay,
" He doth with laughter leave us."

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

Gervase of Tilbury, speaking of the Portunus, a species of dæmon, says:—" Cum inter ambiguas noctis tenebras Angli solitarii equitant, Portunus nonnunquam invisus equitanti se copulat, et cum diutius comitatur euntem, tandem loris arreptis equum in lutum ad manum ducit, in quo dum infixus volutatur, *Portunus* exiens *cachinnum facit*, et sic hujuscemodi ludibrio humanam simplicitatem deridet." See also Mr. Tyrwhitt on v. 6441, of the Cant. Tales of Chaucer.

The same learned editor supposes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare; for, says he, " Don Quixote (which was not published till 1605) is cited in the Nymphidia, whereas we have an edition of A Midsummer-Night's Dream in 1600."

Are not you he?
PUCK. Thou speak'st aright [9];

In this century some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the ideas of their predecessors. In Gay's ballad, inserted in The What D'ye Call It, is the following stanza:

" How can they say that nature
" Has nothing made in vain;
" Why then beneath the water
" Should hideous rocks remain?" &c. &c.

Compare this with a passage in Chaucer's Frankeleines Tale, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. i. 11, 179, &c.

" In idel, as men sain, ye nothing make,
" But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake," &c. &c.

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the same author for beauties inserted in his Eloisa to Abelard, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If Drayton wrote the Nymphidia after A Midsummer-Night's Dream had been acted, he could with very little propriety say:

" Then since no muse hath been so bold,
" Or of the *later* or the ould,
" Those elvish secrets to unfold
" Which lye from others reading;
" My active muse to light shall bring
" The court of that proud fayry king,
" And tell there of the revelling;
" Jove prosper my proceeding." HOLT WHITE.

Don Quixote, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's translation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest edition of it that I have seen, was printed in 1619.

A copy of certain poems of this author, The Batail of Agincourt, Nymphidia, &c. published in 1627, which is in the collection of my friend Mr. Bindley, puts this matter beyond a doubt; for in one of the blank leaves before the book, the author has written as follows: " To the noble knight, my most honored ffrend, Sir Henry Willoughby, one of the selected patrons of *thes my latest poems*, from his servant, Mi. Drayton." MALONE.

" — sweet Puck." The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of Pierce Ploughman puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. B. v. penult. See also, fol. lxvii. v. 15: " none helle *powke*."

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas, *Gudm. And. Lexicon Island*. TYRWHITT.

In The Bugbears, an ancient MS. comedy in the possession of

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab [1];

the Marquis of Lansdowne, I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:

"*Puckes*, *puckerels*, hob howlard by gorn and Robin Goodfelow."

Again, in The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis, 1615:

"Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,
"As if it groan'd to bear the weight of sinne;
"The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
"And cry out at the shame they do live in:
"And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
"The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenser's Epithalamion, 1595:

"Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
"Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
"Ne let hobgoblins," &c.

Again, in the ninth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, edit. 1587, p. 126:

"——and the countrie where Chymæra, that same *pooke*,
"Hath goatish bodie," &c. STEEVENS.

9 *Puck*. Thou speak'st aright;] I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete:

I am, thou speak'st aright;

It seems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare, Titania. For in Drayton's Nymphidia, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

1 — a roasted CRAB;] i. e. a wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of King Henry V. &c.:

"Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,
"With nut-brown ale," &c.

Again, in Damon and Pythias, 1582:

"And sit down in my chaire by my wife fair Alison,
"And turne a *crabbe* in the fire," &c.

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt [2], telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries [3], and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe [4];
And waxen [5] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

In Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600, Christmas is described as—

"——sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

[2] The wisest AUNT,] *Aunt* is sometimes used for *procuress*. In Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*. "These are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinswoman." See Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. I. Among Ray's proverbial phrases is the following: "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wisest aunt* may therefore mean the most *sentimental bawd*, or perhaps, the most *prosaic old woman*.

STEEVENS.

The first of these conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at least certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. RITSON.

[3] And TAILOR cries,] The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.

JOHNSON.

[4] — hold their hips, and loffe;] So, in Milton's L'Allegro:
"And laughter holding both his sides." STEEVENS.

[5] And WAXEN —] And *encrease*, as the *moon waxes*.

JOHNSON.

A feeble sense may be extracted from the foregoing words as they stand; but Dr. Farmer observes to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe* Saxon, *to hiccup*. Yyxyn. *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

Thus in Chaucer's Reve's Tale, v. 4149:
"He *yoxeth*, and he speaketh thurgh the nose."

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery [6], here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON [7], *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA [8], *at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Again, in the preface to XII. Mery Jestes of the Wyddow Edyth, 1575:

"Beside the cough, a bloudy flyx,
"And cuir among a deadly *yex*."

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 27th book of Pliny, chap. v.: "—and also they do stay the excessive *yex* or hocket."

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word so late as the time of Ainsworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a translation of the Latin substantive—*singultus*.

The meaning of the passage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup*.

It should be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that Puck is at present speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology. STEEVENS.

[6] But room, Faery,] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read—"But *make* room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

[7] *Enter* OBERON,] *Oberon* had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottishe Story of James the Fourthe, slain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by *Oberon, King of Fairies*." The judicious editor of The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in his Introductory Discourse, (See vol. iv. p. 161,) observes that Pluto and Proserpina in the Merchant's Tale, appear to have been "the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Titania*,] "As to the Fairy Queen, (says Mr. Warton, in his Observations on Spenser,) considered apart from the race of fairies, Chaucer, in his Rime of Sir Thopas, mentions her, to-

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast* stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn[9], and versing love[1]
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep† of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night[2]

* Folio, *wast*. † Quarto, F. *step*.

gether with a Fairy land. Again, in The Wif of Bathes Tale, v. 6439:

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
"Of which that Bretons speken gret honour;
"All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
"The *Elf-quene*, with hire joly compagnie
"Danced ful oft in many a grene mede:
"This was the old opinion as I rede." STEEVENS.

9 Playing on PIPES OF CORN,] Richard Brathwaite (Strappado for the Devil, 1615,) has a poem addressed "To the queen of harvest, &c. much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe*, and whistle:" and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucer's time, had—

"—— many a floite and litling horne,
"And *pipés made of grené corne*." RITSON.

1 — VERSING love —] Perhaps Prior was the last who employed this verb:

"And Mat mote praise what Topaz *verseth*." STEEVENS.

2 Didst thou not lead him through the GLIMMERING NIGHT —] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by stars. In Macbeth our author says:

"The west yet *glimmers* with some streaks of day."
STEEVENS.

From Perigenia, whom he ravished [3] ?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring [4],
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

[3] From PERIGENIA, whom he ravished?] Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of Theseus, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not scrupulously nice about proper names, but almost always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

[4] And never, since the MIDDLE SUMMER'S SPRING, &c.] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* summer. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uses again in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" As flaws congealed in the *spring* of day: "

which expression has authority from the scripture, St. Luke, i. 78: " — whereby the day-*spring* from on high hath visited us."

Again, in the romance of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre, 1510:

" — arose in a mornynge at the *sprynge of the day*," &c.

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. x.:

" He wooed her till day-*spring* he espyde."

STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, p. 494: " — the morrowe after about the *spring* of the daie —." MALONE.

The *middle summer's spring*, is, I apprehend the season when trees put forth their *second*, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his Silva: " Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking* out." And again, " Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*." HENLEY.

By paved fountain [5], or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent [6] of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping [7] to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river [8] made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents [9]:

5 Paved fountain,] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his Essay on Gardens: "As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curiosity and beauty .... As that the bottom be finely *paved* .... the *sides* likewise," &c. STEEVENS.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy.

The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:

"By some cleare river's lillie-*paved* side." HENLEY.

6 Or ON the beached margent —] The old copies read—Or *in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 — the winds, PIPING —] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds, are *piping* loud." JOHNSON.

And Gawin Douglas, in his translation of the Æneid, p. 69, 1710, fol. Edinb.

"The soft *piping wynd* calling to se."

The Glossographer observes, "we say a piping wind, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm." HOLT WHITE.

8 — PELTING river —] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakspeare has in Lear the same word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched;* but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty:* yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in Measure for Measure. JOHNSON.

So, in Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor scholars."

This word is always used as a word of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's Midas, 1592: "— attire never used but of old women and *pelting* priests." STEEVENS.

9 — overborne their CONTINENTS:] Borne down the banks that contain them. So, in Lear:

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard [1]:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock [2];
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud [3];

" —— close pent up guilts,
" Rive your concealing *continents!*" JOHNSON.

[1] — and the GREEN corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a BEARD:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:

" And summer's *green*, all girded up in *sheaves*,
" Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard*."
MALONE.

[2] — MURRAIN flock;] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others:

" —— sends him as a *murrain*
" To strike our herds; or as a worser plague,
" Your people to destroy."
Heywood's Silver Age, 1613. STEEVENS.

[3] The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils;* and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

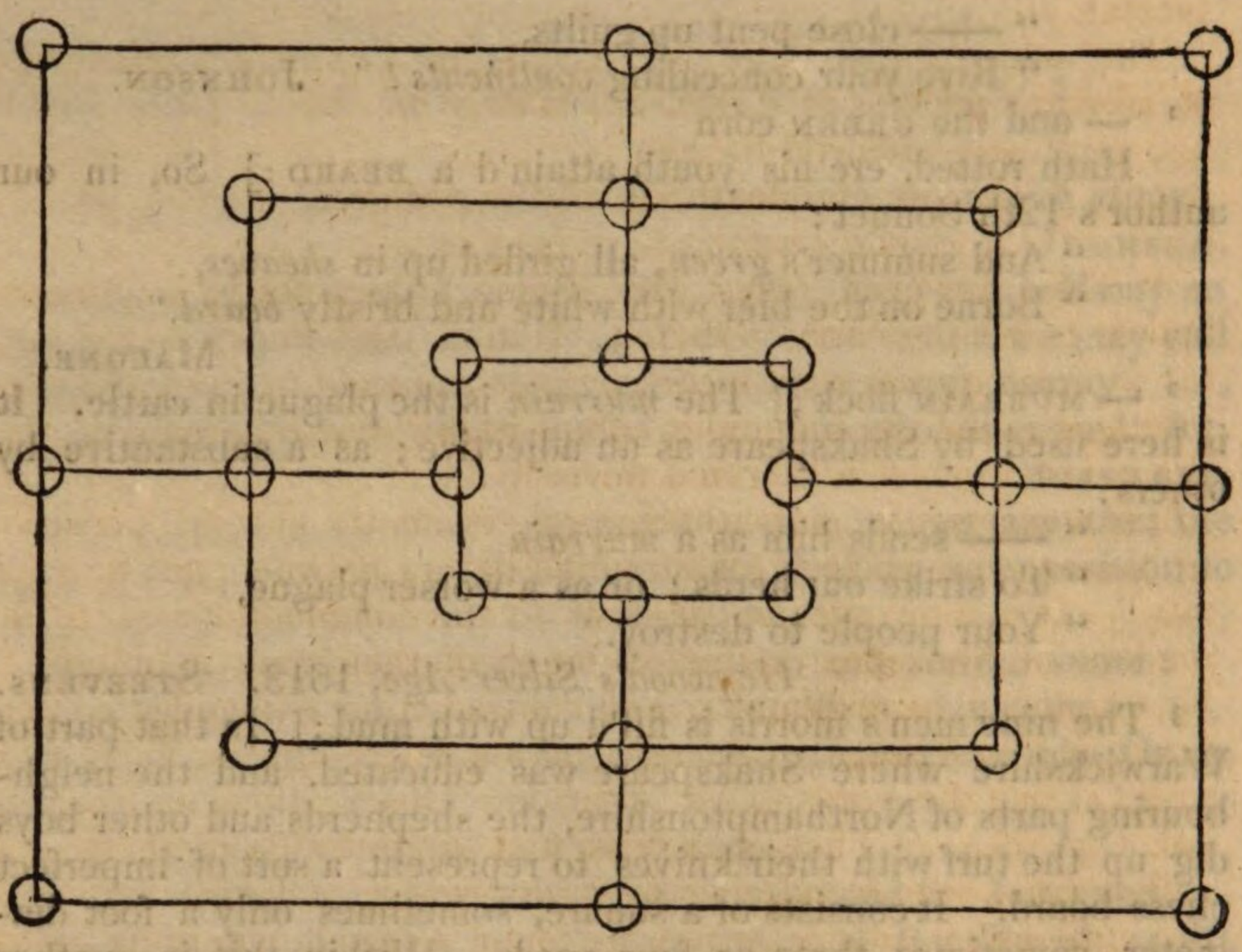
See Peck on Milton's Masque, 115, vol. i. p. 135. STEEVENS.

Nine men's morris is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alter-

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green [4],
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:

nately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.



ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, under the article Merelles, is the following explanation: "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men used in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a small black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* or *Moor*, or rather from *morum*, a mulberry. TOLLET.

The *jeu de merelles* was also a table-game. A representation of two monkies engaged at this amusement, may be seen in a German edition of Petrarch de remedio utriusque fortunæ, b. i. ch. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. DOUCE.

[4] — the QUAINT MAIZES in the wanton green,] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

The human mortals[5] want their winter here[6];
No night is now with hymn or carol blest[7]:—

[5] The HUMAN mortals —] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *subject to mortality*. It appears from the romance of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, that Oberon himself was mortal.

The same phrase, however, occurs in Chapman's translation of Homer's address *to Earth, the mother of all:*

" —— referr'd to thee
" For life and death, is all the pedigree
" Of *mortal humans*." STEEVENS.

" This, however, (says Mr. Ritson,) does not by any means appear to be the case. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, *never die; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege;* and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldest woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*." It is a misfortune, as well to the commentators as to the readers of Shakspeare, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. Spenser in his Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. x. says, (I use the words of Mr. Warton; Observations on Spenser, vol. i. p. 55,) " That man was first made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The issue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was enclosed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His son Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the most renowned, who built Panthea of chrystal. To these succeeded Elfar, who slew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the sound of which was like thunder. At length, Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whose 'wide memorial' still remains; who dying left Tanaquil to succeed him by will, she being also called Glorian or Gloriana." I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakspeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

Mr. Reed might here have added the names of many divines

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound [8]:

and philosophers, whose sentiments coincide with his own position on this subject: "— post prolixum tempus *moriuntur omnes:*" i. e. aerial and familiar spirits, &c. were *all mortal.* See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 42. STEEVENS.

[6] — their WINTER HERE;] *Here,* in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—their winter *cheer;* but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their *winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line, was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"The wery *winter* nights restore the *Christmas games,*
"And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames."
Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

I have already expressed my opinion, that winter-*cheer* is the true reading; and am confirmed in it by the following passage in Fletcher's Prophetess, where the shepherd says:

"Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
"Our *holiday good cheer;* our bagpipes now, boys,
"Shall make the wanton lasses skip again!"
M. MASON.

[7] No night is now with HYMN OR CAROL BLEST:] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STEEVENS.

[8] That RHEUMATICK DISEASES do abound:] *Rheumatick diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism,* but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's Bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" Sydney's Memorials, vol. i. p. 94: "— he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c. and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other *rumatic diseases.*" MALONE.

"*Therefore* the moon, the governess of floods," &c. The repeated adverb *therefore,* throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used. All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not

And thorough this distemperature[9], we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

in consequence of each other. Ideas crouded fast on Shakspeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise. Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest to Nash, whose comedy called Summer's Last Will and Testament, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. There *Christmas* is introduced, and Summer says to him:

" *Christmas*, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
" Accompanied with some music or some song?
" A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
" Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore.

" *Christmas*. Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance," &c. and then proceeds to give reasons for such a decay in mirth and house-keeping.

The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when the Midsummer-Night's Dream was written. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history.

The date of the piece, however, may be better determined by a description of the same weather in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595, when, says he, " a colder season, in all sorts, was never seene." He then proceeds to say the same over again in rhyme:

" A colder time in world was neuer seene:
" The skies do lowre, the sun and moone waxe dim;
" Sommer scarce knowne but that the leaues are greene.
" The winter's waste driues water ore the brim;
" Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim.
" Nature thinks scorne to do hir dutie right,
" Because we have displeasde the Lord of Light."

Let the reader compare these lines with Shakspeare's, and he will find that they are both descriptive of the same weather and its consequences.

Churchyard is not enumerating, on this occasion, fictitious but real misfortunes. He wrote the present poem to excite Charity on his own behalf; and among his other sufferings very naturally dwelt on the coldness of the season, which his poverty had rendered the less supportable.

L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, will naturally impute one incident to different causes. Shakspeare, in prime of life and success, fancifully ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quarrel be-

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose [1];
And on old Hyems' chin [2], and icy crown,

tween the playful rulers of the fairy world; while Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is seriously disposed to represent the same inclemency of weather, as a judgement from the Almighty on the offences of mankind. STEEVENS.

"*Therefore* the moon, the governess of the floods," &c. This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought). It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety represented as incensed at the cessation—not of the carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnson supposes,) but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole passage has been much misunderstood, it may be proper to observe, that Titania begins with saying:

"And never, since the middle summer's spring,
"Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,—
"But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport."

She then particularly enumerates the several consequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauses:

1. "*Therefore* the winds, &c.
"That they have overborne their continents:
2. "The ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain;
"The ploughman lost his sweat;——
"No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
3. "*Therefore* the moon—washes all the air,
"That rheumatick diseases do abound:
4. "And, *thorough* this distemperature, we see,
"The seasons alter;——
"—— and the 'mazed world,
"By their increase, now knows not which is which:
"And this same progeny of evils comes
"From *our* debate, from *our* dissention."

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found. MALONE.

[9] —this DISTEMPERATURE,] Is, this *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant, in this place, the per-

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

turbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

Perhaps Mr. Malone has truly explained the force of the word in question. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Thou art up-rous'd by some *distemperature*."

STEEVENS.

[1] Fall in the fresh LAP of the crimson rose;] To have "snow in the *lap* of June," is an expression used in Northward Hoe, 1607, and Shakspeare himself in Coriolanus, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap*:" and Spenser in his Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ii. has:

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*."

STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his Traveller:

"And winter lingering chills the *lap* of May."

M. MASON.

[2] —Hyems' CHIN,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

—— on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown.

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEVENS.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyem's *chin* must have come from Virgil, (Æneid iv. 253,) through the medium of the translation of the day;

"—— tum flumina *mento*
"Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba." S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

"And from his hoary beard adowne,
"The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, book ii.:

"And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,
"With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,
"Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
"Upon his gray and *hoarie beard*, and snowie *frozen crown*."

MALONE.

I should rather be for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So, Cordelia, speaking of Lear:

"—— to watch, poor perdu!
"With this *thin* helm."

Again, in King Richard II.:

The childing autumn [3], angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase [4], now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissention;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you;
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman [5].

" White-beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairless scalps
" Against thy majesty;—" Steevens.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*), and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. Malone.

[3] The childing autumn,] Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*. So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

" Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his Golden Age, 1611:

" I *childed* in a cave remote and silent."

Again, in his Silver Age, 1613:

" And at one instant he shall *child* two issues."

There is a *rose* called the *childing rose*. Steevens.

Again, in Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne, by Fairfax, b. xviii. st. 26:

" An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)
" *Childed* an hundreth nymphes so great, so dight."

Childing is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one: " the *childing* autumn," therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *childing* daisy, and a *childing* scabious. Holt White.

[4] By their increase,] That is, *By their produce*. Johnson.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet:

" The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increase*,
" Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

The latter expression is scriptural: " Then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." Psalm lxvii. Malone.

[5] —henchman.] Page of honour. This office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. Grey.

This office might be abolished at court, but probably remained

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called Wit in a Constable, 1640, has this passage:

" —— I will teach his *hench-boys*,
" Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and save
" The city all that charges."

So, again:

" When she was lady may'ress, and you humble
" As her trim *hench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Christmas Masque: " —he said grace as well as any of the sheriff's *hench-boys*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Hengstman, equi curator, ἱπποκομος.

STEEVENS.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury dated 11th of December, 1565, it is said: " Her Highness (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, whereat some do muche marvell, dissolved the auncient office of *Henchemen*." (*Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 358.) On this passage Mr. Lodge observes that *Henchmen* were " a certain number of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the person of the monarch on all public occasions. They are mentioned in the sumptuary statutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preserved in the Fœdera, vol. xv. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. " propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos *Henchmen*;" with a salary of 40*l.* per annum. *Henchmen*, or *Heinsmen*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his Glossographia, signifying a domestick, whence our ancient term *hind*, a servant in the house of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's household-book, with less probability, derives the appellation from their custom of standing by the side, or *Haunch*, of their Lord. REED.

Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were " henxmen *six* enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the halle," &c. There was also " a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behavioure of temperaunce and patyence." *MS. Harl.* 293.

" At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *master of the henchmen*."

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

His mother was a vot'ress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side:
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind[6];
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
(Following, her womb, then rich with my young
'squire[7],)

"—— *Henchman*." Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus*. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in King Henry IV. P. II. Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

[6] And grow BIG-BELLIED, with the wanton wind;] Dryden, in his translation of the 1st book of Homer's Iliad (and Pope after him) were perhaps indebted to the foregoing passage:

"—— winds suffic'd the sail
"The *bellying* canvas strutted with the gale." *Dryden.*
"—— indulgent gales
"Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails,
"The milk-white canvas *bellying* as they blow." *Pope.*
STEEVENS.

Why the wind was termed *wanton* we may learn from Othello:

"The *bawdy* wind that kisseth all it meets."

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet* wind." MALONE.

[7] Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
FOLLOWING (her womb, then rich with my young 'squire,)
Would imitate —] Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

"(*Following her womb*, then rich with my young 'squire.)"

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

"—— She press'd so home,
"That he retired, and *follow'd's bum*."

And Dryden says of his Spanish Friar, "his great belly walks in state *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it*."
FARMER.

This passage, thus printed, appears to me ridiculous. Every

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITA. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away[8]:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt* TITANIA, *and her train.*

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick[9].

woman who walks forward must *follow her womb*. The absurdity is avoided by leaving the word—*following* out of the parenthesis. Warburton's grammatical objection has no foundation.

M. MASON.

[8] Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:] The ancient copies read:

"Not for thy *fairy* kingdom.—Fairies, away."

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective *fairy*, as it spoils the metre; *Fairies*, the following substantive, being apparently used, in an earlier instance, as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

[9] — Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

PUCK. I remember.
OBE. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.] The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. To denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

" ——— Ut turpiter atrum
" Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè."

for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41, that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*,) contended for precedency with the muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

" — on a dolphin's back." This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

" Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath." This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

" That the rude sea grew civil at her song." By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd [1]: a certain aim he took

strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

"And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

"To hear the sea-maid's musick." This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres:* By which he meant the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction with her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his Comedy of Errors:

"O train me not, sweet *mermaid, with thy note,*

"To *drown me* in thy sisters flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land,* and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse which we may well fancy to be like what,—

"—— Olim fauni vatesque canebant." WARBURTON.

"And certain *stars shot* madly *from their spheres.*" So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"And little *stars shot from their fixed places.*" MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland stiled a *Sea*-MAID? and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

"A star dis-orb'd," however, (See Troilus and Cressida,) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where else so happily expressed it as in Antony and Cleopatra:

At a fair vestal, throned by the west[2]**;**
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

" —— the good *stars*, that were my former guides,
" *Have empty left their orbs*, and *shot* their fires
" Into th' abysm of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in The Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786.— "That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakspeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's musick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcileable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring* to marry a queen, by the image of a star *shooting* or *descending* from its sphere."

See also Mr. Ritson's observations on the same subject. On account of their length they are given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

[1] Cupid ALL ARM'D:] *All arm'd* does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say, *all booted*. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616:

" Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire."

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of the Æneid:

" *All* utterly I could not seem forsaken."

Again, in King Richard III.:

" His horse is slain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakspeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance to boast of. The same can hardly be said of the following, with which the tragedy of Soliman and Perseda, 1599, concludes. Death is the speaker, and vows he will spare—

" —— none but sacred Cynthia's friend,
" Whom Death did fear before her life began;
" For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
" That Death shall die, if he attempt her end
" Whose life is heaven's delight, and Cynthia's friend."

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free [3].
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness [4].

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. STEEVENS.

[2] At a fair vestal, throned by the west;] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to this resolute, this determined virgin, in the body of a play. So again, in Tancred and Gismund, 1592:

"There lives a virgin, one without compare,
"Who of all graces hath her heavenly share;
"In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,
"Let us record this Pæan of her praise." *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

[3] —fancy-free.] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus, in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, written by Churchyard, Chastity deprives Cupid of his bow, and presents it to her Majesty: "—and bycause that the Queene had chosen the best life, she gave the Queene Cupid's bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased: since none could wound her highnesse hart, it was meete (said Chastitie) that she should do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what she pleased." STEEVENS.

[4] And maidens call it, LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in Ovid: with a much better moral, intimating, that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in The Taming of a Shrew, Act I. Sc. IV.:

"But see, while *idly* I stood looking on,
"I found th' effect of *love in idleness;*
"And now in plainness I confess to thee,
"Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
"If I achieve not this young *modest* girl."

And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention, that *love-in-idleness* is a flower.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round * about the Earth [5]
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible [6];

* So quarto F.; folio, and quarto R., omit *round*.

Taylor, the water-poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

"When passions are let loose without a bridle,
"Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle*." STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is "now *purple* with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other counties the Three coloured violet, the Herb of Trinity, Three faces in a hood, Cuddle me to you, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] I'll put a GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH —] This expression also occurs in The Bird in a Cage, 1633:

"And when I have put *a girdle 'bout the world*,
"This purchase will reward me."

Perhaps it is proverbial.

Again, in Bussy d'Ambois, by Chapman, 1613:

"To put *a girdle round about the world*."

And in other plays. STEEVENS.

[6] —I am INVISIBLE:] I thought proper here to observe,

And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me[7].
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood[8],
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron[9], for my heart

that, as Oberon, and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

[7] The one I'll SLAY, the other SLAYETH me.] The old copies read—

"The one I'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me." STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw it must be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

[8] —and WOOD within this wood,] *Wood*, or *mad*, *wild*, *raving*. POPE.

In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's Ivy-Church, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

"Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herself to Diana;
"Phœbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne."

We also find the same word in Chaucer, in the character of the Monke, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:

"What shulde he studie, and make himselven *wood!*"

Spenser also uses it, Æglogue III. March:

"The elf was so wanton, and so *wode*."

"The name *Woden*," says Verstegan in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605: "signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*."

STEEVENS.

See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. III. HARRIS.

[9] You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's

Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you do * use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty [1] too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that [2].
It is not night, when I do see your face [3],

* Quarto F. omits *do*.

Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him."

STEEVENS.

[1] —IMPEACH your modesty—] i. e. bring it into question. So, in The Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. II.:

"And doth *impeach* the freedom of the state,
"If they deny him justice." STEEVENS.

[2] —for that.] i. e. For leaving the city, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] It is not night, when I do see your face, &c.] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company [4];
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you [5].
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions [6]; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and * field,
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

* Quarto F. *the field.*

"——Tu nocte vel atra
"Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis." JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakspeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm was in his thoughts: "Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEVENS.

[4] Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;] The same thought occurs in King Henry VI. P. II.:

"A wilderness is populous enough,
"So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

[5] The wildest hath not such a heart as you.]

"Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum." *Ovid.*

See Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"—— where he shall find
"The unkindest beasts more kinder than mankind." S. W.

[6] I will not stay thy QUESTIONS;] Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So, in As You Like It: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." STEEVENS.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well[7].

[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where[8] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[9] and the nodding violet[1] grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine[2],
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:

[7] TO DIE UPON the hand, &c.] To *die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means—"to *die by* the hand." So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"I'll die *on him* that says so, but yourself." STEEVENS.

[8] — whereon—] The old copy reads—*where*. Mr. Malone supposes *where* to be used as a dissyllable; but offers no example of such a pronunciation. STEEVENS.

If similar usages are shown in Shakspeare and other writers of his time, it is sufficient without producing express authority in every instance. Mr. Steevens saw no objection to *desire* as a trisyllable in Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. VII.:

"Should make desire vomit emptiness."

Yet no other example has been given. MALONE.

[9] Where OX-LIPS —] The *ox-lip* is the greater *cowslip*.

So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, song XV.:

"To sort these flowers of showe, with other that were sweet,
"The cowslip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

STEEVENS.

[1] — the NODDING violet —] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowsy person. STEEVENS.

[2] Quite over-canopied with LUSCIOUS woodbine,] Thus all the old copies. On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Lush is clearly preferable in point of sense, and absolutely ne-

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on [3].
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

cessary in point of metre. Oberon is speaking in rhyme; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the first syllable, cannot possibly correspond with *eglantine*. The substitution of *lush* will restore the passage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. Ritson.

I have inserted *lush* in the text, as it is a word already used by Shakspeare in The Tempest, Act II.:

"How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green?"

Both *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a useless expletive, and read:

"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine." Steevens.

That no alteration is required on account of the metre is shown in the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. Boswell.

[3] — the MAN — hath ON.] I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second. Steevens.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

TITA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song[4];
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence[5];

[4] — a ROUNDEL, and a fairy song;] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the present country dances, and are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his Orchestra, 1622:

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
" The motions seven that are in nature found,
" *Upward and downward, forth, and back again,*
" *To this side, and to that, and turning round;*
" Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they must conclude.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
" Thus when at first love had them marshalled,
" As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
" He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
" And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
" As the two Bears whom the first mover flings
" With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be." REED.

A *roundell*, *rondil*, or *roundelay*, is sometimes used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence: *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his Art of Poetry, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, and the queen*. STEEVENS.

A *roundel* is, as I suppose, *a circular dance*. Ben Jonson seems to call *the rings* which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels*. Vol. V. Tale of a Tub, p. 23:

" I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths."

TYRWHITT.

So, in The Boke of the Governour, by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537: " In stede of these we have now base daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." STEEVENS.

[5] Then, for the third part of A MIMUTE, hence:] Dr. Warburton reads:

— for the third part of the *midnight* —.

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds [6];
Some, war with rear-mice [7] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits [8]: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[6] — in the MUSK-ROSE buds;] What is at present called the *Musk Rose*, was a flower unknown to English botanists in the time of Shakspeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

[7] — with REAR-MICE —] A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in Albertus Wallenstein, 1640:

"Half-spirited souls, who strive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

"— I keep no shades
"Nor shelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*."

Again, in Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. iv. edit. 1587, p. 58, b:

"And we in English language bats or *reremice* call the same."

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th Book of the Æneid, also applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the bat:

"Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* flicht."

STEEVENS.

[8] — quaint SPIRITS:] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority: "— quaint *sports*."

But Prospero, in The Tempest, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

"Our quaint *spirits*." Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, If It be Not Good, the Devil is In It, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan: "Now Shalcan, some new *spirit*? —*Ruff.* A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. —*Omnes.* O rare sight!" FARMER.

SONG.

1 *Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue*[9],
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong[1];
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
*Sing in our * sweet lullaby;*
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

* So quartos; folio, *your*.

9 — with DOUBLE tongue,] The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play:

" — with *doubler* tongue
" Than thine, thou *serpent*," &c.

Again, in The Tempest:

" — *adders*, who, with *cloven* tongues,
" Do hiss me into madness."

By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked*; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings, and, it may be added, are so in nature.

STEEVENS.

1 NEWTS, and BLIND-WORMS,] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of Macbeth. See Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. I.:

STEEVENS.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel [2].
[*Exeunt Fairies.* *Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce [3], or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence [4];

[2] Hence, away; &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but, I think, without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the second Fairy; but the other division is better. Steevens.

[3] Be it ounce,] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. Johnson.

[4] O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;] Lysander, in

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference [5].
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained [6] with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew [7] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty

the language of love, professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lie further off*. Lysander answers:

"O, take the sense, sweet, of my *innocence;*"

Understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. Johnson.

5 Love takes the meaning, in love's CONFERENCE.] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. Johnson.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love *take* the meaning in love's conference.

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. Tyrwhitt.

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." Henley.

6 — interchained —] Thus the quartos; the folio, *interchanged*. Steevens.

7 Now much BESHREW, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. It is used by Heywood in his Iron Age, 1632:

"*Beshrew* your amorous rhetorick."

Again:

"Well, Paris, I *beshrew* you, with my heart." Steevens.

See Minsheu's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*. Tollet.

Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none [8],
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy [9].
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

[8] But Athenian FOUND I none,] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "—*find* I none." STEEVENS.

[9] Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.] The old copies read:

"Near this lack-love, *this* kill—courtesy."

Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of the measure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted—*this*. STEEVENS.

If we read *near* as a dissyllable, like many other similar words, we shall produce a line of ten syllables, a measure which sometimes occurs in Puck's speeches:

"I must go seek some dew drops here;
"And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Again:

"I go, I go: look how I go;
"Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow." MALONE.

All the power this charm doth owe [1];
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid [2].
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me [3]? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace [4].
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

[1] All the power this charm doth owe:] i. e. all the power it possesses. So, in Othello:

"Shall never medicine thee to that sweet sleep
"Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday." STEEVENS.

[2] — let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.] So, in Macbeth:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
"Hang upon his pent-house lid." STEEVENS.

[3] — wilt thou DARKLING leave me?] i. e. in the dark. So, in The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1529: "—we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling*." The word is likewise used by Milton. STEEVENS.

Again, in King Lear: "And so the candle went out, and we were left *darkling*." RITSON.

[4] — my grace.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art [5],
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now * I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason [6];
And touching now the point of human skill [7],

* Quarto F. omits *now*.

[5] —Nature shews HER art,] The quartos have only—Nature shews art. The folio reads—Nature *her* shews art,—probably the error of the press for—Nature shews her art, as I have printed it. The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

I admit the word—*here*, as a judicious correction of the second folio. *Here*, means—*in the present instance*. On this occasion, says Lysander, the work of nature resembles that of art, viz. (as our author expresses it in his Lover's Complaint,) an object "glaz'd with crystal." STEEVENS.

[6] —till now RIPE not to reason;] i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe*, in the present instance, is a verb. So, in As You Like It:

"And so, from hour to hour, we *ripe*, and *ripe*—.' 'STEEVENS.

[7] —TOUCHING now the POINT of human skill,] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection. So, in King Henry VIII.:

Reason becomes the marshal to my will[8],
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book[9].
HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

"I have *touch'd* the highest *point* of all my greatness."
STEEVENS.

[8] Reason becomes the MARSHAL to my will,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

"Thou *marshal'st* me the way that I was going."
STEEVENS.

A modern writer [Letters of Literature, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnson's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, says he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reason, not my will follows my reason. *Marshal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feast. Sydney has used *marshal* for *herald* or poursuivant, but improperly."

Of such flimzy materials are many of the *hyper-criticisms* composed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnson, when he speaks of the will *following* reason, uses the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will *follows* or obeys *the dictates* of reason." Or that, if this were not the case, he would yet be justified by the context, (And *leads* me—) and by the passage quoted from Macbeth?—The heralds, distinguished by the names of "*poursuivants* at arms," were likewise called *marshals*. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617, in v. MALONE.

[9] —leads me to YOUR EYES; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, WRITTEN IN LOVE'S RICHEST BOOK.] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"—— what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
"Find *written* in the margin of *his eyes*,
"This *precious book of love*—." STEEVENS.

I thought you lord of more true gentleness [1].
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you [2] sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander, lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves [3]; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately [4]. [*Exit.*

[1] — true GENTLENESS.] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman.* PERCY.

[2] And YOU—] Instead of *you*, the first folio reads—*yet*. Mr. Pope first gave the right word from the quarto 1600. STEEVENS.

[3] Speak, OF ALL LOVES;] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. VIII.:

"——to send her your little page, *of all loves.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] EITHER death, or you, I'll find immediately.] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakspeare's usage. He frequently

ACT III. SCENE I[5].

The Same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE[6], *Snug*, *Bottom*, *Flute*, *Snout*, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous * convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus

* Quarto F. *marvels.*

employs *either*, and other similar words, as monosyllables. So, in King Henry IV. P. II.:

"*Either* from the king, or in the present time."

Again, in King Henry V.:

"*Either* past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"*Either* led or driven, as we point the way."

Again, in King Richard III.:

"*Either* thou wilt die by God's just ordinance—."

Again, in Othello:

"*Either* in discourse of thought, or actual deed."

So also, Marlowe in his Edward II. 1598:

"*Either* banish him that was the cause thereof—."

The modern editors read—*Or* death or you, &c. MALONE.

5 In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

6 Enter QUINCE, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns*. STEEVENS.

must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear[7].

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six[8].

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing[9]; for there is not a

[7] By'rlakin, a parlous fear.] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is used in Preston's Cambyses:

"The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, *by laken*."

Again, in Magnificence, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Rastell:

"*By our lakin*, syr, not by my will."

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So, Phaer and Twyne translate the following passage in the Æneid, lib. vii. 302:

"Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi? quid vasta Charybdis
"Profuit?——"
"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?
"Or Sirtes *parlous* sands?" Steevens.

[8] —in eight and six.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. Malone.

[9] —God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.] There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here

more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner [1].

written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldest son of James the First was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c. were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room." *A true account of the most triumphal and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c. as it was solemnized the 30th day of August*, 1594. 8vo. 1603. Malone.

[1] No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, Merry Passages and Jeasts, MS. Harl. 6395:

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repre-

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Aye; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken

sent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and *swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham;* which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

The collector of these Merry Passages appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. MALONE.

your speech, enter into that brake[2]; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

PYR. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. —— *odours savours sweet:*
So hath thy breath[3]*, my dearest Thisby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while[4]*,*
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

[2] — that BRAKE;] *Brake*, in the present instance, signifies a *thicket* or *furze-bush*. So, in the ancient copy of the Not-browne Mayde, 1521:

"— for, dry or wete
" Ye must lodge on the playne:
" And us abofe none other rofe
" But a *brake bush*, or twayne."

Again, in Milton's Masque at Ludlow Castle:

" Run to your shrowds within these *brakes* and trees."

STEVENS.

Brake in the west of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

[3] So HATH thy breath,] The old copies concur in reading:

" So *hath* thy breath,"—

Mr. Pope made the alteration of *hath* into *doth*, which seems to be necessary. STEEVENS.

[4] — stay thou but here a WHILE,] The verses should be alternately in rhyme: but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it:

" — stay thou but here a *whit*,"

i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Nothing, I think, is got by either change. I suspect two lines

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here [5]! [*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal [6], *and eke most lovely Jew,*
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all [7].—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair* [8], *Thisby, I were only thine:*—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with "savours sweet," and the other with "here a while." The line before appears to me to refer to something that has been lost. Malone.

[5] — than e'er play'd HERE!] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. Steevens.

[6] — juvenal,] i. e. young man. So, Falstaff: "— the *juvenal* thy master." Steevens.

[7] — CUES and all.] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So, Othello:

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it
"Without a prompter."

Again, in The Return from Parnassus:

"Indeed, master Kempe, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*." Kempe was one of Shakspeare's fellow comedians. Steevens.

[8] If I were fair, &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thisby, I were only thine. Malone.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier [9];
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery oft hem, to make me afeard [1].

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee [2]?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not

9 Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

"*Through bog*, through mire," —. Johnson.

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queene, b. vi. c. viii.:

"Through hills, through dales, *through bushes and through* briars,

"Long thus she bled," &c. Malone.

The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:

"Through bog, *through burn*, through bush, through brake, through brier." Ritson.

1 — to make me AFEARD.] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. Johnson.

2 O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?] It is plain by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *ass's head*. Therefore we should read:

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? *An ass's head?* Johnson.

stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock[3], *so black of hue,*
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle[4] *with his note so true,*
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed[5]? [*Waking.*

[3] *The* OUSEL-COCK,] The *ouzel cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonson uses the word in The Devil is an Ass:

"—— stay till cold weather come,
"I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare."

P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. x. c. xxiv. represents the *ouzle* and the *blackbird* as different birds.

In The Arbor of Amorous Devises, 4to. bl. l. are the following lines:

"The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
"*The thrustle-cock that was so black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

From the following passage in Gwazzo's Civile Conversation, 1586, p. 139, it appears that *ousels* and *blackbirds* were the same birds: "She would needs have it that they were two *ousels or blackbirds.*" REED.

The *ousel* differs from the *black-bird* by having a white crescent upon the breast, and is besides rather larger. See Lewin's English Birds. DOUCE.

[4] *The* THROSTLE —] So, in the old metrical romance of The Squhr of Low Degree, bl. l. no date:

"The pee and the popinjaye,
"The *thrustele*, sayinge both nyght and daye."

Again, in the first book of Gower De Confessione Amantis, 1554:

"The *throstel* with the nightingale."

It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587, that the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*: "— There is also another sort of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whose berries the mavises, *throssels*, owsells, and *thrushes* delite much to eate." STEEVENS.

[5] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?] Perhaps a parody on a line in The Spanish Tragedy, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray[6],
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee[7].

"What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The Spanish Tragedy was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592. Malone.

[6] — PLAIN-SONG *cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated musick sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service of the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 227, edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long
"To kepe just *playne songe*
"Our chanters shall be your *cuckoue*," &c. T. Warton.

Again, in The Return from Parnassus:

"Our life is a *plain song* with cunning penn'd."

Again, in Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy, &c.:

"The cuckoo sings not worth a groat,
"Because she *never changeth note*." Steevens.

[7] Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.] These lines are, in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

"Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
"On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee;
"So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
"And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me."

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest anything better than the order to which the lines have been re-

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[8] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep[9],
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

stored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fisher's,] but to show that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revisal of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected.

JOHNSON.

[8] — gleek,] Joke or scoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by other ancient comic writers, in the same sense as by our author. So, in Mother Bombie, 1594:

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in Tom Tyler and his Wife:

"The more that I get her, the more she doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617:

"Messieur Benedetto galled Peratio with his *gleek*."

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of The Battle of Flodden, that, in the north, to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

Glaik, or the *glaiks*, is still used in Scotland for a trick. See this word explained, and its origin pointed out, in Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish language, voc. *Glaik*. BOSWELL.

[9] — JEWELS from the DEEP,] So, in King Richard III.:

"— reflecting *gems*
"That woo'd the slimy bottom of the *deep*." STEEVENS.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?[1]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries[2],
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the firy glow-worm's eyes[3],
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

[1] Where shall we go?] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding speeches, are given to the Fairies collectively.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a useless repetition of—"*and I,*" which overloaded the measure. STEEVENS.

[2] — dewberries,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[3] — the firy glow-worm's eyes,] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of any object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal[4]!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance[5], good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman[6]?

was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in Hamlet he terms *uneffectual*:

"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. Mason.

[4] Hail, mortal!] The old copies read—Hail, mortal, *hail!* The second *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[5] I shall desire you of more acquaintance,] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in Lusty Juventus, a morality:

"I shall desire *you* of better acquaintance."

Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in An Humorous Day's Mirth, 1599:

"I do desire you *of* more acquaintance."

Again, in Golding's version of the 14th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis:

"—— he praid
"Him earnestly, with careful voice, *of* furthrance and *of* aid."

Again, in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, 1621:

"—— craving you *of* more acquaintance." Steevens.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one—"I shall desire *of you* more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one.

So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ix.:

"If it be I, *of pardon I you pray*." Malone.

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother[7], and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[8] well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my

[6] —good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?] In The Mayde's Metamorphosis, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of Fairies, very similar to the present:

"*Mopso.* I pray, sir, what might I call you?
"1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.
"*Mop.* I am sorry I cannor purse you.
"*Frisco.* I pray you, sir, what might I call you?
"2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.
"*Fris.* I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Maid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (History of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 393,) that Lyly's last play appeared in 1597. Malone.

[7] — mistress Squash, your mother,] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in Twelfth-Night, Act I. Sc. V.:

"——— as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod." Steevens.

[8] — patience —] The Oxford edition reads—I know your *parentage* well. I believe the correction is right. Johnson.

Parentage was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings.

There is an ancient satirical Poem entitled—"The Poor Man's *Passions*, [i. e. sufferings,] or Poverty's *Patience*." *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter. Farmer.

No change is necessary. These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to choler. See note on Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. III. Reed.

Perhaps we should read—"I know you *passing* well."

M. Mason.

eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue [9], bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule [1] now about this haunted grove?

9 —my LOVE'S tongue,] The old copies read—"my *lover's* tongue." STEEVENS.

Our poet has again used *lover* as a monosyllable in Twelfth-Night:

"Sad true *lover* never find my grave." MALONE.

In the passage quoted from Twelfth-Night, "*true lover*" is evidently a mistake for—"*true love*," a phrase which occurs in the very scene before us:

"And laid the love-juice on some *true love's* sight."

Lover, in both the foregoing instances, I must therefore suppose to have been a printer's blunder for *love*; and have therefore continued Mr. Pope's emendation in the text. How is *lover* to be pronounced as a monosyllable? STEEVENS.

How *either* is to be pronounced as a monosyllable, see p. 243; but this point is more fully discussed in the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. MALONE.

1 —what NIGHT-RULE—] *Night-rule* in this place should

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches [2], rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin [3] of that barren sort [4],
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

seem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661:

"Marry, here is good *rule!*"

Again:

"—— why how now strife! here is pretty *rule!*"

It appears from the old song of Robin Goodfellow, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe [or superintend] the night-sports." STEEVENS.

[2] —patches,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, "a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, Cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse, ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pied* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times.

So, in The Tempest:

"—— what a *pied* ninny's this?"

Again, in Preston's Cambyses:

"Hob and Lob, ah ye country *patches!*"

Again, in The Three Ladies of London, 1584:

"It is simplicitie, that *patch*." STEEVENS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly *a fool*. So, in The Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. V. Shylock says of Launcelot: The *patch* is kind enough;—after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's off-spring*. TYRWHITT.

[3] —thick-skin—] See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

[4] —BARREN sort,] *Barren* is *dull, unpregnant*. So, in Hamlet:

"—— some quantity of *barren* spectators," &c.

Sort is company. STEEVENS.

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head [5];
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick [6] comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

[5] An ass's NOWL I fixed on his head;] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in The History of Beryn, 1524:

"No sothly, quoth the steward, it lieth all in thy *noll*,
"Both wit and wysdom," &c.

Again, in The Three Ladies of London, 1584:

"One thumps me on the neck, and another strikes me on the *nole*." STEEVENS.

The following receipt for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in Albertus Magnus de Secretis: "Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur *capiti asini*, sume de segimine aselli, et unge hominem in capite, et sic apparebit." There was a translation of this book in Shakspeare's time. DOUCE.

The metamorphosis of Bottom's head, might have been suggested by a similar trick played by Dr. Faustus. See his History, chap. xliii. STEEVENS.

[6] —mimick—] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*mimmick*: perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*minnick*. STEEVENS.

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnick*; that by Roberts, *minnock*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon, his *Thisbe* must be answered, And forth my *mimick* (i. e. my actor) comes." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his Guls Hornebooke, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his Satiromastix, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*." MALONE.

Or russet-pated choughs [7], many in sort [8],
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp [9], here o'er and o'er one falls;

7 — CHOUGHS,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned also in Macbeth:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c. STEEVENS.

8 — sort,] Company. So above:

"————— that barren *sort*;"

and in Waller:

"A *sort* of lusty shepherds strive." JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's May-day, 1611:

"——though we neuer lead any other company than a *sort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

9 And, at OUR STAMP,] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read:

"And at a *stump* here o'er and o'er one falls."

So Drayton:

"A pain he in his head-piece feels,
"Against a *stubbled tree* he reels,
"And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
"Alas, his brain was dizzy.——
"At length upon his feet he gets,
"Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
"And as again he forward sets,
"And through the bushes scrambles,
"A *stump* doth *trip him* in his pace,
"Down fell poor Hob upon his face,
"And lamentably tore his case,
"Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus:—"Vero saltum *adeo profundè in terram impresserant*, ut locus insigni adore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first Scene of the fourth Act:

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats [1]; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd [2] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says: "Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *stampen*." *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

[1] Some, sleeves; some, hats;] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
"'Gainst one another justling;
"They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
"For haste some left their masks behind,
"Some could not stay their gloves to find,
"There never was such bustling." JOHNSON.

[2] — latch'd —] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, Fr.

HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infect*. STEEVENS.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.
DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood[3], plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes[4].
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead[5], so grim.

[3] Being o'er shoes in blood,] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

"——I am in blood,
"Stept in so far," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — NOON-TIDE with the Antipodes.] Dr. Warburton would read— *i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary; but it is not so unlucky as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his Andromana:

"To be a whore, is more unknown to her,
"Then what is done *in the antipodes.*"

In for *among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

The familiarity of the general idea, is shown by the following passage in The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes."

Again, in King Richard II.:

"While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes."

STEEVENS.

[5] — SO DEAD,] All the old copies read—*so dead;* in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread.* JOHNSON.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping[6]? O brave touch[7]!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood[8]:

Dead seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it in King Henry IV. P. II. Act. I. Sc. III.:

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
"So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone." Steevens.

So also, in Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "— if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion." Malone.

[6] Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?] She means, Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon? Malone.

[7] — O brave TOUCH!] *Touch* in Shakspeare's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup*. "Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd *touches* of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters." *Ascham.* Johnson.

A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. In the old black letter story of Howleglas, it is always used in that sense: "— for at all times he did some mad *touch*." Steevens.

[8] — mispris'd MOOD:] Mistaken; so below *misprision* is *mistake*. Johnson.

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could [9], what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so [1]:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules: that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*.
MALONE.

I rather conceive that—"*on* a mispris'd *mood*" is put for—"*in* a mispris'd *mood*;" i. e. "*in* a mistaken *manner*." The preposition—*on*, is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he dealt *in* them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct. STEEVENS.

9 AN IF I could, &c.] This phraseology was common in Shakspeare's time. Thus, in Romeo and Juliet, Act V. Sc. I.:

"*An if* a man did need a poison now."

Again, in Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 85: "— meanys was made unto me to see *an yff* I wold appoynt," &c. REED.

1 — part I so:] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted, for the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer [2]
With sighs of love, that cost * the fresh blood dear [3]:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes, against she do † appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow [4]. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery [5],
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;

* Old copies, *costs*. † So quartos; folio, *doth*.

[2] — pale of CHEER —] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance. Even Dryden says—

"Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her *cheer*."

Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[3] — SIGHS of love, that COST THE FRESH BLOOD DEAR:] So, in King Henry VI. we have "blood-consuming,"—"blood-drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood. STEEVENS.

[4] Swifter than arrow from the TARTAR'S BOW.] So, in the 10th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis; translated by Golding, 1567:

"——— and though that she
"Did fly as *swift* as arrow from a *Turkye bowe*." DOUCE.

"A *Tartar's* painted *bow* of lath" is mentioned in Romeo and Juliet. STEEVENS.

[5] Hit with Cupid's archery,] This alludes to what was said before:

"——— the bolt of Cupid fell:
"It fell upon a little western flower,
"Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

STEEVENS.

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true[6]?

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYS. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEM. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

[6] Bearing the BADGE of faith, to prove them TRUE?] This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers. So, in The Tempest:
"Mark the *badges* of these men, and then say if they be *true*."
STEEVENS.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow [7],
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white [8], this seal of bliss [9]!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls [1], to mock me too?

7 — Taurus' snow,] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. Johnson.

8 This princess of pure white,] Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

"This *pureness* of pure white;"

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana, where the pine-apple is called *The princess of fruits*. Again, in Wyat's Poems: "Of beauty *princesse* chief." Steevens.

In The Winter's Tale we meet with a similar expression:

"——— good sooth, she is
"The *queen of curds and cream*." Malone.

9 — seal of bliss!] He has in Measure for Measure, the same image:

"But my kisses bring again,
"*Seals of love*, but seal'd in vain." Johnson.

More appositely, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"My play-fellow, your *hand*; this kingly *seal*,
"And plighter of high hearts." Steevens.

1 — join, in souls,] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakspeare, in K. Henry V. uses an expression not unlike this:

"For we will hear, note, and believe *in heart*;"

i. e. heartily believe: and in Measure for Measure, he talks of electing with *special soul*. In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says:

"——— with *private soul*
"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

And, in All Fools, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend:

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize [2],

"Happy, *in soul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a masque called Luminalia, or The Festival of Light, 1637:

"You that are chief *in souls*, as in your blood."

Again, in Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, 1595:

"——whose subversion *in soul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. ch. lxxv.:

"Could all, *in soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said
"To one that preached Hercules?"——

Again, in our author's Twelfth-Night:

"And all those swearings *keep* as true *in soul*."

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts:* Dr. Warburton, *insolents*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

"But you must join, *ill* souls, to mock me too?"

Ill is often used for *bad, wicked*. So, in The Sea Voyage of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;"

which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Mr. Sympson has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

"——Men shift their fashions —
"They are *in souls* the same." FARMER.

So, in Timon of Athens, Act I. Sc. II.:

"My lord, *in heart*, and let the health go round."

A similar phraseology is found in Measure for Measure:

"Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
"To accuse this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
"To call him villain!" MALONE.

[2] A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.] This is written much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth book of the Æneid:

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
"Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
"Una dolo divûm si fœmina victa duorum est." STEEVENS.

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort[3],
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience[4], all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And, here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd[5],
There to remain.

Lys. Helen *, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou abide † it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

* So quarto F.; quarto R., and folio, omit *Helen*.
† Quarto F. *aby*.

3 —none, of noble SORT,] *Sort* is here used for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of Jane Shore:
"Long time I lived in the court,
"With lords and ladies of great *sort*." MALONE.

4 —EXTORT
A poor soul's patience,] Harass, torment. JOHNSON.

5 My heart WITH her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is HOME RETURN'D,] The ancient copies read—"*to* her." Dr. Johnson made the correction, and exemplified the sentiment by the following passage from Prior:
"No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
"They were but my visits; but thou art my *home*." STEEVENS.
So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:
"This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
"Like him that travels, I *return* again." MALONE.

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes [6] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows [7], the hours that we have spent,

[6] — all yon fiery OES —] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to King Henry V.:

" —— can we crowd
" Within this little *O*, the very casques
" That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Again, in The Partheneia Sacra, 1633:

" —the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset with silver *oes*, or rather an azure vault," &c.

Again, in John Davies of Hereford's Microcosmos, 1605, p. 233:

" Which silver *oes* and spangles over-ran." STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular.

TOLLET.

[7] The sisters' vows,] We might read more elegantly—The *sister* vows, and a few lines lower,—All *school-day* friendship. The

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, now, is all forgot [8] ?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods [9],
Have with our neelds [1] created both one flower,

latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

[8] For parting us,—O, NOW is all forgot?] The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, *and* is all forgot?" It stands so aukwardly, that I am persuaded it was not our author's word. MALONE.

The first folio omits the word—*and*. I have received it from the folio 1632. STEEVENS.

"—O, and is all forgot?" Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds "Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain."

Gibbon's Hist. vol. iii. p. 15. REED.

[9] —ARTIFICIAL gods,] *Artificial* is *ingenious, artful.* STEEVENS.

[1] Have with our NEELDS, &c.] Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakspeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwise the verse would be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's Needle.

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

"Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words
"Like pricking *neelds*, or points of swords," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582:

"——on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The same ideas occur in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"——————she
"Would ever with Marina be:
"Be't when they weav'd the sleded silk,
"With fingers long, small, white as milk,
"Or when she would with sharp *neeld* wound
"The cambrick," &c.

Again, *ibid.*:

"Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *neele* composes
"Nature's own shape."

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest [2].

Jonson has *wher* for *whether*, in the prologue to his Sad Shepherd; and in the Earl of Sterline's Darius, is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*.

Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *miest* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhymes to *soon* and *criest*. STEEVENS.

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

[2] Two of the first, LIKE coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. STEEVENS.

The true correction of the passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, Esq.—Two of the *first*, *second*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of *coats*. THEOBALD.

These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *house*; and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

I had formerly supposed that Helena meant to say that she and her friend were as closely united, as much one person, as if they were both of the first house, as if they both had the privilege due but to one person, that is, the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. But further consideration, and indeed the coat of arms of Mr. John Aubrey, the Antiquary, which I happened to see soon after my former edition was published, convinced me I was mistaken. In Mr. Aubrey's arms, as in many others, are four quarters, which he thus describes:

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words;
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever[3], counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,

1. Aubry. 2. Danvers.
3. Lyte. 4. As the first.

Two of the first therefore are two perfectly similar, like the two coats in the arms above, the first and fourth, which are in fact two of the first, due but to one [Aubry] and to be crowned only with one crest. MALONE.

[3] Ay, do, PERSÉVER,] *Persever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly so pronounced. Thus our author, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV. Sc. II.:

" —— say thou art mine, and ever
" My love, as it begins, so shall *persever*."

You would not make me such an argument [4].
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers [5].—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, he'll—Sir [6] *,

* Quartos, No, no, *heele* seeme; folio, No, no, *Sir*, seeme.

Again, in Glapthorne's Argalus and Parthenia, 1639:

"——— for ever
"May they in love and union still *persever*." STEEVENS.

4 — such an ARGUMENT.] Such a *subject* of light merriment. JOHNSON.

So, in the first part of King Henry IV. Act II. Sc. II.:

"—— it would be *argument* for a week," &c. STEEVENS.

5 — than her weak PRAYERS.] The old copies read:

"—— than her weak *praise*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald proposed to read—*prays*. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

6 No, no, he'll—Sir, &c.] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. The present text is formed from the quarto printed by Fisher and the first folio. The words "*he'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir*

Seem to break lose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion *, hence?

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

* Quarto R., and folio, *poison*.

is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say,—*No, no: he'll* not have the resolution to disengage himself from Hermia. But turning abruptly to Lysander, he addresses him ironically: —" Sir, seem to break loose;" &c. Malone.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a supposition that obscure passages are sentences designedly abrupt and imperfect.— Lysander calls Hermia an " Æthiop."—" No, no, sir:" replies Demetrius; i. e. she is none; and then ironically speaks to her of Lysander, as of one whose struggle to break loose is merely a pretended effort. He next addresses his provocation personally to Lysander.—I have left the text as I found it; [No, no, Sir:— he will] only reading (for the sake of metre) *he will*, instead of *he'll*. Steevens.

My assertion that abrupt sentences not attended to have been the cause of much obscurity, does not rest on conjecture or fancy. Mr. Steevens has adopted my suggestions in many other places; when he says he has left the text as he found it, he cannot mean, as he found it in any of the old copies. Malone.

The only difficulty in this passage arises from the words—*he will, sir*, which are omitted in the second folio. In that edition it runs thus:

" No, no, sir, seeme to breake loose;
" Take on as you would follow,
" But yet come not: you are a tame man, go."

This appears to me the true reading. M. Mason.

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom[7]!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
HEL. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
HER. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height:

[7] O me! you JUGGLER! you canker-blossom!] *Juggler* in this line is used as a trisyllable. So again, in K. Henry VI. P. I.:
"She and the dauphin have been *juggling*."
So also *tickling*, *wrestler*, and many more. MALONE.

— you CANKER-BLOSSOM!] The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in Much Ado about Nothing, Act I. Sc. III.:
"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:" but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II. Sc. III.:
"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."
STEEVENS.

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole [8]? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst [9];
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,

[8] — thou painted maypole?] So, in Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses, 8vo. 1583: "But their cheefest iewell thei bryng from thence is their *Maie pole*, whiche thei bryng home with great veneration, as thus: Thei have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe hauyng a sweete nosegaie of flowers placed on the tippe of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this *Maie pole*, (this stinckyng idoll rather) whiche is couered all ouer with flowers and hearbes bounde rounde aboute with strynges from the top to the bottome, and some tyme *painted with variable colours*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — curst;] i. e. shrewish or mischievous.

Thus in the old proverbial saying: "*Curst* cows have short horns." STEEVENS.

† a remnant of the Pompeian style.

And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am [1].

HER. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school [2];
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made [3];
You bead, you acorn.

[1] — how FOND I am.] *Fond*, i. e. foolish. So, in The Merchant of Venice:

"— I do wonder,
"Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*
"To come abroad with him." STEEVENS.

[2] She was a VIXEN, when she went to school;] *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively signifies a *female fox*. So, in The Boke of Hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game; an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce, Esq. Gray's Inn: "The *fixen* of the Foxe is assaute onys in the yer. She hath venomous biting as a wolfe." STEEVENS.

[3] — of hind'ring KNOT-GRASS made;] It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in The Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"Should they put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in the Coxcomb:

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend [4]
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it [5].

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena [6].

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect.

That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of Renodæus his Dispensatory, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work. Steevens.

[4] — intend —] i. e. pretend. So, in Much Ado:

"*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio."

Steevens.

[5] — Thou shalt ABY it.] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. So, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"— Had I sword and buckler here,
"You should *aby* these questions."

Again, in The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

"— but thou shalt dear *aby* this blow." Steevens.

"Thou shalt *aby* it." *Aby* it, is *abide* by it; i. e. stand to it, answer to it. So, in Psalm cxxx. v. 3, in Common Prayer: "If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may *abide* it?" Harris.

[6] Or thine or mine, &c.] The old copies read—*Of* thine. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whose right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greatest in Helena. Malone.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say *.
[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.
OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully †.
PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had ‡ on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort [7],
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
OBE. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property [8],
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

* First folio omits this speech.
† So both the quartos; folio, *willingly*.
‡ Quarto R., and folio, *hath*.

[7] — so did SORT,] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.
So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606;
"— never look to have any action *sort* to your honour."
STEEVENS.

[8] — VIRTUOUS property,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in The Tempest, *poisonous* dew, *wicked* dew. JOHNSON.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend [9],
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ *,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons [1] cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial [2],

* So Quarto F.; Quarto R. *apply;* folio, *imply.*

9 — wend,] i. e. *go.* So, in the Comedy of Errors:

"Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon *wend*." STEEVENS.

1 For NIGHT'S SWIFT DRAGONS, &c.] So, in Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. II.:

"Swift, *swift*, *ye dragons of the night!*"

See my note on this passage, concerning the vigilance imputed to the serpent tribe. STEEVENS.

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage in Golding's translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in The Tempest:

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
"And brought asleep the *dragon* fell, *whose eyes were never shet*." MALONE.

2 — damned spirits all,
That in CROSS-WAYS and FLOODS have burial,] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

"Let some preest a gospel saye,
"For doute of *fendes in the flode*." STEEVENS.

Already to their wormy beds [3] are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exíle from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night [4].

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport [5];

[3] — to their WORMY BEDS —] This periphrasis for the *grave* has been borrowed by Milton, in his Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant:

"Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed*." STEEVENS.

[4] — black-brow'd night.] So, in King John:

"Why, here walk I, in the *black-brow* of *night*."

STEEVENS.

[5] I with the MORNING'S LOVE have oft made sport;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity.

Thus, in Aurora, a collection of sonnets, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day grows late,
"Enjoy *the morning's love?*"

Again, in The Parasitaster, by J. Marston, 1606:

"*Aurora* yet keeps chaste *old Tithon's* bed;
"Yet blushes at it when she rises."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. iii.:

"As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
"Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
"All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in The Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher:

"—— O, lend me all thy red,
"Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's* bed
"Thou risest *ever-maiden?*"

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors: "I with the *morning light*," &c. STEEVENS.

Will not this passage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour of Aurora, is intended. The context, "And, like a forester," &c. seems to show that the chace was the *sport* which Oberon boasts he partook with the *morning's love*.

HOLT WHITE.

The connection between Aurora and Cephalus is also pointed out in one of the Poems that form a collection intitled The Phœnix Nest, &c. 4to, 1593, p. 95:

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate[6], all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

" *Aurora* now began to rise againe
" From watrie couch and from old *Tithon's* side,
" In hope to kiss upon Acteian plaine
" Yong *Cephalus*," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] Even till the eastern gate, &c.] What the fairy monarch means to inform Puck of, is this.—That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea; art thou there?

PUCK. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not[7]?

[7] *Puck.* Ho, HO! HO, HO! Coward, why com'st thou not?] This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. In the old song printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in Grim the Collier of Croydon:

"*Ho, ho, ho,* my masters! No good fellowship!
"Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,
"That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?"

Again, in Drayton's Nymphidia:

"*Hoh, hoh,* quoth Hob, God save thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been asserted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the devil himself having, if not a better, at least an older, title to it. So, in Histriomastix (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note or

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou[8]?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear[9],

King Richard III.) a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying:

"*Ho, ho, ho!* these babes mine are all."

Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle:

"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho?*"

And, in the same play:

"By the masse, ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.

"O, the knave cryed *ho, ho,* he roared and he thundered."

So, in the Epitaph attributed to Shakspeare:

"*Hoh!* quoth the devil, 'tis my John o'Coombe."

Again, in Goulart's Histories, 1607:

"The fellow . . . coming to the stove . . . sawe the *Diuills* in horrible formes, some sitting, some standing, others walking, some ramping against the walles, but al of them assoone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hoh, Hoh,* what makest thou here?"

Again, in the same book:

"The *black guests* returned no answere, but roared and cryed out, *Hoh* sirra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a passage in Wily Beguiled, 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays,) I suspect that this same "knavish sprite" was sometimes introduced on the stage as a demi-devil: "I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who speaks, "put on my *flashing red nose,* and my *flaming* face, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry *ho, ho.*" See also, Grim the Collier of Croydon. RITSON.

The song above alluded to may be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 203. MALONE.

[8] Where art thou?] For the sake of the measure, which is otherwise imperfect, I suppose we ought to read:

"Where art thou *now?*"

Demetrius, conceiving Lysander to have still been shifting his ground, very naturally asks him where he is *at that instant.*

STEEVENS.

[9] —buy this dear,] i. e. thou shalt dearly pay for this. Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps

If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company [1].

[*Sleeps.*

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

wrote—thou shalt 'by it dear. So, in another place—thou shalt *aby it*. So, Milton, "How *dearly I abide* that boast so vain."
JOHNSON.

[1] Steal me a while from mine own company.] Thus also in an address to sleep, in Daniel's tragedy of Cleopatra, 1599:
"That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away." STEEVENS.
Mr. Steevens is not quite accurate, when he says, that the address in Daniel's play is to sleep. The words are spoken by Cleopatra in the fifth Act, and are addressed to the aspick. After inveighing against death,
"—— that flies the poor distress'd,
"Tortures our bodies, ere he takes our breath,
"And loads with pains the already weak oppress'd, &c."
She adds,
"Therefore come thou of wonders wonder chief,
"*That open can'st with such an easy key*
"*The dore of life*, come, gentle cunning thief,
"That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away."
Cleopatra, 1594. MALONE.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st [2]
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill [3];
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well [4].
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. *&c. sleep.*

[2] When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st, &c.] The second line would be improved, I think, both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus:
" When thou wak'st,
" *See* thou tak'st
" True delight," &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] Jack shall have Jill; &c.] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's Epigrams on Three Hundred Proverbs. STEEVENS.

[4] — all shall be WELL.] *Well* is so bad a rhyme to *ill*, that I cannot help supposing our author wrote—*still*; i. e. all this dis-

ACT IV [5]. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.*

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy [6],
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peas-blossom?

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

cord shall subside in a calm, become hushed and quiet. So, in Othello:

"——Ha! no more moving?
"*Still* as the grave." STEEVENS.

[5] I see no reason why the fourth Act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNSON.

[6] —do COY,] To *coy*, is *to sooth, to stroke*. So, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

"Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and *coys* him in the dales."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, book vi. chap. xxx.:

"And whilst she *coys* his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, b. ix.:

"——— his sports to prove,
"*Coying* that powerful queen of love."

Again, in Golding's translation of the 7th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis:

"Their dangling dewclaps with his hand he *coid* unfearfully."

Again, *ibid.*:

"——— and with her hand had *coid*
"The dragons' reined neckes —."

The behaviour of Titania, on this occasion, seems copied from that of the lady in Apuleius, lib. viii. STEEVENS.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif[7], monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb [8] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs [9] and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

[7] — neif,] i. e. fist. So, in King Henry IV. Act II. Sc. X.:
"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*." GREY.

[8] — cavalero Cobweb—] Without doubt it should be *cavalero Peas-blossom;* as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

[9] — the TONGS —] The old rustick musick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this stage direction: "*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*"
This rough musick is likewise mentioned by Marston, in an address *ad rithmum* prefixed to the second Book of his Satires, 1598:

"Yee wel-match'd twins (whose like-tun'd *tongs* affords
"Such musical delight,)" &c. STEEVENS.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard [1], and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away [2].
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle [3],

[1] The squirrel's HOARD,] *Hoard* is here employed as a dissyllable. STEEVENS.

[2] — and be ALL WAYS away.] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—" be *always*." Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:

And be away—away. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read—and be *always i' the way*. STEEVENS.

[3] So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the FEMALE ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honey-suckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-suckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant, Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets Madre Selva by *woodbine* or *honie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist the *maple;* ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female;* and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

So doth the *woodrine* the sweet honey suckle,

for bark of the wood. Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

Gently entwist,—the female ivy[4] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his Troilus and Cresseide, v. 1236, lib. iii.:

" And as about a tre with many a twist
" Bitrent and writhin is the swete *woodbinde*,
" Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this—So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers. It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the *ivy*, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from Old Fortunatus, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy*:

" And, as the running *wood-bind*, spread her arms
" To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakspeare thought it necessary to make:

" *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-suckle*." STEEVENS.

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of Taylor's Poems, we have—

" The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
" The *honisuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So, Bishop Lowth, in his excellent Introduction to Grammar, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of St. Matthew. FARMER.

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. similax: a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way.

In a very ancient translation of " Macer's Herball, practysed by Docter Lynacre," is the following passage: " Caprifolium is an herbe called *woodbynde* or *withwynde*, this groweth in hedges or in woodes, and it wyll beclyp a tre in her growynge, as doth yvye, and hath white flowers." STEEVENS.

In Lord Bacon's Nat. Hist. Experiment 496, it is observed, that there are two kinds of "*honey-suckles*, both the *woodbine* and *trefoil*," i. e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

the other is a three-leaved *grass.* Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to shew why Shakspeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-suckle,* when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass.*

TOLLET.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in Sicily and Naples, or The Fatal Union, 1640, in which the honeysuckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition:

" —— as fit a gift
" As this were for a lord,—*a honey-suckle,*
" The amorous *woodbine's offspring.*"

But Minshieu in v. *Woodbinde,* supposes them the same: " Alio nomine nobis Anglis *Honysuckle* dictus." If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine, honeysuckle,* or *enrings.* MALONE.

Mr. Gifford observes that these lines may be illustrated by a passage in Ben Jonson's Vision of Delight:

" —— Behold
" How the blue *bind weed* doth itself infold
" With *honeysuckle!*"

" The *woodbine* of Shakspeare, (he remarks) is the blue *bind-weed* of Jonson. In many of our counties the *woodbine* is still the name for the great convolvolus." BOSWELL.

4 — the FEMALE ivy —] Shakspeare calls it *female* ivy, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

" —— led the vine
" To wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms —."
" Ulmo conjuncta marito." *Catull.*
" Platanusque *cælebs*
" Evincet ulmos." *Hor.* STEEVENS.

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female,* there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers,* to the *ring* of the *marriage rite.* HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him. To this custom the conduct of Olivia (See Twelfth-Night, Sc. ult.) bears sufficient testimony:

" A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.
" Strengthened by *interchangement of your rings.*"

STEEVENS.

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours [5] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes [6],
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do [7],

[5] — sweet SAVOURS —] Thus Roberts's quarto, and the first folio. Fisher's quarto reads—*favours*; which, taken in the sense of ornaments, such as are worn at weddings, may be right. STEEVENS.

[6] — flourets' EYES,] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his Lycidas, v. 139:

"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes*." STEEVENS.

[7] That he awaking when the OTHER do,] Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in King Henry IV. P. I.: "— and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*."

Again, in King Henry IV. P. II.: "For the *other*, Sir John, let me see," &c.

So, in the epistle prefixed to Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will

May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower [8]
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense [9].

Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*." MALONE.

[8] Dian's bud o'ER Cupid's flower—] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applied as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the soul of *love*." MALONE.

Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. Thus, in "Macer's Herball, practysed by Doctor Lynacre, translated out of Laten into Englysshe," &c. bl. l. no date: "The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe man and woman *chaste*," &c. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in idleness*. STEEVENS.

[9] — of all these FIVE the sense.] The old copies read—these *fine;* but this most certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no justification. The *five*, that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.

Obe. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity [1]:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade [2]

[1] Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair PROSPERITY:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*,) induced by the following lines in a former scene:

" —— your warrior love
" To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
" To give their bed joy and *prosperity*." MALONE.

" — to all *fair* posterity:" We should read:

" —— to all *far* posterity."

i. e. to the *remotest* posterity. WARBURTON.

Fair posterity is the right reading.

In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall be *fair*:

" And the blots of nature's hand
" Shall not in their issue stand;
" Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
" Nor mark prodigious, such as are
" Despised in nativity,
" Shall upon their children be." M. MASON.

[2] Then, my queen, in silence SAD,
Trip we after the night's shade:] *Sad* signifies only *grave, sober;* and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in The Winter's Tale, Act IV.: " My father and the gentlemen are in *sad* talk." For *grave* or *serious*. WARBURTON.

A statute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's houshold. BLACKSTONE.

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd [3]:
And since we have the vaward of the day [4],
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go * :—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

* Thus the quartos; the folio, *let them go.*

[3] —our observation is perform'd:] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play A Midsummer-Night's Dream, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended, to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of The Winter's Tale; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

"To do *observance* to a morn of May."

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midsummer-night." Twelfth-Night and The Winter's Tale had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

In Twelfth-Night, Act III. Sc. IV. Olivia observes of Malvolio's seeming frenzy, that it "is a very *Midsummer* madness." That time of the year we may therefore suppose was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakspeare's play. To this circumstance it might have owed its title. STEEVENS.

[4] — the VAWARD of the day,] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolles's History of the Turks, the word *vayvod* is used in the same sense. *Edinburgh Magazine, for Nov.* 1786. STEEVENS.

And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear [5]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding [6]: for, besides the groves,

[5] — they bay'd the BEAR —] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, v. 2020, Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"The hunte ystrangled with the wild *beres*."

Bearbaiting was likewise once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the softer sex. While the princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield House, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by Queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting*, "with which their highnesses were right well content." See Life of Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his History of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In The Winter's Tale Antigonus is destroyed by a *bear*, who is chased by hunters. See also our poet's Venus and Adonis:

"For now she hears it is no gentle chace,
"But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud."

MALONE.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, "the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention *bear-hunting*. Turberville, in his Book of Hunting, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakspeare must have read the Knight's Tale in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's "white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

[6] — such gallant CHIDING:] *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."

Again, in Humour out of Breath, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

"—— I take great pride
"To hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"—— drums and trumpets *chide*."

This use of the word was not obsolete in the age of Milton, who says, in his Smectymnuus: "I may one day hope to have ye

The skies, the fountains[7], every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry[8]: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred[9] out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd[1], so sanded[2]; and their heads are hung

again in a still time, when there shall be no *chiding*. Not in these noises." See edit. 1753, p. 118. STEEVENS.

7 The skies, the FOUNTAINS,] Instead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read—*mountains*. The change had been proposed to Mr. Theobald, who has well supported the old reading, by observing that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to sound:

"Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
"Responsant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu."
MALONE.

8 SEEM'D all one mutual cry:] The old copies concur in reading—*seem*; but, as Hippolyta is speaking of time *past*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction [from the second folio]. STEEVENS.

9 My hounds are bred, &c.] So, in Jonson's Entertainment at Althrope:

"The bow was Phœbus, and the horn
"By Orion often worn:
"The dog of *Sparta breed*, and good—."

This passage has been imitated by Lee, in his Theodosius:

"Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
"With hounds that opened like Thessalian bulls;
"Like tigers flew'd, and sanded as the shore,
"With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew."
MALONE.

1 So FLEW'D,] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 34, b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

"—— with other twaine, that had a syre of Crete,
"And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
"And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. And Ovid's translator, Golding, in the same description, has them both in one verse, *ibid*. p. 34, a:

"This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart."
T. WARTON.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew [3];
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of [4] their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May [5]; and, hearing our intent,

[2] So sanded;] So marked with small spots. Johnson.

Sanded means *of a sandy colour*, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. Steevens.

[3] With ears that SWEEP away the morning DEW;] So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

" —— the fierce Thessalian hounds,
" With their flag ears, ready to *sweep the dew*
" From their moist breasts." Steevens.

[4] I wonder OF —] The modern editors read—I wonder *at*, &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furnish us with abundant proofs that many modes of speech, which now seem harsh to our ears, were justified by the phraseology of former times. In All's Well that Ends Well, we have:

" —— thou dislik'st
" *Of* virtue, for the name." Malone.

[5] —they rose up early, to observe
The RITE of MAY;] The *rite* of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on May-Day. The following is a title-page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard:

" Come bring in *Maye* with me,
" My *Maye* is fresh and greene;
" A subiectes harte, an humble mind,
" To serue a mayden Queene."

" A discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their shoulders."

Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past[6];
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:

"Imprinted at London, in Fletestreat by William Griffith, Anno Domini 1570. The *first* of *Maye*." Steevens.

[6] — Saint Valentine is past;] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. Steevens.

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me[7].
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow[8], seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd[9],
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia[1]:

7 Fair Helena in FANCY following me.] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:

"Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnaby Googe's Cupido Conquered, 1563;

"The chyefe of them was Ismenis,
"Whom best Diana lov'd,
"And next in place sat Hyale
"Whom *Fancye* never mov'd."

Again, in Hymen's Triumph, a Masque, by Daniel, 1623:

"With all persuasions sought to win her mind
"To *fancy* him."

Again:

"Do not enforce me to accept a man
"I cannot *fancy*." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave?"

8 —as DOTH the snow,] The word *doth*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capel. The emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in K. Henry V.:

"— as *doth* the melted snow
"Upon the vallies."

9 —an idle GAWD,] See note on this word, p. 178. STEEVENS.

1 — ere I SAW Hermia:] The old copies read—ere I *see*. STEEVENS.

But, like in sickness [2], did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta [3].

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own [4].

[2] — like IN sickness,] So, in the next line—" as *in* health—." The old copies erroneously read—" like *a* sickness." I owe the present correction to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[3] Come, Hippolyta.] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should read—" Come, *my* Hippolyta." STEEVENS.

[4] And I have found Demetrius like a JEWEL,
Mine own, and not mine own.] Hermia had observed that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so, methinks;* and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel; or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:

And I have found Demetrius like a *gemell*,
Mine own, and not mine own.

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted

DEM. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me [5]

two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sosias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Maçon's translation of The Decameron of Boccace: "Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient *jumelles* avoient quinze ans." *Quatrieme Jour. Nov.* 3. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accused of coining the word *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his Baron's Wars: "The *quadrin* doth never double; or to use a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." FARMER.

Again:

"——unless they had been all *gemels* or couplets." STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to say, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him* like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

"——— by starts
"His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
"Of what he has, and has not."

The same kind of expression is found also in The Merchant of Venice:

"Where every something, being blent together,
"Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
"Exprest, and not exprest."

Again, ibidem:

"And so, though yours, not yours." MALONE.

See, also, Mr. Heath's Revisal, p. 57. REED.

[5] It seems to me,] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this speech as follows:

"——Are you sure
"That we are awake?"

I had once injudiciously restored these words; but they add no weight to the sense of the passage, and create such a defect in the measure as is best remedied by their omission. STEEVENS.

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool[6], if he will offer to say what methought

" Are you *sure*
" That we are awake?" *Sure* is here used as a dissyllable: so *sire*, *fire*, *hour*, &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake,] seems to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line.
MALONE.

I cannot accede to a belief that *sure* was ever employed as a dissyllable, much less at the end of a verse. *Fire* (anciently spelt *fier*) and *hour* (anciently spelt *hower*) might be dissyllabically used, because the duplicate vowels in each of them were readily separated in pronunciation.

Our author might have written:

But are you sure
That we are *now* awake?

Having exhibited this passage, however, only in my note on the hemistich that follows it, I have little solicitude for its reformation. STEEVENS.

[6] —patched fool,] That is, a fool in a parti-colour'd coat.
JOHNSON.

I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death[7]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

[7] — I shall sing it *at her* death.] At *whose* death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said:—I shall sing it *after* death. He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the Duke his dream by way of song. The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*a'ter;* which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the present reading—*at her*. THEOBALD.

Theobald might have quoted the following passage in The Tempest in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune (says Trinculo,) for a man to *sing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

"— at her death." He may mean *the death of Thisbe*, which his head might be at present full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. STEEVENS.

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought [8].

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men [9].

8 — a *thing* of nought.] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught;* i. e. a *good for nothing thing.* Johnson.

A thing of naught may be the true reading. So, in Hamlet:

"*Ham.* The king is a *thing* ——
"*Guil.* A *thing* my lord?
"*Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this passage.

Paramour being a word which Flute did not understand, he may design to say that it had *no* meaning, i. e. was *a thing of nought.*

Mr. M. Mason, however, is of a different opinion. "The ejaculation, (says he,) *God bless us!* proves that Flute imagined he was saying a naughty word." Steevens.

The double meaning (understanding *paramour* in the sense of *concubine*) was undoubtedly intended to be conveyed. See King Richard III. Act. II. Sc. I.:

"*Bra.* With this, my lord, myself have *nought* to do.
"*Rich. Naught* to do with Mistress Shore!
"I tell thee, fellow,
"He that doth *naught* with her, excepting one,
"Were best to do it secretly, alone." Malone.

9 — made men.] In the same sense as in The Tempest, "—any monster in England *makes* a man." Johnson.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing[1].

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right * as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards[2], new ribbons

* Folio omits *right*.

[1] — sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of Cambyses, by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. Preston acted a part in John Ritwise's play of Dido before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a shilling a day*. Steevens.

[2] — good strings to your beards,] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. Malone.

As no false beard could be worn, without a ligature to fasten it on, (and a slender one would suffice,) the caution of Bottom, considered in such a light, is superfluous. I suspect therefore that the *good strings* recommended by him were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. Thus, in Measure for Measure, (where the *natural beard* is unquestionably spoken of,) the Duke, intent on disfiguring the head of Ragozine, says: "O, death's a great *disguiser*; and you may *add to it*. Shave the head, and *tie the beard*."

Steevens.

to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred [3]. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

HIP. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains [4],

And so because *strings* were absolutely necessary to fasten their beards, it would be superfluous for Bottom to recommend that they should be sound and good! As they were to have new ribbons to their shoes, so were they to have good or new strings to their beards. MALONE.

[3] — our play is *preferred*.] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in Julius Cæsar, Decius says:

" Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go
" And presently *prefer his suit* to Cæsar." THEOBALD.

[4] — such SEETHING brains,] So, in The Tempest:

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet [7],
Are of imagination all compact [6]:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick [7],
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt [8]: —— *See Document 6. 1153*
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling [9],
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

" —— thy *brains*,
" Now useless, *boil'd* within thy scull." STEEVENS.

We meet with the same expression in The Winter's Tale: " Would any but these *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

[5] The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son,—*scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes:* and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical. MALONE.

[6] Are of imagination all compact:] i. e. are made of mere imagination. So, in As You Like It:

" If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical." STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil: " The Frenchman (not altered from his own nature) is whollie *compact* of deceivable courtship." MALONE.

[7] THAT IS, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us:

" The madman: *while* the lover," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] Sees Helen's beauty in a BROW OF EGYPT:] By " a brow of Egypt," Shakspeare means no more than the *brow of a gypsey*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal Cleopatra. See note 5. STEEVENS.

[9] — in a fine frenzy rolling,] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry: describing Marlowe, he says:

" —— that *fine madness* still he did retain,
" Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain." MALONE.

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy [1];
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate [2].

[1] — constancy:] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

[2] Call PHILOSTRATE.] In the folio, 1623, it is, "Call *Egeus*," and all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand.

In The Knight's Tale of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to Theseus. STEEVENS.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment [3] have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief [4], how many sports are ripe [5];
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*reads* [6].] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,*

[3] Say, what ABRIDGMENT, &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in Hamlet, Act II. Sc. VII. he calls the players "*abridgments*, *abstracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time*."

Again, in K. Henry V.:

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance
"After your thoughts ——."

It may be worth while, however, to observe, that in the North the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th book of G. Douglas's version of the Æneid:

"Ful mony mery *abaitmentis* followis here." STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgment* in the present instance, signify *amusement to beguile the tediousness of the evening?* or, in one word, *pastime?* HENLEY.

[4] — a BRIEF,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. So, in Gascoigne's Dulce Bellum Inexpertis:

"She sent a *brief* unto me by her mayd."

Again, in King John:

"—— the hand of time
"Shall draw this *brief* into as huge a volume."

STEEVENS.

[5] — are RIPE;] One of the quartos has—*ripe*; the other old editions—*rife*. JOHNSON.

Ripe is the reading of Fisher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word used both by Sidney and Spenser. It means *abounding*, but is now almost obsolete. Thus, in the Arcadia, lib. ii.:

"A shop of shame, a booke where blots be *rife*."

Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— you shall find the theatres of the one, and the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us." STEEVENS.

[6] *The. reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp[7].
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning[8], *late deceas'd in beggary.*
That is some satire, keen, and critical[9],
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical[1]? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow[2].

both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, Lysander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

[7] *By an Athenian* EUNUCH *to the harp.*] This seems to imply a more ancient practice of castration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNEY.

So, in Whetstone's Heptameron, 1582: "Which done, the *eunuch*, with a well-tuned voice to the lute, sung this following, —Care, away." MALONE.

[8] *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled The Tears of the Muses, on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But, however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591.
T. WARTON.

[9] —keen, and CRITICAL,] *Critical* here means *criticising*, *censuring*. So, in Othello:
"O, I am nothing if not *critical*." STEEVENS.

[1] Merry and tragical?] Our poet is still harping on Cambyses, of which the first edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when "an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleasant Myrth," was licensed to John Alde, Regist. Stat. fol. 184, b. STEEVENS.

[2] That is, hot ice, AND wonderous strange SNOW.] The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus:

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they, that do play it?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

"That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous strange *show*."
WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, and not improbably:

"And wonderous strange *black snow*." JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wonderous scorching snow*." Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the passage needs no change, on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is—

—— hot ice, *and snow of* as strange a quality.

There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, "Tarlton's Devise upon this unlooked for *grete Snowe*." And perhaps the passage before us may contain some allusion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as also, "A Ballet of a Northerne Man's Report of the *wonderful great Snowe* in the Southerne Parts," &c. STEEVENS.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read—and wonderous *strong* snow. M. MASON.

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation also may derive some support from a passage in Macbeth:

"—— when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth
"Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories [3]
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents [4],

[3] — unbreath'd memories —] That is, unexercised, unpractised memories. STEEVENS.

In 1575, when Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, and was entertained with every sport which either the refinement or rusticity of the times could furnish, among those of the latter kind,— "certain good harted men of Coventree understanding how carefull his honour [the Earl of Leicester] waz that by all pleazaunt recreations her Highnes might best fynd her self well com— made petition that they mought renue their old storial shew." As the whole country for many miles round no doubt flocked to see the queen and her magnificent entertainment, nothing can, I think, be more probable than that young Shakspeare, then in the twelfth year of his age, was taken there by some of his relations. If this were the case, we may easily suppose how much his native genius for the stage would rivet his attention to the Coventry play, and how soon his quick perception of the ludicrous would enable him to discern the absurdities of these "good harted men," who are probably the "hard handed men that work in Athens here," introduced in the Midsummer's-Night's Dream to act before Theseus. This is only conjecture: but it is scarcely so, that when the Duke says of himself,

"Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
"To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,—"

Shakspeare alludes to what happened (I think) at Warwick; where the recorder being to address the queen was so confounded by the dignity of her presence, as to be unable to proceed with his speech. I think it was in Nicholls's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, that I read this circumstance, and I have also read that her majesty was very well pleased when such a thing happened. It was therefore a very delicate way of flattering her to introduce it as Shakspeare has done here. BLAKEWAY.

[4] Unless you can find sport in their INTENTS,] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it [5].
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be [6], to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do [7],
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit [8].

use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first Act of Othello. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. Steevens.

[5] — never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.] Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revels has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occasion, when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque:

"Nothing which duty and desire to please,
"Bears written on the forehead, comes amiss." Steevens.

[6] Our sport shall be, &c.] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him.

I am told, however, by a writer in the Edinburgh Magazine, for Nov. 1786, that I have assigned a malignant instead of a humane sentiment to Theseus, and that he really means—We will accept with pleasure even their blundering attempt. Steevens.

[7] And what poor duty cannot do,] The defective metre of this line shews that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading "And what poor *willing* duty," &c. Malone.

[8] And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.] The sense of

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed [9]
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this:—What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit. The contrary is rather true:—What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.

We should therefore read:

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might*, is, perhaps, an elliptical expression for *what might have been*. STEEVENS.

If this passage is to stand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—and what poor duty would do, but cannot accomplish, noble respect considers as it *might* have been, not as it is.

M. MASON.

And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

9 Where I have come, great CLERKS have purposed, &c.] So, n Pericles:

" She sings like one immortal, and she dances
" As goddess like to her admired lays;
" Deep *clerks* she dumbs."

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full points*. MALONE.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest [1].

THE. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets* [2].

Enter PROLOGUE.

PROL. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite,
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on his * prologue, like a child on a recorder [3]; a sound, but not in government [4].

* So folio; quartos, *this.*

[1] — addrest.] That is, ready. So, in King Henry V.:
"To-morrow for our march we are *addrest.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Flourish of trumpets.*] It appears from The Guls Hornbook, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently ushered in by trumpets. "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

The speaker of the prologue immediately entered after the third sounding of the trumpet, or as we should now say, after the third musick, and in this sense only, was ushered in by trumpets. MALONE.

[3] — on a RECORDER;] Lord Bacon in his Natural History, cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and says, that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.[5].

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certáin[6].

of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Mersennus. From all which particulars it should seem that the flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter in propriety of speech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's History of Musick*, vol. iv. p. 479. Reed.

Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in Hamlet; and Milton says:

"—— The Dorian mood
"Of flutes and soft *recorders*."

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. Steevens.

[4] — but not in government.] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. Steevens.

Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says:—"*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth; and it will discourse most eloquent music."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage. M. Mason.

[5] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction—*Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* Steevens.

[6] This beauteous lady Thisby is, certáin.] A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certaín*" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare.

Thus in a short poem entitled "A lytell Treatise called the Dysputacyon or the Complaynte of the Herte through perced with the Lokynge of the Eye. Imprynted at Lōdon in Flete-strete at the Sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde:"

"And houndes syxescore and mo *certayne*—
"To whome my thought gan to strayne *certayne*—
"Whan I had fyrst syght of her *certayne*—
"In all honoure she hath no pere *certayne*—
"To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—
"As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
" To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
" Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb [7], there, there to woo.
" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight [8],
" The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
" Did scare away, or rather did affright:

" They made there both two theyr promysse *certayne*—
" All armed with margaretes *certayne*—
" Towardes Venus when they sholde go *certayne*," &c.

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne:

" He saide the xii peres bene alle dede,
" And ye spende your good in vayne,
" And therefore doth nowe by my rede,
" Ye shall see them no more *certeyn*."

Again, *ibid.*:

" The kinge turned him ageyn,
" And alle his ooste him with,
" Towarde Mountribble *certeyne*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] To meet at NINUS' tomb, &c.] So, in Chaucer's Legend of Thisbe of Babylon:

" Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,
" There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre." STEEVENS.

Again:

" And *as she ran* her *wimple* she let fall," &c.

Again, Golding in his version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. iv. has a similar line:

" And *as she fled* away for haste, she let her *mantle* fall."
STEEVENS.

[8] — which by name lion hight,] As all the other parts of this speech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it closes with a *couplet*; and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we must conclude, either a verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retrieved; or, by a transposition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet*. THEOBALD.

" And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall[9];
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
" And finds his trusty * Thisby's mantle slain:
" Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade [1],
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
" And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

* Folio omits *trusty*.

Hight, in the English, signifies—*is called*.—I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost; that however being now irrecoverable, Theobald's conjecture has been accepted. MALONE.

9 — her mantle she *did fall;*] Thus all the old copies. The modern editors read—" she *let* fall," unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active.

So, in The Tempest, Act II. Sc. I.:

" And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
" To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

1 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of—

" The raging rocks
" And shivering shocks."

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

It is also ridiculed by Sidney in his Astrophel and Stella, 15:

" You that do Dictionaries' method bring
" Into your *r*imes, *r*unning in *r*attling *r*owes."

But this alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:

" Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
" Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
" Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
" Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
" Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obsecate.
" Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
" Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
" Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant."

In Tusser's Husbandry, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled: The Historie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, present a wall
" And such a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
" Did whisper often very secretly.
" This lime *, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
" That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
" And this the cranny is [2], right and sinister,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord [3].

* So folio; quartos, *lome*.

Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration:

" Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
" And beating blowes of billows high," &c. Steevens.

[2] And this the CRANNY is,] So, in Golding's Ovid, 1567:

" The wall that parted house from house *had* riuen *therein* a *crany*
" Which shronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
" Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie)
" These *louers* first of all found out, and made a way thereby
" To talk to gither *secretly*, and through the same did goe
" Their louing *whisperings* verie light and safely to and fro."
Ritson.

[3] It is the wittiest PARTITION that ever I heard DISCOURSE, my lord.] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard *in discourse*. Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
"That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
"O wicked wall [4], through whom I see no bliss;
"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee [5]."

as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning;* and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word *partition*. Farmer.

[4] O wicked wall, &c.] So, in Chaucer's Legend of Thisbe:
"Thus would thei saine, alas! thou *wicked wal*," &c.
Steevens.

Pyr. " I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
" To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
" Thisby!"
This. " My love! thou art my love, I think."
Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
" And like Limander am I trusty still[6]."
This. " And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'
Pyr. " Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."
This. " As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."
Pyr. " O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."
This. " I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all[7]."
Pyr. " Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway[8]?"
This. " Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."
Wall. " Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."
[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

[5] —knit up in thee.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*knit now again*. Steevens.

[6] And like Limander, &c.] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. Johnson.

Procris and Cephalus, written by Henry Chute, was entered on the Stationers' books by John Wolf, in 1593, and probably published in the same year. It was a poem, but not dramatick, as has been suggested. Malone.

[7] I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.] So, Golding's Ovid:

" When night drew nere, they bade adew, and eche gave
" kisses sweete
" Unto the parget on their side, the which did never mete."
Ritson.

[8] Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?] So, Golding's Ovid:

" They did agree at *Ninus tomb* to *meete* without the towne."
Ritson.

The. Now is the mural[9] down * between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning[1].

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion[2].

* Quartos, *moon used.*

9 The MURAL —] The first folio reads—*moral*, instead of *mural*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

1 *Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to HEAR without warning.] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls* have *ears*." A *wall* between almost any *two neighbours* would soon be *down*, were it to exercise this faculty without previous *warning*. FARMER.

2 Here come two noble beasts in, a MAN and a LION.] Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theseus only means to say, that the *man* who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

The old copies read—a *man*, &c. STEEVENS.

I don't think the jest here is either complete, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading, viz.:

"Here come two noble beasts—in a *man* and a *lion*."

Immediately upon Theseus saying this, enter Lion and Moonshine. It seems very probable, therefore, that our author wrote:

"—— in a *moon* and a lion."

The one having a crescent and a lanthorn before him, and representing the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide. THEOBALD.

"Here come two noble beasts in, a *moon*, and a *lion*." I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read—a *man*; possibly *man* was the marginal inter-

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
"Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam[3]:
"For if I should as lion come in strife
"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

pretation of *moon-calf;* and, being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd News from the New World in the Moon, makes his Factor doubt of the person who brings the intelligence: "I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Those, (replies one of the heralds,) are *stale ensigns o' the stage.*" Farmer.

[3] Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, NOR else no lion's dam:] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on All's Well that Ends Well, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So, in the play just mentioned:

"—— contempt *nor* bitterness
"Were in his pride or sharpness."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read —that I *as* Snug the joiner, &c. Malone.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
"Myself the man i'th'moon do * seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff[3].

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern;

* So quartos; folio, *doth*.

[3] — in SNUFF.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it in *snuff*." STEEVENS.

Again, in The Atheist's Tragedy, 1611:

"Do you take *that in snuff*, sir?"

See also, note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. II. and First Part of King Henry IV. Act I. Sc. III. REED.

for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—."

[*The Lion roars.—*THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion [4].

[*The Lion tears* THISBE*'s mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes [5].

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

[4] Well moused, lion.] So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this story, intitled, The Constancy of true Love: &c.

"And having *musled* thus the same,
"Thither he went whence first he came."

Theseus means that the lion has well tumbled and bloodied the veil of Thisbe. STEEVENS.

I believe this should be "Well *mouthed* lion," alluding either to his roaring, or to his tearing with his mouth the mantle of Thisbe:

"Which lion vile with bloody *mouth* did stain."

M. MASON.

"Well *moused* lion." To *mouse* signified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

[5] *Dem.* And so comes Pyramus.
Lys. And then the moon vanishes.] The old copies read:

"*Dem.* And *then came* Pyramus."
"*Lys.* And so the *lion vanished.*"

It were needless to say any thing in defence of Dr. Farmer's emendation. The reader indeed may ask why this glaring corruption was suffered to remain so long in the text. STEEVENS.

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams [6],
" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
" But stay ;—O spite !
" But mark ;—Poor knight,
" What dreadful dole is here ?
" Eyes, do you see ?
" How can it be ?
" O dainty duck ! O dear !
" Thy mantle good,
" What, stain'd with blood ?
" Approach, ye furies fell [7] !
" O fates ! come, come [8] ;
" Cut thread and thrum [9] ;
" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell [1] ! "

[6] —glittering streams,] The old copies read—*beams*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[7] Approach, ye furies fell !] Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in " A lytell Treatyse cleped La Conusaunce d'Amours. Printed by Richard Pynson," no date :

" O ye moost cruell and rabbyshe lions fell,
" Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus !
" Ye sauage beestes that in these rockes dwell,
" If blode to you be so delicious,
" Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous !
" And on the kerchef with face pale and tryst,
" He loked ofte, and it right swetely kist." STEEVENS.

[8] Approach, ye furies fell !
O fates ! come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe—

" O sisters three,
" Come, come to me,
" With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, to ridicule a passage in Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards, 1582 :

" Ye *furies*, all at once
" On me your torments trie :—
" Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
" And present pangues of death,
" *You sisters three, with cruel hundes*
" *With speed come stop my breath !*" MALONE.

[9] —cut thread and THRUM ;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer [2].
" Come, tears, confound [3];
" Out, sword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop [4]:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. Warner.

So, in Hannibal and Scipio, 1637:

" —— no rough pelt of *thrums*,
" To fight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Iliad:

" And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrums* behind."

So, in Howell's Letter to Sir Paul Neale, Knt. " Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side."

The thought is borrowed from Don Quixote. Steevens.

[1] — and QUELL!] To *quell* is to *murther*, to *destroy*. So, in the 12th pageant of the Lusus Coventriæ, commonly called the Corpus Christi Play. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii.:

" That he the lawe may here do,
" With stonys her to *quell*." Steevens.

[2] — cheer.] i. e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's Clerke's Tale, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:

" —— passing any wight
" Of so yong age, as wel in *chere* as dede." Steevens.

[3] Come, tears, CONFOUND;] Thus, in Golding's Ovid:

" —— one night (he sayd) shall louers two *confounde*."
Ritson.

[4] Ay, that left PAP,
Where heart doth hop:] Lest our author should seem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that

" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My soul is in the sky:
" Tongue, lose thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass [5].

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance [6], which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better [7].

the broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare's plays, "*ta*ttered" is always spelt "*to*ttered; *pap* therefore was sounded, *pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the seventh Satire of Juvenal:

" —— *læva* in parte *mamillæ*
" Nil *salit* —." Steevens.

5 — and prove an ass.] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, "You shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit," which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. Steevens.

6 A mote will turn the balance,] The old copies have—*moth*; but Mr. Malone very justly observes that *moth* was merely the

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans[8], *videlicet*.——

This. " Asleep, my love ?
" What, dead, my dove ?
" O Pyramus, arise,
" Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?
" Dead, dead ? A tomb
" Must cover thy sweet eyes.
" These lily lips[9],
" This cherry nose,

ancient mode of spelling *mote*. So, in King Henry V.: " Wash every *moth* (i. e. *mote*) out of his conscience." STEEVENS.

7 — is the better.] The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is,—" He for a man, God warned us; she for a woman, God bless us." STEEVENS.

8 And thus she MOANS,] The old copies concur in reading—*means;* which Mr. Theobald changed into—moans; and the next speech of Thisbe appears to countenance his alteration:

" Lovers, make *moan*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans:* but *means* had anciently the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare;* and the petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run: " To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains*. Bills in Chancery begin in a similar manner; " Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

" This ender day wen me was wo,
" Under a bugh ther I lay,
" Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

" I hard ane may sair mwrne and *meyne*." RITSON.

Thus also, in the Cronykil of A. Wyntown, b. viii. ch. xxxvi. v. 87:

" Bot playnt; ná duie, ná yhit *mening*
" Mycht helpe noucht—;"

See also v. 110. STEEVENS.

9 These lily LIPS,] Mr. Theobald, for the sake of rhyme, would read—lily *brows*. But *lips* could scarcely have been mistaken, either by the eye or ear, for *brows*. MALONE.

" These yellow cowslip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks [1].
" O sisters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have shore
" With shears his thread of silk.

All Thisbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by some accident, are in this single instance interrupted. I suspect the poet wrote:

" These lily *brows*,
" This cherry nose."

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lily* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* nose, *green* eyes, or *cowslip* cheeks.

THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is supported by the following passage in As You Like It.:

" 'Tis not your *inky brows*, your black silk hair—."

And by another, in The Winter's Tale:

" ——— not for because
" Your brows are blacker, yet *black brows* they say
" Become some women best." RITSON.

Lily lips are changed to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thisbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as—

" Lilly-white of hue."

It should be:

" These lips lilly,
" This nose cherry."

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage. FARMER.

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595:

" Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes her *crimson chinne!*" STEEVENS.

[1] His eyes were GREEN as leeks.] Thus also the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, speaking of Paris, says:

" —— an eagle, madam,
" Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, trusty sword;
" Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
" And farewell, friends;—
" Thus Thisbe ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance[2], between two of our company[3]?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

[2] —a Bergomask dance,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his Glossary, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. Steevens.

[3] —our company?] At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush, there seems to be a sneer at this character of *Bottom;* but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to embark for England, and exercise their profession there. One of them adds:

" —— we have a course;—
" The spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless."

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which consisted in blunders. Steevens.

As much as we this night have o'erwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait [4] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars [5],
And the wolf behowls the moon [6];

4 — HEAVY gait —] i. e. *slow passage, progress.* So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "You must send the ass upon the horse, for he is slow-*gaited*." In another play we have—"*heavy-gaited* toads." STEEVENS.

5 Now the hungry lion roars, &c.] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that "among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm: "Thou makest darkness that it may be *night*, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do seek their meat from God."
MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* associated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phaer's translation of the following lines in the seventh Æneid:

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque *leonum*
"Vincla recusantum, et *sera sub nocte rudentum*;
"—— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum.*

I do not, however, perceive the justness of the foregoing anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed "the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He therefore was at liberty to—

"Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions*,
"As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. Thus in Arden, a forest in French Flanders, we hear of a *lioness*, and a *bear* destroys Antigonus in Bohemia. STEEVENS.

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone [7].

[6] And the wolf BEHOWLS the moon;] In the old copies: "And the wolf *beholds* the moon." As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake, do: and as the sounds these animals make at that season, seem also intended to be represented, I make no question but the poet wrote:

"And the wolf *behowls* the moon."

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon*. (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

So, in Marston's Antonio and Mellida, where the whole passage seems to be copied from this of our author:

"Now *barks* the *wolfe* against the full cheek'd *moon*,
"Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech aloud*,
"Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls;
"Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose
"Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth." THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon.

JOHNSON.

I think, "Now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*," was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*," says he, in his As You Like It; and Massinger, in his New Way to Pay Old Debts, makes an usurer feel only—

"—— as the *moon* is mov'd
"When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness."

FARMER.

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *behoulds*, (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,) which probably occasioned the mistake. Thus in our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594:

"That from the *could* stone sparkes of flint doe flie."

These lines also in Spenser's Fairy Queene, b. i. c. v. st. 30. which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made:

"And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
"The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;—
"The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
"With drery shrieks did also her bewray;

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night [8],
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door [9].

"And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
"At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle." MALONE.

7 — fordone.] i. e. overcome. So Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. i. c. x. st. 33:

"And many souls in dolour had *foredone*."

Again, in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:

"— fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

"But by the other day at none,
"These two dragons were *foredone*." STEEVENS.

8 Now it is the time of night, &c.] So, in Hamlet:

"'Tis *now* the very witching *time of night*,
"When *churchyards* yawn —." STEEVENS.

9 I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies:

"These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
"By pinching them both black and blue,
"And put a penny in their shoe
"The house for cleanly sweeping." *Drayton.*

JOHNSON.

See the last scene of The Merry Wives of Windsor. MALONE.

To sweep the dust behind the door, is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses; where the doors of

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

OBE. Through this house give glimmering light [1],
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier [2];
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. First, rehearse this * song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day [3],
Through this house each fairy stray.

* Quarto F., *your*.

halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut. FARMER.

[1] Through this house give glimmering light,] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

"And glowing embers through the room
"Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." *Il Penseroso.*

So, Drayton:

"Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes
"Of little frisking elves and apes,
"To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,
"As hope of pastime hastes them."

I think it should be read:

"Through this house *in* glimmering light." JOHNSON.

[2] — as light as bird from brier;] This comparison is a very ancient one, being found in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 31:

"That are was *blith als brid on brere*." STEEVENS.

[3] Now, until, &c.] This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be [4];

then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

[4] To the best BRIDE-BED will we,
Which by us SHALL BLESSED BE;] So, in Chaucer's Marchantes Tale, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 9693:

"And whan the *bed* was with the preest *yblessed*—."

We learn also from "Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household," that this ceremony was observed at the marriage of a Princess. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd;* and the man both; he sittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely." P. 129. STEEVENS.

"*Obe.* To the best *bride-bed* will we,
"Which by us shall *blessed* be." Mr. Steevens remarks that the ceremony of blessing the bed was observed at the marriage of a *princess*. It was used at *all* marriages. This was the form, copied from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. "Nocte vero sequente cum sponsus et sponsa *ad lectum pervenerint*, accedat sacerdos et benedicat thalamum, dicens: Benedic, Domine, thalamum istum et omnes habitantes in eo; ut in tua pace consistant, et in tua voluntate permaneant: et in amore tuo vivant et senescant et multiplicentur in longitudine dierum. Per Dominum.—Item *benedictio super lectum*. Benedic, Domine, hoc *cubiculum*, respice, qui non dormis neque dormitas. Qui custodis Israel, custodi famulos tuos in hoc lecto quiescentes *ab omnibus fantasmaticis demonum illusionibus:* custodi eos vigilantes ut in preceptis tuis meditentur dormientes, et te per soporem sentiant: ut hic et ubique defensionis tuæ muniantur auxilio. Per Dominum.—Deinde fiat benedictio *super eos in lecto* tantum cum Oremus. Benedicat Deus corpora vestra et animas vestras; et det super vos benedictionem, sicut benedixit Abraham, Isaac, et Jacob, Amen.—His peractis *aspergat eos aqua benedicta*, et sic

And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip [5], nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious [6], such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—

discedat et dimittat eos in pace." We may observe on this strange ceremony, that the purity of modern times stands not in need of these holy aspersions to lull the senses and dissipate the illusions of the Devil. The married couple would, no doubt, rejoice when the benediction was ended. In the French romance of Melusine, the bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes during the benediction the married couple only *sat* upon the bed; but they generally received a portion of consecrated bread and wine. It is recorded in France, that on frequent occasions the priest was improperly detained till the hour of midnight, whilst the wedding guests rioted in the luxuries of the table, and made use of language that was extremely offensive to the clergy, and injurious to the salvation of the parties. It was therefore in the year 1577 ordained by Pierre de Gondi, archbishop of Paris, that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day time, or at least *before supper*, and in the presence only of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations.

DOUCE.

[5] — hare-lip,] This defect in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*." *Thomas Lupton's Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l.

STEEVENS.

[6] Nor mark PRODIGIOUS,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. So, in King Richard III.:

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait [7];
And each several chamber bless [8],
Through this palace with sweet peace:
Ever shall in safety rest [9],
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

[7] —take his GAIT;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *steps*. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. viii.:

"And guide his weary *gate* both to and fro."

Again, in a Scottish Proverb:

"A man may speer the *gate* to Rome."

Again, in The Mercer's Play, among the Chester collection of Whitsun Mysteries, p. —:

"Therefore goe not through his cuntrey,
"Nor the *gate* you came to day."

Again, and more appositely, in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 50:

"*Take thi gate* unto Gines,
"And grete tham wele thare;—" STEEVENS.

By *gate*, I believe, is meant, the door of each chamber.
M. MASON.

Gait, for a *path* or *road*, is commonly used at present in the northern counties. HARRIS.

[8] Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber BLESS, &c.] The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's Miller's Tale, v. 3479, Tyrwhitt's edition;

"I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.
"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes
"On foure halves of the hous aboute,
"And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
"Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
"Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
"Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoster," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] Ever shall in safety rest,] Thus all the old copies, from which I have not ventured to deviate, because there are many other instances, in these plays, where the nominative case is not expressed, but understood. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read: "*E'er* shall *it* in safety rest." MALONE.

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck[1],
If we have unearned luck[2]
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue[3],
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands[4], *if we be friends,*
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit[5].

[1] —*an honest Puck,*] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. Act II. Sc. I. on the words— "*sweet* Puck." STEEVENS.

[2] — *unearned luck* —] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

[3] *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Give me your hands,*] That is, clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

[5] Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

Johnson's concluding observation on this play, is not conceived with his usual judgment. There is no analogy or resemblance whatever between the Fairies of Spenser, and those of Shakspeare. The Fairies of Spenser, as appears from his description of them in the second book of the Fairy Queen, canto x. were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. But those of Shakspeare, and of common tradition, as Johnson calls them, were a diminu-

tive race of sportful beings, endowed with immortality and supernatural power, totally different from those of Spenser. M. Mason.

"Therefore the winds piping to us in vain." This fine description refers to the bad weather with which England was visited about this time. Strype (Ann. v. 4. p. 211) has printed an extract from one of Dr. J. King's Lectures, preached at York, in which that divine reminds his hearers of the various signs of God's wrath, with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594 (if I understand the extract aright,)—as, storms, pestilence, dearth, and unseasonable weather. Of the last, he says, "Remember that the spring (that year when the plague broke out) was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected. . . . . ." Then, having spoken of the three successive years of scarcity, he adds, "And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down. Our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seed times are no seed times. For a great space of time scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us." Blakeway.

"And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back," &c. &c. &c. Dr. Warburton, whose ingenuity and acuteness have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have sometimes seen not only what no other person would ever have been able to discover, but what, in reality, unless in his own playful imagination, did not exist. Criticism is a talisman, which has, on more than one occasion, dispelled the illusion of this mighty magician. I shall not dispute, that, by the *fair vestal*, Shakspeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of sixty-eight, was no less *chaste* than *beautiful;* but whether any other part of Oberon's speech have an allegorical meaning or not, I presume, in direct opposition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of satire and panegyrick" I shall examine anon: I only wish to know, for the present, why it should have been "inconvenient for the author to speak openly" in "dispraise" of the Scotish Queen. If he meant to please "the imperial votress," no incense could have been half so grateful as the blackest calumny. But, it seems, "her successor would not forgive her satirist." Who then was her "successor" when this play was written?

Mary's son, James? I am persuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the history of those times, he would not have found this monarch's succession quite so certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakspeare, who was by no means the refined speculatist he would induce one to suppose, from gratifying the "fair vestal" with sentiments so agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning," there is an end of all controversy. For, though the satire would be cowardly, false, and infamous, yet, since it was couched under an allegory, which, while perspicuous as glass to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-stone to her successor, Shakspeare, lying as snug as his own Ariel in a cowslip's bell, would have had no reason to apprehend any ill consequences from it. Now, though our speculative bard might not be able to foresee the sagacity of the Scotish king in smelling out a plot, as I believe it was some years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, surely, the skill requisite to detect a witch must be sufficient to develope an allegory; so that I must needs question the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea." In that respect at least Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herself. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate lust; for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a Vestal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as false as it is foolish: The mermaid was never the emblem of lust; nor was the "gentle Shakspeare" of a character or disposition to have insulted the memory of a murdered princess by so infamous a charge. The most abandoned libeller, even Buchanan himself, never accused her of "intemperate lust;" and it is pretty well understood at present that, if either of these ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to: the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fishes:* where then are their wings? or what possible use could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian speaks of were partly women and partly *birds:* so that "the pollusion," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause and the same issue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the other's *wings*. The

secret of their contest for precedency should seem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the history of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to destruction, by her songs or fair speeches,) and wearing, it should seem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined she should fly no more, in her eagerness to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The situation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would seem to have but a strangely aukward seat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be sure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentator's: the latter, however, is certainly answerable for placing a Queen on the back of her husband: a very extraordinary situation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a single instance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with mischief." Mermaids are supposed to sing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* must in this instance, to suit the allegory, allude to "those great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the most accomplished princess of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Vestal." "By the rude sea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which rose up in arms against the regent, while she [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted these disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton, whose skill in geography seems to match his knowledge of history and acuteness in allegory, must be allowed the sole merit of discovering Scotland to be an *island*. But, as to the disorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from history to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of these disorders, she, or her ideot husband, or fanatical subjects, were most to blame, is a point upon which doctors still differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting song of the commentator's mermaid civilized the rude sea for a time, it was only to render it, in an instant, more boisterous than ever: those great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthusiastic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, says she was welcomed home by a mob of five or six hundred ragamuffins, who, in discord with the most execrable instruments, sung *psalms* (which she was supposed to dislike) under her chamber window:

"*He!*" adds he, "*quelle musique et quelle repos pour sa nuit!*" However, it seems, "there is great justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms." "The vulgar opinion," I am persuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever supposed to sing, it is in *calms*, which presage storms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the insurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unless in so far as it was that of the religion she professed. But this perhaps is the least objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himself had no idea, and which the commentator, to whose creative fancy it owes its existence, seems to have very justly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundless and unnatural. RITSON.

"OBE. With this field-dew *consecrate*
"Every fairy take his gait;
"And *each several chamber bless*,
"Through this palace with sweet peace."

Thus in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Sc. V.:

"Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
"Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room."

In the first line of Oberon's speech there seems to be a covert satire against holy water. Whilst the popular confidence in the power of fairies existed, they had obtained the credit of occasionally performing much good service to mankind; and the great influence which they possessed gave so much offence to the holy monks and friars, that they determined to exert all their power to expel the above imaginary beings from the minds of the people, by taking the office of the fairies' benedictions entirely into their own hands. Of this we have a curious proof in the beginning of Chaucer's admirable tale of the Wife of Bath;

"I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
"But now can no man see non elves mo,
"For now the grete charitee and prayeres
"Of limitoures and other holy freres
"That serchen every land and every streme.
"As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,
"*Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,*
"*Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,*
"*Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,*
"*This maketh that ther ben no faeries:*
"*For ther as wont to walken was an elf,*
"*Ther walketh now the limitour himself.*"

The other quotation from Chaucer, which Mr. Steevens has given, is not to the present purpose. The *fairies' blessing* was to

bring *peace* upon the house of Theseus; the *night-spell* in the Miller's Tale, is pronounced *against the influence of elves*, and those demons, or evil spirits, that were supposed to occasion the night-mare, and other nocturnal illusions. As this is a subject that has never been professedly handled, it may be worth while to bring together a few facts that relate to it; to do it ample justice would require an express dissertation.

A belief in the influence of evil spirits has been common to all nations, and in the remotest periods of the human history. The gross superstitions of the middle ages, which even exceeded those in Pagan times, had given birth to a variety of imaginary beings, who were supposed to be perpetually occupied in doing mischief to mankind. The chief of these were the *Incubus*, or *night-mare*, and certain *fairies of a malignant nature*. It therefore became necessary to check and counteract their operations by spells, charms, and invocations to saints. Some of these have been preserved. The lines given to Mad Tom in Lear, beginning

"Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,"

is one of them; and in the notes belonging to it, as well as in those by Mr. Tyrwhitt on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. 242, others have been collected. To these may be added the following in Cartwright's play of The Ordinary, Act III. Sc. I.:

"Saint Francis, and Saint Benedight,
"Blesse this house from wicked wight,
"From the night-mare and the goblin,
"That is hight *good fellow Robin*.
"Keep it from all evil spirits,
"Fayries, weezels, rats and ferrets,
"From curfew time
"To the next prime."

This indeed may be rather considered as satirical, but it is a parody on those which were genuine. Sinclair, in his Satan's Invisible World Discovered, informs us that "At night, in the time of popery, when folks went to bed, they believed the repetition of this following prayer was effectual to preserve them from danger, and the house too:"

"Who sains the house the night,
"They that sains it ilka night.
"Saint Bryde and her brate,
"Saint Colme and his hat,
"Saint Michael and his spear,
"Keep this house from the weir;
"From running thief,
"And burning thief;

"And from an ill Rea,
"That be the gate can gae;
"And from an ill weight,
"That be the gate can light
"Nine reeds about the house,
"Keep it all the night;
"What is that, what I see
"So red, so bright, beyond the sea?
"'Tis he was pierced through the hands,
"Through the feet, through the throat,
"Through the tongue;
"Through the liver and the lung.
"Well is them that well may
"Fast on Good-friday."

As darkness was supposed to be more immediately adapted to the machinations of these malicious spirits, it was natural that, on retiring to rest, certain prayers should be chosen to deprecate their influence, which was often regarded as of a *particular kind*. To this Imogen alludes when she exclaims:

"To your protection I commend me, Gods!
"From fairies, and the *tempters of the night*,
"Guard me, beseech ye!" *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. II.

So, Banquo in Macbeth:

"Restrain in me the *cursed thoughts that nature*
"*Gives way to in repose*."

An ancient hymn by Saint Ambrose goes to the same point;

"Procul recedant somnia
"Et noctium phantasmata:
"Hostemque nostrum comprime
"Ne *polluantur corpora*."

The demon who was supposed to have particular influence in these nocturnal illusions, was Asmodeus, the lame devil of whom Mons. Le Sage has made such admirable use. In expelling him, the sign of the cross was most efficacious; a very old practice on similar occasions, as we learn from the following lines in Prudentius:

"Fac, cum *vocante somno*
"*Castum petis cubile*
"Frontem, locumque cordis
"*Crucis* figura signes.
"Crux pellit omne crimen,
"Fugunt crucem tenebræ:
"Tali dicata signo
"Mens fluctuare nescit.

" Procul, ô procul *vagantum*
" *Portenta somniorum,*
" Procul esto pervicaci
" Præstigiator astu."

Relics of saints, images of the holy Virgin, sanctified girdles, and a variety of other amulets, were resorted to on the same occasion, exhibiting a lamentable proof of the imbecility of human nature. DOUCE.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

WE have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of The Taming of The Shrew, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called The Metamorphosis of Ajax, where I suspect an allusion to the old play: "Read the Booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth, 1578, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled The *Booke* of Sir Thomas Moore.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, The Taming of a Shrew—sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me

only observe further at present, that the author of Hamlet speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of The Taming of the Shrew knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the Induction, Wincot Ale, and the Beggar! I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram:

"TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

"Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
"That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
"Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
"To make him to believe he was a lord:
"But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
"'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
"Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
"Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
"And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
"And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin, or The Taming of a Shrew; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, The Taminge of a Shrowe." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling. Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his Pastorals under the title of The Shepherd's Kalendar, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient Eng-

lish Poetry, is of opinion, that The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

The following story, however, which might have been the parent of all the rest, is related by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 649: "A *Tartar* Prince, saith Marcus Polus, lib. ii. cap. 28, called Senex de Montibus, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, *in which he made a delitious parke full of odorifferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents* that could possibly be devised, *musicke, pictures, variety of meats*, &c. and chose out a certaine young man whom with *a soporiferous potion* he so benummed, that he perceived nothing; *and so fast asleepe as he was, caused him to be conveied into this faire garden.* Where, after he had lived awhile in all such pleasures a sensuall man could desire, *he cast him into a sleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had beene in Paradise.*"—Marco Paolo, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occasionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-cross, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comick stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570: "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the Induction of the Tinker in Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew; and perhaps Edwards's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old Taming of a Shrew, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earliest English original of this story, &c. at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's Taming of the Shrew was written, I imagine, in 1596.* See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker. } Persons in the Induction.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord. } Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew; } Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, her Sister; }

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

To the Original Play of The Taming of a Shrew, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
SLY.
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALPHONSUS, a Merchant of Athens.
JEROBEL, Duke of Cestus.
AURELIUS, his Son,
FERANDO,
POLIDOR,
} Suitors to the Daughters of Alphonsus.
VALERIA, Servant to Aurelius.
SANDER, Servant to Ferando.
PHYLOTUS, a Merchant who personates the Duke.

KATE,
EMELIA,
PHYLEMA,
} Daughters to Alphonsus.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pheese you [1], in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

[1] I'll PHEESE you,] To *pheese* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book de Sermone Anglico, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to: "To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in Troilus and Cressida, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of Achilles: and Love-wit in The Alchemist employs it in the same sense. Again, in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589:

"Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of Virgil's Æneid:

"We are *touz'd*, and from Italye *feaz'd*."

——Italis longe *disjungimur* oris.

Again, *ibid.*:

"*Feaze* away the droane bees," &c. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In The Chances, Antonio says of Don John, "I felt him in my small guts; I am sure he has *feaz'd* me."

M. MASON.

Pheeze or *veeze*, in the sense of *to beat*, occurs three times in The London Prodigal.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio's

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues [2]; Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris* [3]; let the world slide [4]: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst [5]?

Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one." Malone.

Fuller uses the word *veeze* in his life of Turbervil, Bishop of Exeter: "Bishop Turbervil recovered some lost lands which Bishop Voysey had *vezed*." This word he explains in the margin: "*Driven away*, in the dialect of the West." *Fuller's Worthies. Dorsetshire*, p. 280. Boswell.

[2] —no rogues;] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. Johnson.

One William Sly was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This Sly is likewise mentioned in Heywood's Actor's Vindication, and the Induction to Marston's Malcontent. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1693. Steevens.

[3] —*paucas pallabris;*] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. Theobald.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in a following note: "What new device have they devised now? *Pocas pallabras*." In the comedy of The Roaring Girl, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in The Wise Woman of Hogsden, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. Steevens.

[4] —let the world slide:] This expression is proverbial. It is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money:

"———— will you go drink
"And *let the world slide*, uncle?"

It occurs, however, or somewhat very much resembling it, in the ancient Morality called The iiii Elements:

"———— let us be mery,
"With huff a galand, synge tyrll on the bery,
"And *let the wyde worlde wynde*." Steevens.

[5] — you have burst?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says, that "John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crouding in among the marshal's men."

Again, in Soliman and Perseda:

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by [7] S. Jeronimy;—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee [6].

"God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin."

Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland's translation of Plutarch's Apophthegms, edit. 1603, p. 405, to *brast* and to *burst* have the same meaning. So, in All for Money, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:

"If you forsake our father, for sorrow he will *brast*."

In the same piece, *burst* is used when it suited the rhyme. Again, in the Old Morality of Every Man:

"Though thou weep till thy heart to-*brast*." Steevens.

Burst is still used for *broke* in the North of England. See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, edit. 1780, vol. xii. p. 375. Reed.

[6] — Go by S. Jeronimy;—

Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] All the editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history to make it understood. There is a fustian old play called Hieronymo; or The Spanish Tragedy: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience:

"*Hiero.* Justice! O! justice to Hieronymo.
"*Lor.* Back; —— seest thou not the king is busy?
"*Hiero.* O, is he so?
"*King.* Who is he, that interrupts our business?
"*Hiero.* Not I:—Hieronymo, beware; *go by, go by.*"

So Sly here, not caring to be dunn'd by the Hostess, cries to her in effect: "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, *go by;*" and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her Jeronimo. Theobald.

The first part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not say *Jeronimo* as a mistake for *Hieronymo*. Steevens.

I believe the true reading is—Go by, *says* Jeronimo, and that the *s* was the beginning of the word *says*, which, by mistake, the printers did not complete. The quotation from the old play proves that it is Jeronimo himself that says, *Go by*. M. Mason.

I have not scrupled to place Mr. M. Mason's judicious correction in the text. Steevens.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough[7]. [*Exit.*

Surely Sly, who in a preceding speech is made to say *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to misquote a passage from the same play in which that scrap of Spanish is found, viz. The Spanish Tragedy. He afterwards introduces a saint in form.—The similitude, however slight, between *Jeronimy* and S. *Jerome*, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be supposed the occasion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to address the Hostess by the name of *Jeronimy*, as Mr. Theobald supposed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Pistol, and many other of Shakspeare's low characters, quote scraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two passages in The Spanish Tragedy here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald, and this other:

"What outcry calls me from my *naked bed?*"

Sly's making Jeronimy a saint is surely not more extravagant than his exhorting his Hostess to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herself; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the same purpose; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addresses himself.

In King Lear, Edgar, when he assumes the madman, utters the same words that are here put in the mouth of the tinker: "Humph: go to thy *cold* bed, and *warm* thee." MALONE.

7 — must go fetch the THIRDBOROUGH.] The old copy reads: —I must go fetch the *headborough*.

Sly. Third, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had passed down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'd fetch a *constable:* and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

In the Personæ Dramatis to Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was.

STEEVENS.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep*[8].

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd[9],

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country, to be co-extensive with that of the constable. Sir J. Hawkins.

The office of *thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable*, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The *headborough*, *petty constable*, and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonson in The Tale of a Tub, being all of different places, are but one and the same officer under so many different names. In a book intitled, The Constable's Guide, &c. 1771, it is said that "there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as in Warwickshire a *thirdborough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. Ritson.

[8] — falls asleep.] The spurious play, already mentioned, begins thus:

"*Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*
"*Taps.* You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,
"And empty your drunken panch somewhere else,
"For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [*Exit Tapster.*
"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by crisee Tapster Ile *fese you* anone:
"Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
"I doe drink it of mine own instigation. *Omne bene.*
"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster, I say,
"Fill's a fresh cushen heere:
"Heigh ho, here's good warme lying. [*He falls asleepe.*
"*Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"
Steevens.

[9] Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's Comfort against Tribula-

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good [1]

lation, book iii. ch. xxiv:—"Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well.—And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further, than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakspeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species:

"Mastiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,
"Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

King Lear, Act III. Sc. V.

But it is manifest from the passage of More just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*A.* Is that your brother?
"*E.* Yes, have you lost your memory?
"*A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow.
"*Y.* O this is a sweet *brach*."

Scornful Lady, Act I. Sc. I. T. Warton.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old song:

"*Cow Crumbock* is a very good cow."

Brach, however, appears to have been a particular sort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

"Four grey hounds & six *Bratches*,
"For hare, fox, and wild cattes."

Merriman surely could not be designed for the name of a *female* of the canine species. Steevens.

It seems from the commentary of Ulitius upon Gratius, from Caius de Canibus Britannicis, from *bracco*, in Spelman's Glossary, and from Markham's Country Contentments, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. Ulitius, p. 163, observes, that bitches have a superior sagacity of nose:—"fœminis [canibus] sagacitatis plurimum inesse, usus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickness of scent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is sometimes applied to

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

males. Our ancestors hunted much with the large southern hounds, and in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the scent, as Markham informs us. To this custom Shakspeare seems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates *brach*, from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of King Lear. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occasion, the *brache* hunts truly by the scent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every side:

" For as the dogs pursue the silly doe,
" The *brache* behind, the hounds on every side;
" So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."

Phaer's Legend of Owen Glendower. TOLLET.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swelled*. —Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Emboss'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illustration from the following passage in the old comedy, intitled, The Shoemakers Holiday, or the Gentle Craft, acted at court, and printed in the year 1600, signat. C:

" — Beate every brake, the game's not farre,
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:
" Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
" He saw him take soyle, and he hallowed him,
" Affirming him so *emboss'd*." T. WARTON.

Mr. T. Warton's first explanation may be just. Lyly, in his Midas, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it:

" *Pet.* There was a boy leashed on the single, because when he was *imbossed* he took soyle.

" *Li.* What's that?

" *Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, because, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water."

Again, in Chapman's version of the fourth Iliad:

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

" — like hinds that have no hearts,
" Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly *embost*,
" Stand still," &c. Steevens.

From the Spanish, *des embocar*, to cast out of the mouth. We have again the same expression in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— the boar of Thessaly
" Was never so *emboss'd*." Malone.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means *swelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe?* × What has the *imbossing* of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound?* "*Imbossed* sores" occur in As You Like It; and in The First Part of King Henry IV. the Prince calls Falstaff "*imboss'd* rascal."

Ritson.

[x] —how Silver MADE IT GOOD—] This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

" What's offer'd by the first, the other *good doth make*."

Steevens.

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun*. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun*. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord[2].

[2] And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.] I rather think, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer,) that Shakspeare wrote:

And when he says he's *poor*, say that he dreams.

The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. Steevens.

If any thing should be inserted, it may be done thus:

And when he says he's *Sly*, say that he dreams.

The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission. Johnson.

This do, and do it kindly[3], gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty[4].

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players[5].

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

This is hardly right; for how should the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly?* Steevens.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. Blackstone.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is observable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any supplemental word. In The Tempest a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended: "I should know that voice; it should be ——; but he is drowned, and these are devils." Malone.

[3] This do, and do it KINDLY,] *Kindly*, means *naturally*. M. Mason.

[4] —modesty.] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. Johnson.

[5] *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:
"*Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*
"Now, sirs, what store of plaies have you?

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty [6].

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto [7], that your honour means.

" *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,
" Or a commoditie, or what you will.
" *The other.* A comedie thou shouldst say, souns thou'lt shame us all.
" *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?
" *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde The Taming of a Shrew:
" 'Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are married men," &c. Steevens.

[6] — to accept our duty.] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. Johnson.

In the fifth Earl of Northumberland's Household Book, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late duchess,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

" *Rewards to Playars.*

" Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my house after xxd. every play by estimacion somme xxxiijs. iiijd. Which ys appoynted to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Christynmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd." Steevens.

[7] I think, 'twas Soto —] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman Pleased, in which comedy there is the character of *Soto*, who is a farmer's son, and a very facetious serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken; but the first folio has it *Sincklo:* which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of *Soto* with applause. Theobald.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world [8].

If *Soto* were the character alluded to, the compliment would be to the person who played the part, not to the author.

M. Mason.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of Woman Pleased, is a *farmer's eldest son*, but *he does not wooe any gentlewoman*; so that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in The Third Part of Henry VI. instead of the name of the person represented.

Again, at the conclusion of The Second Part of K. Henry IV.: "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto, 1600. Tyrwhitt.

As the old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why should we displace it? *Sincklo* is a name elsewhere used by Shakspeare. In one of the parts of King Henry VI. *Humphreys* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foresters.

With this observation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. Steevens.

Sincklo or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the same company with Shakspeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent, 1604, and was also performer in the entertainment entitled The Seven Deadlie Sinns. Malone.

[8] —in the world.] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. These words are not in the folio, 1623. I have therefore degraded them, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the piece was written by Shakspeare:

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery [9],
And give them friendly welcome every one:

" *San.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes, and Ile speak for the properties *. [*Exit Player.*

" My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a little vinegre to make our diuell rore †."

The *shoulder of mutton* might indeed be necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakspeare formed it; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented. Steevens.

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* Property] in the language of a playhouse, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. Johnson.

† — a little VINEGRE to make our DIUELL RORE.] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the Devil; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part. The mention of it here, was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces. Warburton.

All that Dr. Warburton has said relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no such circumstances in any mysteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the Chester and Coventry collections are preserved in the British Museum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, some entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the Acts. Between the divisions of one of the Chester Mysteries, I meet with this marginal direction: *Here the Boy and Pig;* and perhaps the Devil in the intervals of this first comedy of The Taming of the Shrew, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a custom observed in some of our ancient puppet-shews, might beat his wife with a shoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1590, the Printer says:

" I have (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might seeme more tedious unto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at,

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

[9] —take them to the BUTTERY,] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: "—the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers;* and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

At the period when this comedy was written, and for many years

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what time they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities; neverthelesse now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace," &c.

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of Cambyses, (by T. Preston,) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received: *Here let a small bladder of vinegar be pricked.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient Tragedy, or rather Morality, called All for Money, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

"I knew I would make him soon change his note,
"I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat."
"Here *Satan* shall *cry and roar*."

Again, a little after:

"Here he *roareth and crieth*."

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
"*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.
"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verily believe
"The humble bees stinging should never me grieve.
"*Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,
"But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.
"*Sinne.* Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,
"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:
"And if it be too little to make thereof a case,
"Then I would be so bold to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden Queen sat a spectatress in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue [1], and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar [2]:

after, the profession of a player was scarcely allowed to be reputable. The imagined dignity of those who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy consideration. I can as easily believe that the blundering editors of the first folio were suffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of state, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leicester, or the toilette of Lady Hunsdon. Like Stephen in Every Man in His Humour, the greatest indulgence our histrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS.

[1] With SOFT LOW tongue.] So, in King Lear:

"———— Her voice was ever *soft*,
"Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman." MALONE.

[2] Who, for TWICE seven years, &c.] In former editions:

"Who for *this* seven years hath esteemed him
"No better than a poor and loathsome beggar."

I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed the tinker's supposed lu-

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion [3] will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.——
[*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

nacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon two parallel passages in the play to that purpose. THEOBALD.

The remark is just, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unnecessary by those who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both Falstaff and Orlando forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

In both these passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen* years. The servants may well be supposed to forget the precise period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is, therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

"—hath esteemed *him*—" This is an error of the press:—We should read *himself*, instead of *him*. M. MASON.

Him is used instead of *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourselves* in Macbeth:

"Acquaint *you* with the perfect spy o' the time—."

i. e. acquaint *yourselves*.

Again, in Ovid's Banquet of Sence, by Chapman, 1595:

"Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,
"The sence wherewith he feeles *him* deified." STEEVENS.

[3] An ONION—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"The tears live in an *onion* that should water this sorrow."

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House [4].

Sly is discovered [5] *in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale [6].

[4] A Bedchamber, &c.] From the original stage direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is—*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c. So afterwards, at the end of this scene—*The Presenters* above *speak*. See the Account of our old Theatres in the History of the Stage. Malone.

[5] *Sly is discovered*, &c.] Thus, in the original play:

" *Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with* Slie *asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musick plaieng.*

" *One.* So, sirha, now go call my lord;
" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.

" *Another.* Set thou some wine upon the boord,
" And then Ile go fetch my lord presently. [*Exit.*

" *Enter the Lord and his men.*

" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?

" *One.* Yea, my lord.

" *Lord.* Then sound the musicke, and Ile wake him strait,
" And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he sleeps soundly,) my lord.

" *Slie.* Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh ho.

" *Lord.* Heere's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

" *Slie.* For which lord?

" *Lord.* For your honour, my lord.

" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—Iesus, what fine apparell have I got!

" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it please you, I will fetch them straight.

" *Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace
" Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath[7];

" That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds stands readie cuppled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." Steevens.

[6] — small ale.] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: " For a stande of *small ale ;* " I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books, though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. Steevens.

It appears from The Captain, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. Sc. II. that *single beer* and *small beer* were synonymous terms. Malone.

[7] — of Burton-heath ;——Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot,] I suspect we should read—*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. Steevens.

× *Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shak-

+ Thatcham hurste, burye Abelen, mans of Wilnecote
or Wilnecote (
(2.542
531)

by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale[8], score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught[9]: Here's——

speare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

Burton Dorset is a village in Warwickshire. RITSON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton* Hastings.

Among Sir A Cockayn's Poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed,) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games, lived. MALONE.

[8] — sheer ale,] It has been suggested to me, by Mr. Jordan, of Stratford, that *sheer ale* may be *ale drunk at harvest*. *Shearing* is used for *reaping*, in Warwickshire, as well as in the North. MALONE.

[9] — I am not BESTRAUGHT:] I once thought that if our poet did not design to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read—*distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"O, if I wake, shall I not be *distraught*," &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In Albion's England, however, by Warner, 1602, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakspeare:

"Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one *bestrought*

"Did crie," &c.

Again, in the old song, beginning: "When griping grief," &c. No. 53, Paradyse of Dainty Deuises, edit. 1576:

"*Be-straughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of Virgil's Æneid:

"Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread." STEEVENS.

Bestraught seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy,
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays.
[*Musick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing;
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

distracted. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: "*Bestract*, a Lat. distractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*." Malone.

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet [1],
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece [2],

[1] —leet,] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. Johnson.

"And say, you would *present her at the leet*,
"Because she brought stone jugs, and *no seal'd quarts:*" The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the leet. See Kitchen, on Courts, 4th edit. 1663: "The residue of the matters of the charge which ensue," says that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21, "are enquirable and *presentable*, and also punishable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-seventh: "Also if tiplers sell by cups *and dishes, or measures sealed, or* not sealed, *is inquirable.*" See also, Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures, 12mo. 1631: "He [an informer] transforms himselfe into several shapes, to avoid suspicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the sight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their sale by *sealed quarts*, spoyles his market." Malone.

[2] —John Naps of Greece,] A *hart of Greece*, was a *fat hart*. *Graisse*, Fr. So in the old ballad of Adam Bell, &c.:

"Eche of them slew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in Ives's Select Papers, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of King Henry VII. among other dishes were "capons *of high Greece*."

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the seventh Iliad, 4to. 1581:

"A bull *of grease* of five yeares olde the yoke that never bare."

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character,) was *a fat man:* or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff, *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. Steevens.

For old John Naps *of Greece*, read—old John Naps *o' th' Green*. Blackstone.

The addition seems to have been a common one. So, in our author's King Henry IV. Part II.:

"Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf *of the Green*."

In The London Chanticleers, a comedy, 1659, a ballad, entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's

× John, one of the 7 sleepers - an Ephesian. see E. D. B. v. 1034. see Nares - Jack Drum's: p 123. see also Hamlet 'John-a-Dreams'.

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen[3].

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants[4].

Page. How fares my noble lord?

King Henry IV. Part II.: "I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes *o' the hill.*"—The emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was also suggested in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[3] In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old play 1607. I have already observed that it is by no means probable, that this former comedy of The Taming of the Shrew was written by Shakspeare, and have therefore removed them from the text:

" *Sly.* By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed:
" What is thy name?
" *Man. Sim,* an it please your honour.
" *Sly. Sim?* that's as much as to say, *Simeon,* or *Simon.*
" Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot." Steevens.

[4] *Enter the* Page, &c.] Thus, in the original play:

" *Enter the Boy in woman's attire.*
" *Slie. Sim,* is this she?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Slie.* Masse 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?
" *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchsafe
" To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits!
" Or were I now but halfe so eloquent
" To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
" I know your honour then would pittie me.
" *Slie.* Harke you, mistresse; will you eat a peece of bread?
" Come, sit downe on my knee: *Sim,* drinke to her, *Sim;*
" For she and I will go to bed anon.
" *Lord.* May it please you, your honour's plaiers be come
" To offer your honour a plaie.
" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim,* O brave! be they my plaiers?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?
" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.
" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife [5], they say that I have dream'd, and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed [6].

" *Lord.* Even when it please your honour; they be readie.
" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.
" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus.
[*Exit Boy.*
" *Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim*, stand by me,
" And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.
" *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?
" *Sound trumpets.*
" *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] Madam wife,] Mr. Pope gives likewise the following prefix to this speech from the elder play:
" *Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her." Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] — come now to bed.] Here Mr. Pope adds again,—*Sim*, drink to her. STEEVENS.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick[7]?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, houshold stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

[7] Is not a COMMONTY a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It is* not *a commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for *comedy*, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy [8],
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious [9] studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,

[8] — FOR fruitful Lombardy,] Mr. Theobald reads—*from*. The former editions, instead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

[9] — ingenious —] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

Thus, in The Match at Midnight, by Rowley, 1633:—"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* spirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildness."

Again, in The Bird in a Cage, 1633:

"—— deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady."

Again, so late as the time of the Spectator, No. 437, 1st edit. "A parent who forces a child of a liberal and *ingenious* spirit," &c. REED.

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii [1].
Vincentio's son [2], brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd [3],
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy [4]

[1] Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, &c.] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus:

" Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
" Gave me my being, and my father first,
" A merchant of great traffick through the world,
" Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii."

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakspeare in other places expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See Troilus and Cressida, Act II. Sc. I.: " *Mars his* ideot." And Twelfth-Night, Act III. Sc. III.: " The *Count his* gallies." TYRWHITT.

" *Vincentio*, come of the Bentivolii." The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written:

Vincentio's *son*, come of the Bentivolii.

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed:

" Vincentio's *son*, come of the Bentivolii,
" Vincentio's son brought up in Florence,
" It shall become," &c. MALONE.

[2] Vincentio's son,] Mr. Pope for the sake of the metre reads—Vincentio *his* son; and this alteration was adopted by Mr. Steevens. As there are, however, many other lines in this play exposed to the same metrical objection, the text of the original copy has been retained. Mr. Capell reads—*Lucentio* his son. BOSWELL.

[3] — to SERVE all hopes conceiv'd,] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

[4] Virtue, and that part of philosophy —] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards used in this scene, and in the same manner, by Tranio:

Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*[5], gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks[6],

"For who shall bear your part, &c.
"Keep house and *ply* his book?" M. Mason.

So, in The Nice Wanton, an ancient interlude, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent,
"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gascoigne's Supposes, 1566 "I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke."

So in Turbervil's Tragick Tales:

"But often come himself to see,
"How she her wheele *applyde*." Malone.

[5] *Mi perdonate*,] Old copy—*Me perdonato*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens.

[6] —Aristotle's checks,] Are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle. Steevens.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions. Malone.

So, in Hall's Satires, b. 6. sat. 1:

"Well might these *checks* have fitted former times,
"And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathless rimes." Malone.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. Blackstone.

So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, Act IV. Sc. IV.: "I, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's *ethicks*."
Steevens.

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick [7] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you [8];
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—

[7] Talk logick —] Old copy—*Balk.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

I am by no means satisfied that the old reading is not the right one, although the word is now lost. It seems used in the same sense as here by Spenser, F. Q. b. iii. c. 2, st. 12:

"But to occasion him to further talk,
"To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
"Her list in *stryfull termes with him to balke.*" Boswell.

[8] —to quicken you;] i. e. *animate.* So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"*Quicken* a rock, and make you dance canary." Steevens.

There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To Bap.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates[9]?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat[1]! tis best

[9] *Kath.* I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a STALE of me amongst these MATES?] She means to say, "Do you intend to make a strumpet of me among these companions?—But the expression seems to have been suggested by the chess-term of *stale mate*, which is used when the game is ended by the king being alone and unchecked, and then forced into a situation from which he is unable to move without going into check. This is a dishonourable termination to the adversary who thereby loses the game. Thus in Lord Verulam's twelfth essay "They stand still like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir."

[1] A pretty PEAT!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant *pretty little thing*. JOHNSON.

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange[2]?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men[3]
I will be very kind and liberal

This word is used in the old play of King Leir, (not Shakspeare's):

"*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
"To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister," &c.

Again, in Coridon's Song, by Thomas Lodge; published in England's Helicon, 1600:

"And God send every *pretty peate*,
"Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*," &c.

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction, I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*:

"He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*," i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's *darling*. Stevens.

[2] —so strange?] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. Johnson.

[3] — cunning men,] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. Johnson.

To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts[4] are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out[5]; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father[6].

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice[7], it toucheth

[4] — your GIFTS —] *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.
So, before in this comedy:
"——— a woman's *gift*,
"To rain a shower of commanded tears." STEEVENS.

[5] — THEIR love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out;] I cannot conceive whose love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had been talking of no love but that which they themselves felt for Bianca. We must therefore read, *our* love, instead of *their*.
M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing, *yr* stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

[6] — I will WISH him to her father.] i. e. I will *recommend* him. So, in Much Ado About Nothing:
"To *wish* him wrestle with affection." REED.

[7] — upon ADVICE.] i. e. on consideration, or reflection. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole[8]! He that runs fastest, gets the ring[9]. How say you, signior Gremio?

" How shall I dote on her, with more *advice*,
" That thus, without *advice*, begin to love her!"
STEEVENS.

[8] — Happy man be his DOLE!] A proverbial expression. It is used in Damon and Pithias, 1571. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In Cupid's Revenge, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression, which may serve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man* be his *fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

[9] — He that runs fastest, gets the RING.] An allusion to the sport of running at the *ring*. DOUCE.

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[1] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so[2],—

[1] — is not RATED —] Is not driven out by chiding. MALONE. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" ——'tis to be chid,
" As we *rate* boys." STEEVENS.

[2] If love have TOUCH'D you, nought remains but so,—] The next line from Terence shows that we should read:

If Love hath *toyl'd* you,——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a translation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. Thus, in As You Like It, Rosalind says to Orlando: " Cupid hath *clapt* him on the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole."

M. MASON.

There is no allusion here to an arrest or clapping on the shoulder; the meaning is, *has possessed your feelings*: So, in Lear:

" *Touch* me with noble anger."

Redime te captum quam queas minimo[3].

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly[4] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[5] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,

So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "The most bitter *touch* of sorrow."

So, in Cymbeline:

"I know no *touch* of consanguinity:"

And in a multitude of other instances. MALONE.

[3] *Redime*, &c.] Our author had this line from Lilly, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from Lilly, and not from Terence; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced also in Decker's Bellman's Night-Walk, &c. It may be added, that *captus est, habet*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

[4] — longly —] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

[5] — daughter of Agenor —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd[6] with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta[7]; content thee; for I have it full[8].
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port[9], and servants, as I should:

[6] — she SHALL not be annoy'd —] Old copy—she *will* not. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] Basta;] i. e. *'tis enough;* Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in The Mad Lover, and The Little French Lawyer, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[8] — I have it full.] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent. I have already planned the whole of it. So, in Othello:
" I have it, *'tis engender'd* —." STEEVENS.

[9] — port,] *Port* is *figure*, *show*, *appearance*. JOHNSON.
So, in The Merchant of Venice:
" 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
" How much I have disabled mine estate

I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa[1].
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

" By something showing a more swelling *port*
" Than my faint means would grant continuance." Reed.

[1] — or mean man of Pisa.] The old copy, regardless of metre, reads—*meaner*. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens would introduce an awkward hobbling line, for the sake of getting rid of a correct Alexandrine.
Boswell.

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried [2]:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I [3], 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master [4] Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty [5].

[*Exeunt* [6].

[2] — and fear I WAS descried:] i. e. I fear I was observed in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I *am* descried; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[3] So WOULD I,] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] — YOUR master —] Old copy—*you* master. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] — good and weighty.] The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[6] *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"*The Presenters above speak.*"—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony

1 *Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship[7]?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here[8], sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

raised at the back of the stage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They sit and mark.*
Malone.

7 — has REBUSED your worship?] What is the meaning of *rebused?* or is it a false print for *abused?* Tyrwhitt.

8 Knock you here,] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in The Comedy of Errors; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other.
Malone.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it [9];
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings* Grumio *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters [1], help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto,
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio [2].
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin [3].—If this be not a lawful cause for me to

9 — WRING it;] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears STEEVENS.

1 Help, MASTERS,] The old copy reads here, and in several other places in this play, *mistress* instead of *masters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the MSS. of our author's age, *M* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See the Merchant of Venice, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [Master] Lorenzo, and M. [Mistress] Lorenzo." MALONE.

2 — *mio Petruchio.*] Gascoigne, in his Supposes, has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio*, but Shakspeare wrote it as it appears in the text in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Decker, in his Honest Whore, has the character of *Infelice;* but not chusing to trust to the performer's understanding Italian, he has spelt it *Infeliche*. MALONE.

3 — what he 'LEGES in Latin.] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read—Nay, 'tis no matter what *be leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir.—That is, 'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this passage is evi-

leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out[4]?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly[5]?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

dently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin. M. Mason.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Mason for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on some future occasion, though at the present moment it will not operate so forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or suit the measure of his verse, he gives us in its room, "*Sir* Vincentio," and "*Sir* Lucentio." Steevens.

[4] —a PIP out?] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] — KNOCK ME *soundly?*] Shakspeare seems to design a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraseology; which yet he has introduced in Othello:

"I pray *talk me* of Cassio."

It occurs again, and more improperly, in heroic translation:

"—— upon advantage spide,
"Did wound *me* Molphey on the leg," &c.
Arthur Golding's Ovid, B. v. p. 66, b.
Steevens.

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you [6];
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few [7],
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance [8])
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love [9],

[6] Why, this A heavy chance, &c.] I should read:
Why this *so* heavy chance, &c. M. Mason.

[7] Where small experience grows. But, in a FEW,] *In a few*, means the same as *in short*, *in few* words. Johnson.
So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:
" *In few;*—his death, whose spirit lent a fire," &c. Steevens.

[8] (As wealth is BURTHEN of my wooing DANCE,)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing song* had been more proper. Johnson.

[9] Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's Thousand Notable Things, and perhaps in other Collections:

As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

"39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, scarfes, laces, gold spangles, and other gaudy devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing her before she was so gorgeously trim'd up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself." *Gomesius*, lib. iii. *de Sal. Gen.* cap. 22.

FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book De Confessione Amantis. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her:

" *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
" And saw this vecke, where that she sit,
" Which was the lothest wighte
" That ever man caste on his eye:
" Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes small, and depe sette,
" Her chekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty skyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Her lippes shronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir visage.
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:
" Hir necke is shorte, hir shulders courbe,
" That might a mans luste distourbe:
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
" And shortly to descrive hir all,
" She hath no lith without a lacke,
" But like unto the woll sacke:" &c.—
" Though she be the *fouleste* of all," &c.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the Gesta Romanorum. See the Introductory Discourse to The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, vol. iv. p. 153. STEEVENS.

Affection's edge in me: were she as rough [1]
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby [2]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses [3]; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough [4],)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd [5], and froward; so beyond all measure,

[1] — were she as rough —] The old copy reads—were she *is* as rough. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[2] — aglet-baby;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point.

So, in Jeronimo, 1605:

"And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
"Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train." Steevens.

An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French historian:—"portant meme sur les *aiguillettes* [points] des petites *tetes* de mort." Malone.

[3] — as many diseases as two and fifty horses:] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!" Malone.

[4] — (and that is faults enough,) [And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is *fault* enough. Malone.

[5] — shrewd,] Here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*.

So, a little before this, p. 399:

That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well;—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks[6]. I'll tell you

"—— as curst and *shrewd*
"As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse."

The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*.

MALONE.

I believe *shrewd* only signifies *bitter, severe*. So, in As You Like It, sc. ult.:

"That have endur'd *shrewd* days and nights with us."

STEEVENS.

[6] — an he begin once, he'll rail in his ROPE-TRICKS.] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—he'll rail in his *rhetorick*; I'll tell you, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In Romeo and Juliet, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally

what, sir,—an she stand him [7] but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat [8]: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep [9] my treasure is:

signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in Hudibras:

"Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave walk."

The following passage in Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my damnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"*rope ripe* chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." Malone.

7 — STAND him —] i. e. withstand, resist him. Steevens.

8 — that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. In The Castell of Laboure, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, is the following line: "That was as *blereyed* as a cat."

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this allusion of Grumio:

"Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
"A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."

The first is in Ray's Collection, the second in Kelly's.

Steevens.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. Johnson.

Nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended. When Johnson said of himself, that at one time he read like a Turk, he certainly did not mean to be understood, that the Turks were a remarkably studious people. Boswell.

9 — in Baptista's KEEP —] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. Steevens.

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love[1]:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en[2];—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school master
Well seen in music[3], to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,

Keep is *care*. So, in Silk Wormes and their Flies:

"Yet fear thou not, it is but natures feat,
"Who nathless hath of peerless spinsters *keepe*. MALONE.

[1] And her withholds, &c.] It stood thus:

And her withholds from me,
Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

[2] Therefore this ORDER hath Baptista TA'EN;] To *take order* is to *take measures*. So, in Othello:

"Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[3] Well SEEN in musick,] *Seen* is *versed, practised*. So, in a very ancient comedy called The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art:

"Sum would have you *seen* in stories,
"Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
"Sum will move you to reade Scripture.
"Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. ii.:

"Well *seene* in every science that mote bee."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 19th Iliad:

"Seven ladies *excellently seen* in all Minerva's skill."

STEEVENS.

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand[4];
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go[5]. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

[4] — at any hand;] i. e. at all events. So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"—let him fetch off his drum, *in any hand*." STEEVENS.

[5] To whom they go.] The old copy reads—To whom they go *to*. STEEVENS.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!
Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca[6]:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me[7] to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-man?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son[8]:

[6] — for fair Bianca:] The old copy redundantly reads—"for *the* fair Bianca." Steevens.
[7] — help ME —] The old copy reads—help *one*. Steevens. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :
But if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang[9] ?

[8] — old Antonio's son :] The old copy reads—*Butonio's* son. Steevens.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[9] — and trumpets' clang ?] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the Paradise Lost, b. xi. v. 834, and not as a verb :

" —— an island salt and bare,
" The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews *clang*."
T. Warton.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang*, as a substantive, is used in The Noble Gentleman of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this house."

Again, in Tamburlaine, &c. 1590 :

" —— hear you the *clang*
" Of Scythian trumpets ? "—

Again, in The Cobler's Prophecy, 1594 :

" The trumpets *clang*, and roaring noise of drums."

Again, in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607 :

" Hath not the *clang* of harsh Armenian troops," &c.

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567 :

" Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boystus sounde and shryll
" Of trumpetes *clang* the stalles was not accustomed to fill."

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear [1],
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs [2].

Gru. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

Enter Tranio, bravely apparell'd; and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aside to Tranio,*] he you mean [3]?

Lastly, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's epistle from Medea to Jason:

"Doleful to me than is the trumpet's *clang*."

The trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. Steevens.

[1] — so great a blow to the ear,] The old copy reads—to *hear*. Steevens.

This aukward phrase could never come from Shakspeare. He wrote, without question:

—— so great a blow to *th' ear*. Warburton.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. Malone.

So, in King John:

"Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
"But *buffets* better than a fist of France." Steevens.

[2] — with bugs.] i. e. with *bug-bears*.

So, in Cymbeline:

"—— are become
"The mortal *bugs* o' the field." Steevens.

Tra. Even he, Biondello[4].
Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——[5]
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

[3] He that has the two fair daughters, &c.] This speech should rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus:

"*Tra.* Even he. Biondello!
"*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her *too*."

TYRWHITT.

[4] Even he, Biondello.] Mr. Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus:—"Even he. Biondello!" But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech, is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses Tranio: "—is't he you mean?"

MALONE.

[5] — You mean not her TO —] I believe, an abrupt sentence was intended; or perhaps Shakspeare might have written—her to *woo*. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, nowever, will not complete the metre. I incline, therefore, to my first supposition. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat[6],
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,

[6] —this FEAT,] The old copy reads—this *seek*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon [5],
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law [6],—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone [7].

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

5 Please ye we may CONTRIVE this afternoon,] Mr. Theobald asks what they were to contrive? and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place*, and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*. As in this passage of Spenser:

"Three ages such as mortal men *contrive*."

Fairy Queen, b. xi. ch. ix. WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out*, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure. JOHNSON.

So, in Damon and Pithias, 1571:

"In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
"Full many a year," &c.

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the Hecyra of Terence: "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

6 — as ADVERSARIES do in LAW,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but *barristers*, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their *clients* seldom "eat and drink with their adversaries as friends." MALONE.

7 — FELLOWS, let's begone.] *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself [8]
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds [9],
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee [1], tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair [2].

BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?

[8] — nor WRONG yourself,] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Master Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

[9] — but for these other GAWDS,] The old copy reads—these other *goods*. STEEVENS.

This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

[1] — I charge THEE,] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[2] — to keep you FAIR.] I wish to read—to keep you *fine*. But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding [3] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.

Kath. Will you not suffer me [4]? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell [5].
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* Katharina.

3 —hilding—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch;* it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. Johnson.

4 Will you not suffer me?] The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c. The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

5 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-ward, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in Much Ado About Nothing: "Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take six-pence in earnest of the *bear-ward*, and lead his *apes* to hell." Malone.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. Steevens.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, *with* Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;* Petruchio, *with* Hortensio *as a Musician; and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* Hortensio,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward [3].

Pet. O, pardon me, signor Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.——
Neighbour [7], this is a gift [8] very grateful, I am sure

[6] Beccare! you are marvellous forward.] We must read—*Baccalare;* by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. Warburton.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, Epigrams upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,
"Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,
"Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his Old Sawes and Adages: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. Farmer.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of The Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567:

"Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you must stand apart:
"You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary."

Again, in John Lyly's Midas, 1592: "The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, *Backare*."

Again, in John Grange's Golden Aphroditis, 1577: "— yet wrested he so his effeminate bande to the siege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare*, *Baccare*." Steevens.

[7] Neighbour,] The old copy has—*neighbours.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [9], [*Presenting* LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO,] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRA. Pardon me sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—

[8] I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift —] The old copy gives the passage as follows:

" I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse
" Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift —" STEEVENS.

This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus:—I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

[9] I freely give unto you this young scholar,] Our modern editors had been long content with the following sophisticated reading:—*free leave give to this young scholar* —. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads —*freely give unto* this young scholar. We should read, I believe:

I freely give unto *you* this young scholar,
That hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

If this emendation wanted any support, it might be had in the preceding part of this scene, where Petruchio, presenting Hortensio to Baptista, uses almost the same form of words:

" And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
" *I* do *present you* with a man of mine,
" Cunning in musick," &c.

Free leave give, &c. was the absurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books [1]:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name [2]? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report;
I know him well [3]: you are very welcome, sir.—

[1] — this small packet of Greek and Latin books:] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

[2] LUCENTIO is your name?] How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

[3] I know him well:] It appears in a subsequent part of this play, that Baptista was not *personally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce;* for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, *I know him well,* must mean,—I know well who he is. Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his sake:"—where they must have the same meaning; viz. *I know who he was;* for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of this play.

Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus:

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well.—

But it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both [4],
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo [5].
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Again, in Timon of Athens: "We *know him* for no less, though we are but strangers to him." MALONE.

[4] — and tell them both] The second folio reads more metrically:

"To my two daughters; and *then* tell them both,"

But as lines similar to that in the text are of frequent occurrence, I have made no alteration. MALONE.

[5] And every day I cannot come to woo,] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled The Ingenious Braggadocio;

"And I cannot come every day to wooe."

It appears also from a quotation in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled the Woer:

"Iche praye you good mother tell our young dame
"Whence I am come, and what is my name;
"*I cannot come a woing every day.*" STEEVENS.

Her widowhood[6],—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou can'st not break her to the lute?

[6] ——— I'll assure her OF
Her widowhood,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood. The reading of the old copy is harsh to our ears, but it might have been the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*on* her widowhood. In the old copies *on* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded, through the printers' inattention. STEEVENS.

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets [7],
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack [8]; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had [9] studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;—
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

7 — her FRETS,] A *fret* is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

8 And—TWANGLING JACK;] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the precise meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in Magnificence, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Rastell:

" —— ye wene I were some hafter,
" Or ellys some *jangelynge jacke* of the vale." STEEVENS.

To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition. HENLEY.

Twangling Jack is, *mean, paltry* lutanist. MALONE.

9 — she had —] In the old copy these words are accidentally transposed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* *Baptista*, *Gremio*, *Tranio*, *and* *Hortensio*.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew[1]:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter *Katharina*.

Good-morrow, Kate[2]; for that's your name, I hear.

[1] As morning roses newly WASH'D WITH DEW:] So, Milton in his L'Allegro:

"There on beds of violets blue,
"And fresh-blown roses *wash'd in dew*."

So, in Barnaby Riche's Farewell to Militarie Profession:

"——lamenting with *teares* that trickled down her cheekes, like *droppes of dew* upon roses in a Maie morning."

So also, in the old Taming of a Shrew, as Mr. Todd observes:

"As glorious as the morning *washt with dew*." MALONE.

[2] Good-morrow, Kate; &c.] Thus, in the original play:

"*Feran*. Twenty good-morrows to my lovely Kate.
"*Kate*. You jeast I am sure; is she yours already?
"*Feran*. I tel thee Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.
"*Kate*. The divel you do; who told you so?
"*Feran*. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
"Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.
"*Kate*. Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this?
"*Feran*. I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.
"*Kate*. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
"Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.
"*Feran*. I prithy do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
of hearing [3];
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)

" And I like thee better, for I would have thee so.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, sir, no; the woodcocke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.
" *Alfon.* How now, Ferando? what [says] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
" *Alfon.* Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand,
" To him that I have chosen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainsicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turnes aside and speaks.*
" But yet I will consent and marry him,
" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide,)
" And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
" *Alfon.* Give me thy hand: Ferando loves thee well,
" And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
" Here Ferando, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next shall be your wedding-day.
" *Feran.* Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you.
" Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
" For I must hie me to my country-house
" In haste, to see provision may be made
" To entertaine my Kate when she doth come," &c.

STEEVENS.

[3] Well have you HEARD, but something HARD of hearing;] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what's a moveable?

KATH. A joint-stool[4].

PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade, sir[5], as you, if me you mean.

PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should buz.

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard[6].

[4] A joint-stool.] This is a proverbial expression:

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."

See Ray's Collection. It is likewise repeated as a proverb in Mother Bombie, a comedy, by Lyly, 1594, and by the Fool in King Lear. STEEVENS.

[5] No such JADE, SIR,] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However, there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in Soliman and Perseda, Piston says of Basilisco, "He just like a *knight!* He'll just like a *jade*." FARMER.

So, before, p. 409: "I know *he'll* prove a *jade*." MALONE.

[6] Ay, for a turtle; AS he takes a buzzard.] Perhaps we may read better—

Ay, for a turtle, *and* he takes a buzzard.

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in The Three Lords of London, 1590:

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven[7].
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

"——hast no more skill,
"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

7 — a CRAVEN.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. So, in Rhodon and Iris, 1631:

"That he will pull the *craven* from his nest." STEEVENS.

Craven was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See note on 'Tis Pity She's a Whore. Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 10, edit. 1780. REED.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command[8].

[8] Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.] This is exactly the Παρσάμενος επιτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90, and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. Tyrwhitt.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm [9].
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you [1], I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate [2]

9 *Pet.* Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you WARM.] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady:
"——your house has been kept *warm*, sir.
"I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are *wise* too."
Again, in our poet's Much Ado About Nothing:
"—— that if he has *wit* enough to keep himself *warm*."
STEEVENS.

1 — NILL you,] So, in The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:
"*Will* you or *nill* you, you must yet go in."
Again, in Damon and Pithias, 1571:
"Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I*, it must be done."
STEEVENS.

2 — a wild KATE to a Kate —] Thus the first folio.
The second folio reads:
"—— a wild *Kat* to a Kate."
The modern editors,—a wild *cat*. BOSWELL.

Conformable, as other houshold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAP. Now,
Signior Petruchio: how speed you with
My daughter?
PET. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.
BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
KATH. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel[3];
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

[3] — a second GRISSEL; &c.] So, in The Fair Maid of Bristow, 1604, bl. l.:

"I will become as mild and dutiful
"As ever *Grissel* was unto her lord,
"And for my constancy as Lucrece was."

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May [March] 28, 1599, called "The Plaie of Patient Grissel." Bocaccio was the first known writer of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale. STEEVENS.

The story of *Grisel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast [4], protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see [5],

[4] —KISS ON KISS
She VIED so fast,] So, in the old play:
"Redoubling *kiss on kiss* upon thy cheeks." MALONE.
Vye and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, "time *revyes* us," which has been unnecessarily altered. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from the original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says: "We must not permit *vying* and *revying* upon one another." FARMER.
It appears from a passage in Greene's Tu Quoque, that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the game of *Gleek*—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it;"—"nor I."
The same expression occurs in Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1632:
"All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,
"For every silver hair upon my head,
"A piece of gold." STEEVENS.
Vie and *Revie* were terms at Primero, the fashionable game in our author's time. See Florio's Second Frutes, quarto, 1591: "S. Let us play at Primero then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, sir, I hould it, and *revye* it."
To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.
[5] —'tis a world to see,] i. e. *it is wonderful to see.* This ex-

How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [6] can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match [7].

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

---

pression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers. So, in Holinshed, vol. i. p. 209: "*It is a world to see* how many strange heartes," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] A MEACOCK wretch —] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1604:

"A woman's well holp up with such a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640:

"They are like my husband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in Apius and Virginia, 1575:

"As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a *meacock*."

STEEVENS.

[7] — IN the match.] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry[8].
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

[8] But thine doth fry.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

"The fire of love in youthful blood,
"Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
"But for the moment burns:—
"But when crept into aged veins,
"It slowly burns, and long remains;
"It glows, and with a sullen heat,
"Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;
"And though the flame be not so great,
"Yet is the heat as strong." JOHNSON.

See also, in A Wonder, a Woman Never Vex'd, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner."

The thought, however, might originate from Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.:

"Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
"O heavenly soule in humane shape contain'd!
"Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the bravest fire,
"When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend."
STEEVENS.

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints [9],
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies [1],
Fine linen, Turky cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter [2] and brass, and all things that belong

9 — counterpoints,] So, in A Knack to Know a Knave, 1594:

"Then I will have rich *counterpoints* and musk."

These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes;* but either mode of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patchwork, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. So, in the old play where rich gifts are enumerated, we find:

"—— Arabian silkes,
"Rich Affrick spices, arras, *counterpoints*,
"Muske, cassia, sweet smelling ambergreece,
"Pearle, curtol, chrystal, jet, and ivory." MALONE.

1 — TENTS, and canopies,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches. STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. This, I suppose, to be the same as that which is termed a *field bed* in Romeus and Juliet:

"Loe here a field (she shewed a *field bed* ready dight,)
"Where you may, if you list, in armes, revenge yourself by fight." MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillon*, or *tent-bed*, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

2 Pewter —] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from The Regulations and Establishment of the House-

To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides [3] an argosy,

hold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, &c. that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This Household Book was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 188 and 189. Steevens.

[3] *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts NOT to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides —] Though all copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning, something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes: says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet she shall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole;* and consign a rich vessel to her use over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival.
Warburton.

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses [4],
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied [5].

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:

whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his subjoining;

"What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?" Heath.

4 — two GALIASSES,] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. So, in The Noble Soldier, 1634:

"— to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build *galliasses*." Steevens.

Galliass is explained by Kersey: "A great double galley." Malone.

5 — out-vied.] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. So, in Greene's Art of Coneycatching, 1592: "They draw a card, and the barnacle *vies* upon him," &c.

Again, in The Jealous Lovers, by Randolph, 1632:

"Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it;
"They will *out-vie* thy pleasures." Steevens.

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester[6], your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten[7].

[6] Sirrah, young GAMESTER,] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talked of *out-vying* him. See the last note. MALONE.

Gamester, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming, and only signifies—a wag, a frolicksome character. So, in King Henry VIII.:

"You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands." STEEVENS.

[7] Yet I have faced it with a CARD OF TEN.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So, Skelton:

"Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
"And so outface him with a *card of ten.*"

And, Ben Jonson, in his Sad Shepherd:

"—— a *hart of ten*
"I trow he be."

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A hart of ten has no reference to *cards*, but is an expression taken from The Laws of the Forest, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years old, he is generally called *a hart of ten*. See Forest Laws, 4to. 1598:

Again, in the Sixth Scene of The Sad Shepherd:

"—— a great large deer!
"*Rob.* What head?
"*John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expression is very common. So, in Law-Tricks, &c. 1608:

"I may be out-fac'd with *a card of ten.*"

Mr. Malone is of opinion that the phrase was "applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion."

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning[8].
[*Exit.*

notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or *dresses*. So, in Ben Jonson, in his New Inn:

"When she is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,
"Some may be *coats*, as in the cards."

Again, in May-day, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

"She had in her hand the ace of hearts and a *coat-card*. She led the board with her *coat;* I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat;* and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up started a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's When You See Me You Know Me, 1621:

"You have been at *noddy*, I see.
"Ay, and the first *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.
"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.
"Then thou must needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

[8] —If I fail not of my CUNNING.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet designed a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child shall *get* a sire."

After this, the former editors add—

"*Sly*. Sim, when will the fool come again *?
"*Sim*. Anon, my lord.
"*Sly*. Give us some more drink here; where's the tapster?
"Here, Sim, eat some of these things.
"*Sim*. I do, my lord.
"*Sly*. Here, Sim, I drink to thee."

These speeches of the presenters (as they are called,) are not in

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* —when will the fool come again?] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiadler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is [9]
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,

the folio. Mr. Pope, as in some former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, might be meant Sander the servant to Ferando, (who is the Petruchio of Shakspeare,) or Ferando himself.

It appears, however, from the following passage in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's Notable Things, edit. 1660, that it was the constant office of the fool to preserve the stage from vacancy:

"79. When Stage-plays were in use, there was in every place one that was called the *Foole;* as the Proverb saies, Like a Fool in a Play. At the Red Bull Play-house it did chance that the *Clown* or the *Fool*, being in the attireing house, was suddenly called upon the stage, for it was empty. He suddenly going, forgot his Fooles-cap. One of the players bad his boy take it, and put it on his head as he was speaking. No such matter (saies the boy,) there's no manners nor wit in that, nor wisdom neither; and my master needs no cap, for he is known to be a Fool without it, as well as with it." STEEVENS.

9 —this is —] We should read, with Sir T. Hanmer:
"But, wrangling pedant, *know* this *lady* is." RITSON.

And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[9] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To Bianca.—Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before[1],—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—

9 —no BREECHING scholar—] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in King Edward the Second, by Marlow, 1598:

"Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."

Again, in The Hog has lost his Pearl, 1614: "—— he went to fetch whips, I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."

Again, in Amends for Ladies, 1618:

"If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech'd* him." STEEVENS.

1 *Hac ibat*, as I told you before.] This species of humour, in which Latin is translated into English of a perfectly different meaning, is not uncommon among our old writers. We meet with instances in Middleton's Witch, and the same author's Chaste Maid of Cheapside. So, in Nashe's Four Letters Confuted, 1593: "*Curæ leves loquuntur*, he hath but a little care to look to. *Majores stupent*, more living would make him study more." MALONE.

Priami, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon [2].

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear ;— [*Hortensio plays.*

O fye ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule [3], I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust [4].

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax [5],—call'd so from his grandfather.

[2] —pantaloon.] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

[3] *Pedascule*,] He should have said *Didascale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it*. STEEVENS.

[4] In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers ; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

[5] —for, sure, *Æacides*, &c.] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, book xiii. :

" —— The highest Jove of all
" Acknowledgeth this *Æacus*, and dooth his sonne him call.
" Thus am I *Ajax* third from Jove." STEEVENS.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters[6], take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To Lucentio,*] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal: for, but I be deceiv'd[7],
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions[8].

[6] Good MASTERS,] Old copy—*master*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] —BUT I be deceiv'd,] *But* has here the signification of *unless*. MALONE.

[8] To CHANGE true rules for ODD inventions.] The old copy reads—To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions: The former emendation was made by the editor of the second folio; the latter by

Enter a Servant[9].

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To Tranio,*] this is the 'pointed day

Mr. Theobald. *Old*, however may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote:

To change *new* rules for old inventions:

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.

The same error of the press however has happened in all the quarto copies of King Richard III. except the first:

"Eighty *old* years of sorrow have I seen"

This therefore is a sufficient ground for Theobald's emendation. Malone.

9 *Enter a Servant.*] The old copy reads—*Enter a* Messenger—who, at the beginning of his speech is called—*Nicke*. Ritson.

Meaning, I suppose, *Nicholas Tooley*. See Mr. Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage. Steevens.

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen [9];
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns [1];
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

9 — full of SPLEEN;] That is, full of *humour*, *caprice*, and *inconstancy*. JOHNSON.

So, in The First Part of King Henry IV.:

"A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen*."

M. MASON.

1 Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns;] *Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion—

"Make friends, invite, *yes*, and proclaim, &c." MALONE.

For such an injury would vex a very saint [2],
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour [3].

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news [4], and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points [5]: His horse

[2] — vex a saint,] The old copy redundantly reads—vex a *very* saint. STEEVENS.

[3] — of THY impatient humour.] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[4] — old news,] These words were added by Mr. Rowe, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken; *old laughing—old utis*, &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspeare. See note on Henry IV. P. II. Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

[5] — a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with TWO BROKEN POINTS:] How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced *with two broken points;* an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless. JOHNSON.

hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred[6]: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives[7], stark spoiled with the staggers,

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the doublet.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

" — that have been CANDLE-CASES" That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to tir first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other place, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, The Case is Alter'd, How?—"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor *candle-cases*."

And again, in How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:

"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*." STEEVENS.

[6] — the stirrups of NO KINDRED:] So, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. iii.: "To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him have reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very brave bases; but all comming from divers horses, neither in colour nor fashion showing *any kindred* one with the other." STEEVENS.

[7] — infected with the FASHIONS,—past cure of the FIVES.] *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

"*Fives*." So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

Shakspeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600:

"*Shad*. What shall we learn by travel?

"*Andel*. *Fashions*.

"*Shad*. That's a *beastly disease*."

Again, in The New Ordinary, by Brome:

"My old beast is infected with the *fashions*, fashion-sick."

Again, in Decker's Guls Hornbook, 1609: "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and *horses* died of it." STEEVENS.

begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back [8], and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before [9], and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure [1], which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock [2] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather [3]:

[8] — SWAYED in the back,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 28th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. iv. p. 300: "— for let them be *swaied in the backe*, or hipped by some stripe," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] — NE'ER legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrained to keep him from *stumbling*,"—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse. MALONE.

[1] — crupper of VELURE,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in The World Tossed at Tennis, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lined soldier (with valour,
"Not *velure*,) keep me warm."

Again, in The Noble Gentleman, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— an old hat,
"Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.

[2] — stock —] i. e. stocking. So, in Twelfth-Night: "— it [his leg] does indifferent well in a flame-coloured *stock*."
STEEVENS.

[3] — an old hat, and THE HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES pricked in't for a feather:] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that

a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions, and he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In Much Ado About Nothing, he makes Benedick say: "Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in Troilus and Cressida, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour: "There never was a truer rhyme; let's cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it." WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So, Peacham, in his Worth of a Penny, describing "an indigent and discontented soldat," says, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake. This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but some fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's Epigrams, 1598, may also add support to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnash a bricke,
"Or some *pied colours* in my bonnet *sticke*."

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. So, in Sapho and Phao, 1591: "I must now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*."

So, in Goffe's Careless Shepherdess, 1656.

"'Cause you sell *fancies*, and can cast account,
"Do you think your brain conceives poetick numbers?"

If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them.

The term to *prick in* is used by Bacon in the same sense as it is in this passage:—"Let it appear that he doth not change his country manners, for those of foreign parts; but only *prick in* some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country." *Essaies or Counsels*, 4to. 1625, p. 104.

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have strengthened his supposition by ob-

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.
Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe er he comes.
Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes ?
Bion. Who ? that Petruchio came ?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir ; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio[4].

Pet. Come, where be these gallants ? who is at home ?

serving, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in The Second Part of King Henry IV.: " — sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty Fancies* a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie. —A Paradise of Dainty Devises.—The Arbor of Amorous Conceits.—The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.—The Forest of Histories.—The Ordinary of Humors, &c. Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant. Steevens.

[4] *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*] Thus, in the original play:
" *Enter Ferando, basely attired, and a red cap on his head.*
" *Feran.* Good morrow, father: Polidor well met,
" You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long,
" *Alfon.* Yea, marry sonne: we were almost persuaded
" That we should scarce have had our bridegroome heere:
" But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
" *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you should have saide;
" For when my wife and I are married once,
" Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,

Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

" Sheele pull my costly sutes over mine ears,
" And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none must know thereof but Kate and I;
" For we shall live like lambes and lions sure:
" Nor lambes to lions never were so tame,
" If once they lie within the lions pawes,
" As Kate to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, let's to church presently.
" *Pol.* Fie, Ferando! not thus attired: for shame,
" Come to my chamber, and there suite thyselfe,
" Of twenty sutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tush, Polidor: I have as many sutes
" Fantastike made to fit my humour so,
" As any in Athens; and as richly wrought
" As was the massie robe that late adorn'd
" The stately legat of the Persian king.
" And this from them I have made choise to weare.
" *Alfon.* I prethee, Ferando, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'st unto the church with us,
" To put some other sute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world," &c. STEEVENS.

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress[5];
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love[6] concerneth us to add

[5] — to digress :] To deviate from my promise. Johnson.

[6] *Tra.* But, sir, to her love —] Mr. Theobald reads—*our* love. Steevens.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads—"But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking," which, I think, should be thus corrected:

But sir, *to her* love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking.—

Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted [7] to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent;* and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. Tyrwhitt.

The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood. A similar licence may be found in As You Like It, Act V. Sc. ult.:

"And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
"Where meeting with an old religious man,
"After some question with him, was converted."

Again, in Coriolanus;

"*Remains* that in the official marks invested,
"You anon do meet the senate."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

"The beauty that is borne here in the face
"The bearer knows not, but *commends* itself
"To others' eyes." Malone.

7 As *I* before imparted—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio; but with his usual inaccuracy was inserted in the wrong place. Malone.

The second folio reads:

"As before I imparted," &c.

As this passage is now pointed, where is the inaccuracy of it? or, if there be any, might it not have happened through the carelessness of the compositor? Steevens.

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio;
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school [8].

TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRE. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GRE. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

TRA. What said the wench, when he arose again?

GRE. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel [9],

[8] As willingly, &c.] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[9] — Quaff'd off the MUSCADEL,] It appears from this passage,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

and the following one in The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

"*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

"*Maid.* Strew, strew.

"*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.

"The priest and Hymen's ceremonies tend
"To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:

"—and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady, the wine drank on this occasion is called a "*knitting cup.*"

Again, in No Wit like a Woman's, by Middleton:

"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup.*"

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

"Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine,*
"Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenser.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady:

"Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
"The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
"Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
"Of bachelors to lead me to the church," &c.

Again, in The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household: Article—"For the Marriage of a Princess."—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to Musick by Morley, 1606:

"*Sops in wine*, spice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554: "The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." *Leland's Collect Append.* vol. iv. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo [1].
And I, seeing this [2], came thence for very shame;

I insert the following quotation merely to show that the custom remained in Shakspeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter, the 14th day of February, 1612-13, we are told by one who assisted at the ceremonial: "—In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and seconded with congratulation of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the prosperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and answered by the princess.) After which were served up by six or seven barons so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that work was consummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This custom is of very high antiquity; for it subsisted among our Gothic ancestors:—"Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ *propinat* sponsæ et simul morgennaticam [*dotalitium* ob virginitatem] promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recolens, pari ratione et modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa, *poculum*, uti nostrates vocant, *uxorium leviter delibans*, amorem, fidem, diligentiam, et subjectionem promittit." *Stiernhook de Jure Sueonum et Gothorum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

[1] And KISS'D her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the CHURCH did echo.] This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle: "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

It appears from the following passage in Marston's Insatiate Countess, that this was also part of the marriage ceremonial:

"The *kisse thou gav'st me in the church*, here take."

STEEVENS

[2] AND I, SEEING this, &c.] *Seeing*, as I have shewn by various instances in the Essay on Shakspeare's metre, was almost always used as a word of one syllable. Sir Thomas Hanmer not attend-

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you[3].

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay?

ing to this circumstance, rejected the first word in this line, in order to make it, as he supposed, metrical; and his mutilation of the text was adopted too hastily by all the subsequent editors; by the present editor among others, before he had sufficiently considered the subject. MALONE.

[3] Let me entreat you.] At the end of this speech, as well as of the next but one, a syllable is wanting to complete the measure. I have no doubt of our poet's having written—in both instances—

Let me entreat you *stay*. STEEVENS.

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse[4].
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horse[5].

[4] —my HORSE.] In this and the following speech, the reading of the old copy, *horse*, has been unnecessarily changed to *horses*. *Horse*, in our author's time, was used as a plural. So, in the old Taming of a Shrew:

"*Feran.* Sirra, go and make readie my *horse* presently.

* * * * *

"*San.* Shall I give *them* another peck of provender.
"*Feran.* Out slave, and bring *them* presently to the door."

So, in a Commemoration of Sir Philip Sidney, by B. W.:

"Some markt his stately *horse* how *they* hung down their head,
"As if they mourned for their knight that followed after dead."

We still say, a *troop of horse*. MALONE.

[5] —the oats have eaten the horse.] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. *that their heads are too big for the stable-door*. I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly expressed, as follows, in the original play:

"*Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor, and Emilia, and Aurelius and Phylema.*

"*Feran.* Father, farewel; my Kate and I must home:
"Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.
"*Alfon.* Your horse! what son, I hope you do but jest;
"I am sure you will not go so suddainely.
"*Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay;
"And not to travel on my wedding day.
"*Feran.* Tut, Kate, I tel thee we must needes go home:
"Vilaine, hast thou sadled my horse?
"*San.* Which horse? your curtall?
"*Feran.* Souns you slave, stand you prating here?
"Saddle the bay gelding for your mistris.
"*Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go.
"*San. The ostler will not let me have him: you owe tenpence*
"*For his meate, and* 6 *pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.*
"*Feran.* Here villaine; goe pay him strait.
"*San.* Shall I give them another pecke of lavender?
"*Feran.* Out slave, and bring them presently to the dore.
"*Alfon.* Why son, I hope at least you'll dine with us.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till[6] I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

" *San.* I pray you, master, lets stay til dinner be done.
" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit Sander.*
" Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as wel as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,
" Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
" *Feran.* I Kate so thou shalt, but at some other time:
" When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,
" In better sort then now we can provide;
" For heere I promise thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, Kate, stand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;
" It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*
" *Pol.* Farewell Ferando, since you will be gone.
" *Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never see," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —NOR till —] Old copy—*not* till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves :
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My houshold-stuff, my field, my barn [7],
My horse, my ox, my ass [8], my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

---

[7] My houshold stuff, my field, my barn,] This defective verse might be completed by reading, with Hanmer :

" *She is* my houshold-stuff, my field, my barn ;"

or,

" My houshold-stuff, my field, my barn, *my stable* —."

STEEVENS.

[8] — my horse,—my OX, my ASS,] Alluding to the tenth commandment : " — thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,— nor his *ox*, nor his *ass*,— " RITSON.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed [9]? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot [1], my very lips might

[9] — was ever man SO RAYED?] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewrayed*, i. e. made dirty. So, Spenser, speaking of a fountain:

"Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
"And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*."

Again, in b. iii. c. viii. st. 32:

"Who whiles the pitieous lady up did rise,
"Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy soil." TOLLET.

So, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600: "Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

[1] — a little pot, and soon hot,] This is a proverbial expression. It is introduced in The Isle of Gulls, 1606:

"— Though I be but a *little pot*, I shall be as *soon hot*, as another." STEEVENS.

freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water[2].

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis[3].

[2] — fire, fire; cast on no water.] There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Cast on some more water." BLACKSTONE.

[3] — winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and MYSELF, fellow Curtis, &c.] "*Winter*, says Grumio, tames *man*, *woman*, *and beast*; for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*, fellow *Curtis*.——Away, you three-inch fool, replies *Curtis*, *I am no beast*." Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis*, *fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis a beast* likewise Malvolio takes this sense of the word: "let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonson's Case is Atered: "What says my *Fellow*

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool[4]! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least[5]. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Onion?" quoth Christophero,—"All of a house," replies Onion, "but not *fellows*."

In the old play, called The Return from Parnassus, we have a curious passage, which shows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden spouts—very illiterate*. "Few of the university (says Kempe) pen plays well; *they* smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metaphorphosis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakspeare* puts them all down."

FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill wintering, tame both man and beast."

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[4] Away, you THREE-INCH fool!] i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself: "Now, were not I a *little pot* —." His answer likewise: "— and so *long* am I, at the least,"—shows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's *skull*. MALONE.

[5] — why, THY horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least.] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my* horn. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

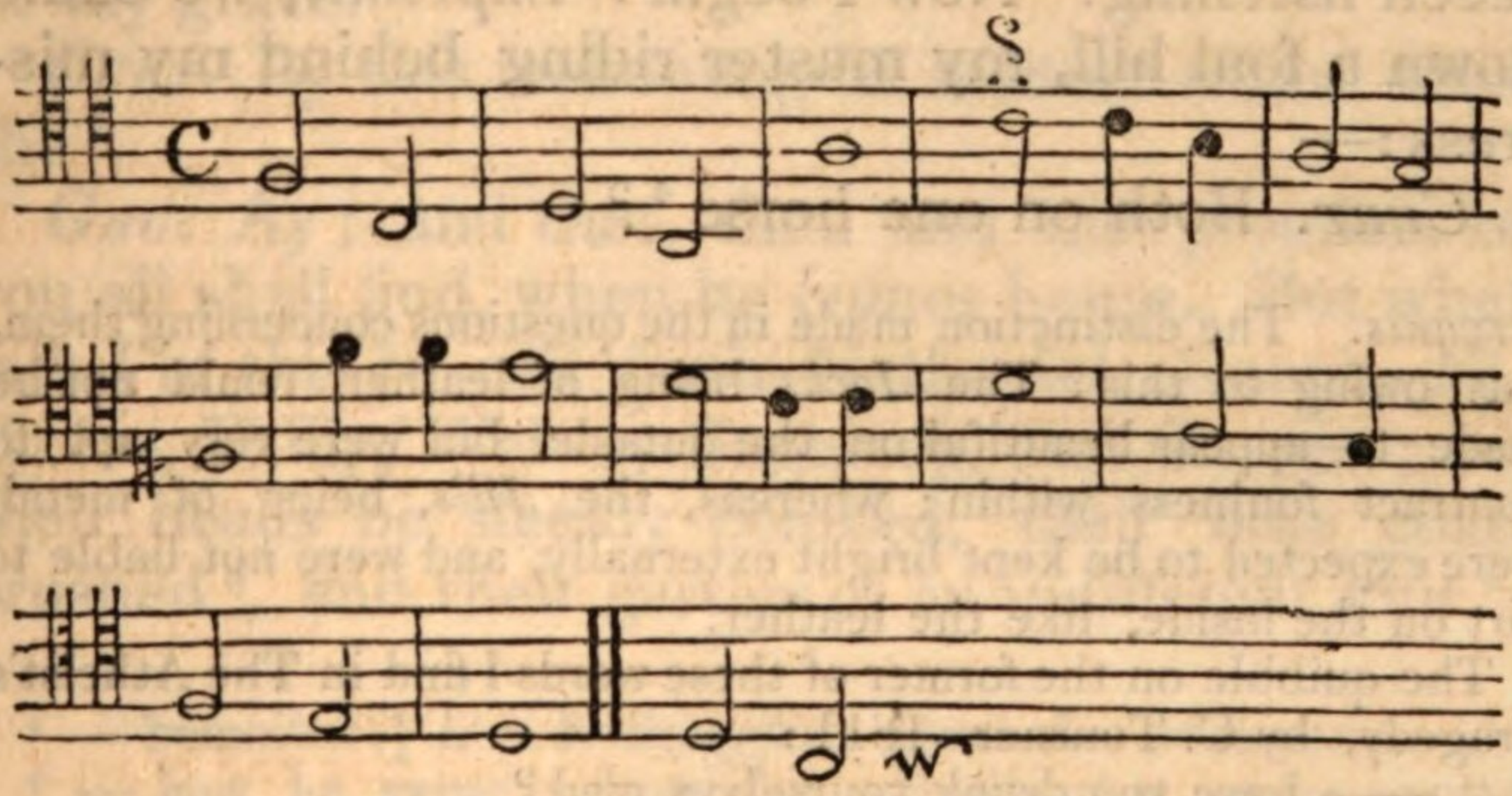
Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy*[6]*!* and as much news as thou wilt[7].

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings[8], and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without[9], the carpets laid[1] and every thing in order?

[6] — *Jack by! ho boy!*] Is the beginning of an old round in three parts:



Sir J. Hawkins.

[7] — as thou wilt.] Old copy—*wilt thou.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[8] — their white stockings,] The old copy reads—*the* white. —Corrected by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

[9] — Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,] i. e. are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dressed? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

Are the *Jacks* fair *without*, and the *Jills* fair *within?*

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not. Warburton.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: "Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dressed; and the maids, who are waiting within, dressed too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid*

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news [2]?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is [3] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse [4]?

servants. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in The Atheist's Tragedy, by C. Tourner, 1611:

"—— have you drunk yourselves mad?

"1. *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

"*D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

Again, in the Puritan, 1607: "I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident.

STEEVENS.

[1] — the carpets laid,] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

[2] — I pray THEE, news?] I believe the author wrote—I pray, *thy* news. MALONE.

[3] This IS —] Old copy—This *'tis* —. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] — ON one horse?] The old copy reads—*of* one horse? STEEVENS.

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled[5]; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before[6]! how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst[7]; how I lost my crupper; —with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she[8].

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed[9], and their garters of an indifferent knit[1]:

5 —bemoiled;] i. e. *be-draggled; bemired.* Steevens.

6 — how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before;] These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of King Leir, published before that of Shakspeare. Steevens.

7 —was BURST:] i. e. *broken.* So, in the first scene of this play: "You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst?*" Steevens.

8 —he is more SHREW than she.] The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 66:

"Lest that lurdeynes come skulkynge oute
"For ever they have bene *shrewes*," &c. Steevens.

9 —their BLUE COATS brushed,] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's Belman's Night Walkes, sig. E 3: "—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." Again, in The

let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Curtain Drawer of the World, 1612, p. 2: "Not a *serving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy." Reed.

' — garters of an INDIFFERENT knit:] What is the sense of this, I know not, unless it means, that their *garters* should be *fellows; indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other.

Johnson.

This is rightly explained. So, in Hamlet:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth."

Again, in King Richard II.:

"Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye."

i. e. an impartial one.

In Donne's Paradoxes, p. 56, Dr. Farmer observes, that we find "one *indifferent* shoe;" meaning, I suppose, a shoe that would fit either the right or left foot.

So, in Reynolds's God's Revenge Against Murder, b. v. hist. 22: "Their sister Ceciliana (aged of some twenty years,) was of an *indifferent* height, but growing to corpulency and fatness."

Steevens.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant *parti-coloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. Thus Speed, (Hist. of Gr. Brit. p. 770,) describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says, "—the face of these hoasts were diverse and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, or The Marriage of the Arts, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs: "Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red silk stockings, and *parti-coloured garters*." Malone.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.
Phil. How now, Grumio ?
Jos. What, Grumio !
Nich. Fellow Grumio !
Nath. How now, old lad ?
Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ; what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?
Nath. All things is ready [2] : How near is our master ?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence !——I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina [3].

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door [4],

[2] All things is ready :] Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper ; because the language suits the character. Malone.

[3] *Enter Petruchio*, &c.] Thus, the original play :

" *Enter Ferando and Kate.*

" *Ferand.* Now welcome Kate. Wheres these villaines,
" Heere ? what, not supper yet upon the boord !
" Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all !
" Where's that villaine that I sent before ?
" *San.* Now, adsum, sir.
" *Feran.* Come hither you villaine ; Ile cut your nose
" You rogue : help me off with my bootes : wil't please
" You to lay the cloth ? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote : pull easily I say : yet againe ?
[*He beats them all. They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*
" Sowns, burnt and scorch't ! who drest this meate ?
" *Will.* Forsooth, John Cooke.
[*He throwes down the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.*

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me such meate?
" Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence.
" Come, Kate, wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?
" *San.* I, forsooth. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*
" *Manent serving men, and eate up all the meate.*
" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my master's madde since he was married.
" *Will.* I laft what a box he gave Sander
" For pulling off his bootes?

" *Enter Ferando again.*

" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.
" *Feran.* Did you so, you damned villaine?
[*He beates them all out again.*
" This humour must I hold to me a while,
" To bridle and holde back my head-strong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:
" Nor sleep nor meate shall she enjoy to-night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:
" Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength
" As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
" That king Egeus fed with flesh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre." [*Exit.*

STEEVENS.

[4] — at DOOR,] *Door* is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat [5],
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*
Where is the life that late I led [6]— [Sings.
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud [7]!

[5] —no LINK to colour Peter's hat,] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his Mihil Mumchance, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Where*, &c.] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of Where is the life that late I led. RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled A Handeful of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets, &c. by Clement Robinson, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth himselfe to be her captive, intituled, Where is the life that late I led:

"The life that erst thou led'st, my friend,
"Was pleasant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

[7] Soud, soud, &c.] That is, *sweet, sweet*. *Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is *to sing sweetly*. JOHNSON.

So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:
"He'll hang handsome young men for the *soote* sinne of love."
STEEVENS.

These words seem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or some kind of ejaculation, for which it is not necessary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?
It was the friar of orders grey[8], [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue[9]! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither[1]:—
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash[2], and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

[8] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[9] Out, OUT, you rogue!] The second word was inserted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the same line, the compositor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

[1] And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

[2] Come, Kate, and WASH,] It was the custom in our author's

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's Select Papers, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of King Henry VII.] was retourned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591: "C. The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first.—What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland: "Bring some water (says one of the company,) when dinner is ended, to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash."

That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous Adventures, by Anthony Mundy, 1580: Then was our *supper* brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my handes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." Malone.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. Steevens.

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.*

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd[3],

[3] — full-gorg'd, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in The Tragedie of Crœsus, 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleasures,
"At random flies, and wots not where he is."

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [4],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites [5],
That bate [6], and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend [7],
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

Again, in The Booke of Haukyng, bl. l. no date:
"—ye shall say your hauke is *full-gorg'd*, and not cropped."
The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

[4] —to MAN my HAGGARD,] A *haggard* is a *wild-hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

[5] —WATCH her, as we WATCH these kites,] Thus, in the same book of Haukyng, &c. bl. l. commonly called, The Book of St. Albans: "And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."
Again, in The Lady Errant, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildness."
STEEVENS.

[6] That BATE,] i. e. flutter. So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:
"*Bated* like eagles having lately bath'd." STEEVENS.
To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

[7] —amid this hurly, I INTEND,] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. So, in King Richard III.:
"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." MALONE.

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II [8].

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca [9]

[8] Scene II. Padua, &c.] This scene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I cannot pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* Act: in doing which, he has shown the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, called ὕστερον πρότερον, but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio, in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio, whom he was to personate: but his second *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit;* and without any interval of an *Act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipped like Vincentio. If such a critic be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order in which I found them in the old books.

THEOBALD.

[9] — that Bianca —] Mr. Steevens omits *mistress* as redundant, but the metre is as good here as in the next page:

" You that durst swear that your *mistress* Bianca
" Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio."

BOSWELL.

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry[1]! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none[2] in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion[3]:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

[1] Quick PROCEEDERS, marry!] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[2] Lov'd NONE —] Old copy—Lov'd *me*.—Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

[3] — cullion:] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning; a *despicable fellow*, a *fool*, &c. So, in Tom Tyler and his Wife, bl. l.:

" It is an old saying Praise at parting.
" I think I have made the *cullion* to wring." STEEVENS.

" *Coglione*," says Florio, " a *cuglion*, a gull, a meacock."
MALONE.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal [4].

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

[4] That I have fondly flatter'd HER withal.] The old copy reads —*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her[5].
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue[6].

Enter Biondello, *running*.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[7] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

[5] Ay, and he'll tame her, &c.] Thus, in the original play:
" —— he means to tame his wife ere long.
" *Val.* Hee saies so.
" *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.
" *Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?
" *Aurel.* I; and Ferando is the maister of the schoole."
STEEVENS.

[6] — CHARM her chattering tongue.] So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:
" Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
STEEVENS.

[7] An ancient ANGEL —] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.
It is true that the word *enghle*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is sometimes used by Ben Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspeare. I have also reason to suppose that the true import of the word *enghle* is such as can have no connection with this passage, and will not bear explanation.
Angel primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense

Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant[8],

is inapplicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in The Sad Shepherd:

"—— the dear good *angel* of the spring,
"The nightingale —."

And Chapman, in his translation of Homer, always calls a messenger an *angel*. See particularly b. xxiv.

In The Scornful Lady of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called:

"—— old *angel* of gold."

It is possible however, that instead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whose business it was to negociate money. He is afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and professes himself to be one who has bills of exchange about him.

Steevens.

Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's Poetaster, is decidedly in favour of *enghle*, with Hanmer's explanation, and has supported it by referring us to Gascoigne's Supposes, from which Shakspeare (as he remarks) took this part of his plot: "There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakspeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges, *from appearances*, that he has found him, and is not deceived:" "At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and as *methought by his habit and his looks, he should be none of the wisest*." Again, "This gentleman being, *as I guessed at the first*, a man of small sapientia;" and Dulippo (the Lucentio of Shakspeare,) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, "Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, *he looks like a good soul;* he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead."

Boswell.

[8] Master, a MERCATANTE, or a PEDANT,] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings." Steevens.

"Mercatantè." So, Spenser, in the third Book of his Fairy Queen:

"Sleeves dependant Albanesè wise."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his Othello. Farmer.

"— pedant," Charron, the sage Charron, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant*, as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father[9].
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone[1].

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See Charron on Wisdom, 4to. 1640: Lennard's Translation, p. 158. REED.

9 — SURELY like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker; however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

The editor of the second folio reads—*surly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the Pedant, in support of the emendation:

"'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,
"With such *austerity* as *'longeth* to a *father*." MALONE.

1 Take IN your love, and then let me alone.] The old copies exhibit this line as follows, disjoining it from its predecessors:

"*Par.* Take *me* your love, and then let me alone." STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

To come to Padua [2]; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens [3].

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

[2] 'Tis death for any one in Mantua, &c.] So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"—— if any Syracusan born
"Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies." Steevens.

[3] Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.] This line has been already used by Lucentio. See Act I. Sc. I. Ritson.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance [4] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you [5].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio [6].

Gru. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

[4] To pass assurance —] *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this Act: "— they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*." Malone.

[5] Go with me, sir, &c.] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*sir*. Steevens.

"Go with me, &c." There is an old comedy called Supposes, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewise, he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a Scenæse, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from Sienna to Ferrara, contrary to the order of the government. Farmer.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of Licio. Malone.

[6] *Enter Katharina and Grumio.*] Thus the original play:

"*Enter Sander and his mistris.*

"*San.* Come, mistris.
"*Kate.* Sander, I prethee helpe me to some meat;
"I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

" *San.* I marry mistris: but you know my maister
" Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
" But that which he himself giveth you.
" *Kate.* Why man, thy master needs never know it.
" *San.* You say true, indeed. Why looke you, mistris;
" What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?
" *Kate.* Why, I say, 'tis excellent meat; canst thou helpe me to some?
" *San.* I, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt
" The mustard is too chollerick for you.
" But what say you to a sheepes head and garlike?
" *Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.
" *San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke: and then my master will course me for letting you eate it. But what say you to a fat capon?
" *Kate.* That's meat for a king; sweete Sander help me to some of it.
" *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we must not meddle with the king's meate.
" *Kate.* Out villaine! dost thou mocke me?
" Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beates him.*
" *San.* Sounes are you so light-fingred, with a murrin;
" Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.
" *Kate.* I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the flesh off
" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.
" *San.* Here comes my master now: heele course you.

" *Enter Ferando with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and Polidor with him.*

" *Feran.* See here, Kate, I have provided meat for thee:
" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
" Go, sirha, take it away againe, you shall be
" Thankful for the next you have.
" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.
" *Feran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, sirha, and take it hence, I say.
" *San.* Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence: Master, let hir
" Have none; for she can fight, as hungry as she is.
" *Pol.* I pray you, sir, let it stand; for ile eat
" Some with her myselfe.
" *Feran.* Well, sirha, set it downe againe.
" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keepe it for your own diet, for ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:
" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat[7]:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

" Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
" For I will home againe unto my father's house.
" *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:
" I know your stomache is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat:
" And I will go unto your father's house.
" Come Polidor, let us go in againe;
" And Kate come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I shall lovingly agree."

The circumstance of Ferando bringing meat to Katharine on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's Tamburlaine, who treats Bajazet in the same manner. STEEVENS.

[7] I fear, it is too CHOLERICK a meat:] So, before:

" And I expressly am forbid to touch it;
" For it engenders *choler*."

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*,

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little [8].
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort [9]?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

and preserves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from φλεγμονὴ, might anciently have been a word in physical use, signifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at present. Steevens.

[8] Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In The Glass of Humours, no date, p. 60, it is said, "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, *scorched*, *dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roasted mutton. Reed.

[9] — What, sweeting, all amort?] This gallicism is common to many of the old plays. So, in Wily Beguiled:

"Why how now, Sophos, all *amort?*"

Again, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"What all *amort!* What's the matter?" Steevens.

That is, all sunk and dispirited. Malone.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof[1]:——
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things[2];
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

[1] And all my pains is SORTED to no proof:] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it *sorted* not." *Bacon.* JOHNSON.

[2] —farthingales, and THINGS;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the word *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. Sc. V.: when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

"We will have rings and *things*, and fine array."

Again, in The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings," &c.

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve a particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure [3].

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments [4];

[3] —with his RUFFLING treasure.] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *rustling*, I think, without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play—"*Prouder* than *rustling*, in unpaid for silk;" but *ruffling* is sometimes used in *nearly* the same sense. Thus, in King Lear:

"——the bleak winds
"Do sorely *ruffle*."

There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time signified a *noisy* and turbulent swaggerer; and the word *ruffling* is here applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in King Henry VI. P. II.:

"And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
"That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,
"As strangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appositely, in Camden's Remaines, 1605: "There there was a nobleman merrily conceited and riotously given, that having lately solde a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new sute*, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe."

Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk; and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited;* in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. Petruchio has just before told Katharine that she "should revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of plaited, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one from Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1580: "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with roabes?"

Again, in Drayton's Battaile of Agincourt, 1627:

"With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the sky." MALONE.

[4] Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. So, in the Epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to Euphues and his England, by John Lyly, 1580: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you

Enter Haberdasher[5].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering." MALONE.

5 *Enter Haberdasher.*] Thus, in the original play:

" *San.* Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistris home hir cap here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, sirha: what have you there?

" *Haber.* A velvet cap, sir, and it please you.

" *Feran.* Who spoke for it? Didst thou, Kate?

" *Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, sirha, give me the cap; ile see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

" *Feran.* O monstrous! why it becomes thee not.
" Let me see it, Kate: here, sirha, take it hence;
" This cap is out of fashion quite.

" *Kate.* The fashion is good inough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

" *Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,
" To have thee put on such a curtald cap:
" Sirha, begone with it.

" *Enter the Taylor, with a gowne.*

" *San.* Here is the Taylor too with my mistris gowne.

" *Feran.* Let me see it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?
" Sounes, thou villaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

" *Taylor.* Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction;
" You may read the note here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, sirha: Taylor, read the note.

" *Taylor.* Item, a faire round compass'd cape.

" *San.* I, that's true.

" *Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeve.

" *San.* That's a lie maister; I said two truncke sleeves.

" *Feran.* Well, sir, go forward.

" *Taylor.* Item, a loose-bodied gowne.

" *San.* Maister, if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
" Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
" With a bottom of browne thred.

" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

" *San.* I say the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou sayest it.

" *Taylor.* Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirha, for I feare you not.

" *San.* Doost thou heare, Tailor? thou hast braved many men:
" Brave me not. Th'ast fac'd many men.

" *Taylor.* Wel, sir.

" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer [6] ;
A velvet dish ;—fye, fye ! 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it well inough ;
" Heere's more adoe than needes ; I'le have it, I ;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies :
" I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.
" *Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use !
" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life ; touch it not :
" Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use !
" *Feran.* Well, sir, what's your conceit of it ?
" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use !
" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither ; for this time make it :
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
" *Taylor.* I thanke you, sir. [*Exit Tailer.*
" *Feran.* Come, Kate, wee now will go see thy father's house,
" Even in these honest meane abiliments :
" Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage ;
" And that's inough, what should we care for more ?
" Thy sisters, Kate, to-morrow must be wed,
" And I have promised them thou should'st be there :
" The morning is well up ; let's haste away ;
" It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
" *Kate.* Nine a clocke ! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in the towne.
" *Feran.* I say 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
" *Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
" *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your fathers :
" Come backe againe ; we will not go to day :
" Nothing but crossing me stil ?
" Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] — on a PORRINGER ;] The same thought occurs in King Henry VIII. : " —rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak[7];
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin[8], a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

[7] Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.] Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. Warburton.

[8] A custard-coffin,] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. So, in Ben Jonson's Staple of News:

" ——— if you spend
" The red deer pies in your house, or sell them forth, sir,
" Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed:

" And *coffin'd in crust* 'till now she was hoary."

Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, has a similar term for a woman's cap: " — for all her velvet *custard* on her head."

Steevens.

Again, in a receipt to bake lampreys. MS. Book of Cookery, Temp. Hen. 6:

" — and then cover the *coffyn*, but save a litell hole to blow into the *coffyn*, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly stoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the *coffyn* that it falle nott down." Douce.

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[9] in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,

9 — censer —] *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices. JOHNSON.

In King Henry VI. P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *censer*." MALONE.

I learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. See note on King Henry IV. P. II. Act V. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

Thou thread, thou thimble[1],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee[2] with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things[3].

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men[4]; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces[5]: *ergo*, thou liest.

[1] Thou THREAD, thou thimble,] We should only read:

O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.

He calls him afterwards—a skein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[2] — be-METE —] i. e. be-*measure* thee. STEEVENS.

[3] — FACED many things.] i. e. *turned up* many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in King Henry IV.:

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With some fine colour." STEEVENS.

[4] — BRAVED many men;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

[5] — but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:] This scene appears to have been borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caulthrop, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's Accidence of Armorie, and in Camden's Remaines. DOUCE.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown [6], sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compassed cape [7]*;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve ;——

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

[6] — LOOSE-BODIED gown,] I think the joke is impaired, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body's* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. Thus, in The Michaelmas Term, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 479, edit. 1780. REED.

[7] — a small COMPASSED CAPE ;] A *compassed cape* is a *round cape*. To *compass* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Thus in Troilus and Cressida, a circular bow window is called —a *compassed* window.

Stubbs, in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, (a manuscript of which an account has been given before): "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s." MALONE.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where; thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill [8], give me thy mete-yard [9], and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

[8] — take thou the BILL,] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in Timon of Athens. STEEVENS.

[9] — thy METE-yard,] i. e. thy measuring-yard. So, in The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage, 1607:

" Be not a bar between us, or my sword
" Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt*[1].

[1] *Exeunt.*] After this *exeunt*, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original so often mentioned in the former notes.

"*Lord.* Who's within there?

"*Enter Servants.*

"Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

"*Serv.* It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence. [*They bear off Sly.*"

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV[2].

Padua. Before BAPTISTA's House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir, this is the house[3]; Please it you, that
I call?

PED. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived[4],
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus[5].

TRA. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

[2] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the Acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each Act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth Act begins here. JOHNSON.

[3] SIR, this is the house;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] — BUT I be deceived,] *But*, in the present instance, signifies, *without*, *unless*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"*But* being charg'd, we will be still by land." STEEVENS.

[5] We were lodgers at the Pegasus.] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

"Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside." *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

Again, in The Jealous Lovers, by Randolph, 1632:

"A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,
"Bravely carous'd, is more restorative."

The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumstance, became a popular sign. STEEVENS.

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO[6].

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the Pedant,*]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,

[6] *Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*] And (according to the old copy,) *Pedant, booted and bareheaded.* RITSON.

Me shall you find ready and willing [7]
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you [8],
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower [9],
The match is made, and all is done [1]:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied [2]; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;

[7] Me shall you find MOST ready and MOST willing—] The repeated word *most*, is not in the old copy, but was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

[8] For CURIOUS I cannot be with you,] *Curious* is *scrupulous*. So, in Holinshed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office." Again, p. 890: "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." STEEVENS.

[9] And PASS my daughter a sufficient dower,] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. "and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee. RITSON.

[1] The match is FULLY made, and all is done:] The word—*fully* (to complete the verse) was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who might have justified his emendation by a foregoing passage in this comedy:

"Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made*." STEEVENS.

And, happily, we might be interrupted [3].

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir [4]:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart [5]!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone [6].
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

[2] We be AFFIED;] i. e. betrothed. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"For daring to *affy* a mighty lord
"Unto the daughter of a worthless king." STEEVENS.

[3] And, HAPPILY, we might be interrupted.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

"And *haply then* we might be interrupted." STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

[4] —an it like you, SIR:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] *Luc.* I pray, &c.] In the old copy this line is by mistake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.] Here the old copy adds—*Enter Peter*. RITSON.

"—get thee gone." It seems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* Tranio, *Pedant, and* Baptista.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[7] of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect[8];—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*[9]: to the church[1];—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

[7] —or MORAL—] i. e. the secret purpose. See Much Ado About Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV. Malone.

[8] I cannot tell; EXPECT—] The first folio reads—*expect*. Malone.

Except is the reading of the second folio. *Expect*, says Mr. Malone, means—wait the event. Steevens.

[9] —*cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*:] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. Reed.

[1] —to the church;] i. e. go to the church, &c. Tyrwhitt.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.
[*Exit* [2].

[2] *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the Tinker speaks again, and the scene continues thus:

" *Slie.* Sim, must they be married now?

" *Lord.* I, my lord.

" *Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.*

" *Slie.* Looke, Sim, the foole is come againe now.

" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth; and bring them to the backe-gate presently.

" *San.* I will, sir, I warrant you. [*Exit Sander.*

" *Feran.* Come, Kate: the moone shines cleere-to-night, methinkes.

" *Kate.* The moone; why husband you are deceiv'd; it is the sun.

" *Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it shall be the moone ere we come at your fathers.

" *Kate.* Why Ile say as you say; it is the moone.

" *Feran. Iesus,* save the glorious moone!

" *Kate. Iesus,* save the glorious moone!

" *Feran.* I am glad, Kate, your stomache is come downe;
" I know it well thou knowst it is the sun,
" But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
" And crosse me now as thou hast done before;
" And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not namde the moone,
" We had gone backe againe as sure as death.
" But soft, who's this that's coming here?

SCENE V.

A publick Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright!

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon [3].

" *Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.*
" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,
" And left my princely court, and noble traine,
" To come to Athens, and in this disguise
" To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
" But stay; here's some it may be travels thither:
" Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?
[*Ferando speaks to the old man.*"

His [the Duke's] speech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in p. 498. STEEVENS.

I have pointed out where he has varied from the old copy. BOSWELL.

[3] I know it is.—] The old copy redundantly reads—I know it is *the moon*. STEEVENS.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun [4].
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so [5], for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here [6]?

Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—
[*To Vincentio.*
Tell me, sweet Kate [7], and tell me truly too,

The humour of this scene bears a very striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Persian Proverb: "If the King saith at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the stars."
History of The Mogul Empire, vol. iv. p. 45. Douce.

[4] —it is the blessed sun;] For *is* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the second folio.

[5] And so, it shall be so,] A modern editor very plausibly reads:
And so it shall be, *Sir*. Malone.
Read:
"And so it shall be *still*, for Katharine. Ritson.

[6] But soft; what company is coming here?] The pronoun—*what*, which is wanting in the old copy, I have inserted by the advice of Mr. Ritson, whose punctuation and supplement are countenanced by the corresponding passage in the elder play:
"But soft; who's this that's coming here?"
See p. 496. Steevens.

[7] Tell me, sweet Kate,] In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakspeare, though the rest of that play is far inferior:
"Fair lovely maiden, [maide] young and affable,
"More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
"Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
"Of amethists, or glistening [glistering] hyacinth——
"——Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman——
[Sweet Kate entertaine this lovely woman.]

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman [8] of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away ; or where is thy abode [9] ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow ' !

" *Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
" Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird ;
" As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
" Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
" And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
" Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
" Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
" Unhabitable [Inhabitable] as [like] the burning zone,
" With sweet reflections of thy lovely face." Pope.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakspeare. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *unhabitable ;* our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in King Richard II. :

" Or any other ground *inhabitable*."

These instances may serve as some slight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakspeare : but I have since observed that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *unhabitable*.

Steevens.

[8] — to make A woman —] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the second folio, Malone.

[9] — WHERE is thy abode ?] Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio. Malone.

[1] Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !] This is borrowed from

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not
mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green[2]:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known
Which way thou travelest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress[3],—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, book iv. edit. 1587, p. 56:

"—— right happie folke are they
"By whome thou camst into this world; right happie is (I say)
"Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be:) good hap
"That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
"But far above all other far, more blist than these is shee
"Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bed-fellow for to bee."

I should add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the sixth book of the Odyssey, 154, &c.:

Τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνετοι· μαλα πέ, &c.
Κεῖνος δ' αὖ περι κῆρὶ μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Ος κέ σ' ἐέδνοισι βρίσας οἶκόνδ' ἀγάγηται.

STEEVENS.

[2] That every thing I look on seemeth green:] Shakspeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very acurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

[3] — mistress,] is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can[4].

[*Exeunt* Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

[4] — and then come back to my MASTER as soon as I can.] The editions all agree in reading *mistress;* but what mistress was Biondello to come back to? he must certainly mean—Nay, faith, sir, I must see you in the church; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my *master* THEOBALD.

Probably an M was only written in the MS. See p. 396.

The same mistake has happened again in this scene: "Didst thou never see thy *mistress'* father, Vincentio?" The present emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes rightly, that by "master," Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio. MALONE.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa [5], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To Vincen.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

5 — from Pisa,] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made *to Padua*; but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. Tyrwhitt.

I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*. Malone.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio[6]?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat[7]!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I

[6] — thy MASTER'S father, Vincentio?] Old copy—thy *mistress'* father. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[7] — a copatain hat!] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See Hearbes, p. 154:

"A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemish block."

And again, in his Epilogue, p. 216:

"With high *copt* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt."

In Stubbs's Anatomie of Abuses, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads," &c. STEEVENS.

play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo [8].

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer [9]: [*Enter one with an*

[8] — a sail-maker in Bergamo.] Ben Jonson has a parallel passage in his Alchemist:

"—— you do resemble
"One of the Austriack princes.
"*Face.* Very like:
"Her father was an Irish costarmonger."

Again, Chapman, in his Widow's Tears, a comedy 1612:

"— he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta."

STEEVENS.

[9] Call forth an officer: &c.] Here, in the original play, the Tinker speaks again:

"*Slie.* I say weele have no sending to prison.
"*Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.
"*Slie.* I tell thee *Sim*, weele have no sending

Officer :] carry this mad knave to the goal :—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched[1] in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd :—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out*[2].

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?

" To prison, that's flat; why *Sim*, am not I don *Christo Vari?*
" Therefore, I say, they shall not goe to prison.
" *Lord.* No more they shall not, my lord:
" They be runne away.
" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim?* that's well:
" Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
" *Lord.* Here, my lord." STEEVENS.

[1] —coney-catched—] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

[2] —run out.] The old copy says—as fast as may be. RITSON.

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne [3].

Gre. Here's packing [4], with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

3 While counterfeit SUPPOSES blear'd thine eyne.] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy entitled Supposes, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which on the present occasion is sufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's Farewell to Folly, 1617: "— with Plato to build a commonwealth on *supposes*." Shakspeare uses the word in Troilus and Cressida: "That we come short of our *suppose* so far," &c. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's Metamorphosis, that *supposes* was a game of some kind: "After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle," &c. Again, in Drayton's Epistle from King John to Matilda:

"And tells me those are shadows and *supposes*."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive*. So, in Chaucer's Manciple's Tale, v. 17,202, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*."

Again, in the 10th pageant of The Coventry Plays, in the British Museum, MS. Cott. Vesp. d. viii.:

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
"If I chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,
"*Blere mine ey*, and pyke out a mote." STEEVENS.

The ingenious editor's explanation of *blear the eye*, is strongly supported by Milton, Comus, v. 155:

"Spells ———
"Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion."
HOLT WHITE.

4 Here's PACKING,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. So, in King Lear:

"Snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To Lucentio.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Luc. and Bian.*

Gre. My cake is dough[5]: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Petruchio and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado,

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

[5] My cake is dough:] This is a proverbial expression, which also occurs in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife:

"Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough*."

Again, in The Case is Alter'd, 1609:

"Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as mine."

Steevens.

It was generally used when any project miscarried. Malone.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howel, in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, says—"The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfullest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough*." Reed.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out; Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done[6],
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

[6] —when raging war is DONE,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—"when raging war is *come*," which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm*, formerly spelt *calme*. So, in Othello:

"If after every tempest come such *calms*—."

The word "overblown," in the next line, adds some little support to this conjecture. MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's conjecture is justified by a passage in Othello:

"News, lords! our *wars are done*." STEEVENS.

My banquet [7] is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow[8].
Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense[9];
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

[7] My BANQUET—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books,) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit. See note on Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

[8] — FEARS his widow,] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense: and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

[9] You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;] The old copy redundantly reads—You are *very* sensible." STEEVENS.

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe [1]:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office [2].
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad [3].
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two [4].

[1] —shrew,——woe;] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that anciently the word—shrew was pronounced as if it had been written—shrow. See the *finale* of the play, p. 522. Steevens.

[2] — put her down.
Hor. That's my office.] This passage will be best explained by another in Much Ado about Nothing: "Lady, you have *put him down*.—So I would not *he should do me*, my lord, lest I should prove *the mother of fools*." Steevens.

[3] — Ha' to thee, lad.] The old copy has—to *the*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[4] Have at you for a bitter jest or two.] The old copy reads—a *better* jest. The emendation, (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the smallest doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So, before, in the present play:

"Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"Too *bitter* is thy *jest*."

Again, in Bastard's Epigrams, 1598:

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift [5] simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio [6].

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright [7].

"He shut up the matter with this *bitter jest*." Malone.

I have received this emendation; and yet "a *better* jest" may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* degree. So, in King Lear:

"—— her smiles and tears
"Were like a *better* day."

Again, in Macbeth:

"—— go not my horse the *better*—."

i. e. if he does not go *well*. Steevens.

5 — swift —] Besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in As You Like It, the Duke says of the Clown: "He is very *swift* and sententious." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that "he had known Laud for a *nimble* disputant." Johnson.

6 — that GIRD, good Tranio.] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "Curculio may chatte till his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*." Steevens.

7 — you TWO outright.] Old copy—you *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance [8],
Let's each one send unto his wife [9];

[8] — FOR assurance,] Instead of *for*, the original copy has *sir*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[9] Let's each one send unto his wife;] Thus in the original play:

" *Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that supper's done,
" How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?
" *Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
" Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.
" *Pol.* Nay, then, Ferando, he must needes sit out;
" For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
" Before his wife wil come before she list.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives:
" Yet in this trial wil I not sit out;
" It may be Kate wil come as soone as I do send.
" *Aurel.* My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound.
" *Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
" That my wife comes as soone as I do send.
" *Aurel.* How now, Ferando! you dare not lay, belike.
" *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
" But how? So little mony on so sure a thing.
" A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much
" Upon my dog in running at a deere,
" She shall not come so far for such a trifle:
" But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?
" And whose wife soonest comes, when he doth cal,
" And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,
" Let him injoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what say you? Dare you adventure thus?
" *Pol.* I, were it a thousand pounds, I durst presume
" On my wife's love: and I wil lay with thee.

" *Enter Alfonso.*

" *Alfon.* How now sons! What in conference so hard?
" May I, without offence, know where about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cause, about our wives:
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
" He must injoy the wager to himselfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then Ferando, he is sure to lose it:
" I promise thee son, thy wife will hardly come;
" And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,

" *Feran.* Tush, father; were it ten times more,
" I durst adventure on my lovely Kate:—
" But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shall you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honour, if I lose Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And so wil I upon my faith, I vow.
" *Feran.* Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.
" *Alfon.* I promise thee Ferando, I am afraid thou wilt lose.
" *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first: Valeria,
" Go bid your mistress come to me.
" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit Valeria.*
" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I should obtain it by her love.
" *Feran.* I pray God, you have laid too much already.
" *Aurel.* Trust me, Ferando, I am sure you have;
" For you, I dare presume, have lost it al.

" *Enter Valeria againe.*

" Now, sirha, what saies your mistris?
" *Val.* She is something busie, but sheele come anone.
" *Feran.* Why so: did I not tel you this before?
" She was busie, and cannot come.
" *Aurel.* I pray God, your wife send you so good an answere:
" She may be busie, yet she says sheele come.
" *Feran.* Wel, wel: Polidor, send you for your wife.
" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, desire your mistris to come hither.
" *Boy.* I wil, sir. [*Exit.*
" *Feran.* I, so, so; he desires hir to come.
" *Alfon.* Polidor, I dare presume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife will not denie to come;
" And I do marvel much, Aurelius,
" That your wife came not when you sent for her.

" *Enter the Boy againe.*

" *Pol.* Now, wher's your mistris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that she will not come:
" And you have any businesse, you must come to her.
" *Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,
" Worse than a blasing star, or snow at midsummer,
" Earthquakes or any thing unseasonable!
" She will not come; but he must come to hir.
" *Pol.* Wel, sir, I pray you, let's heare what
" Answere your wife will make.

Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content:——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.

" *Feran.* Sirha, command your mistris to come
" To me presently. [*Exit Sander.*
" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all she did not come,
" Wil prove most kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am sure Ferando's wife, she will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I must lose.

" *Enter Kate and Sander.*

" But I have won, for see where Kate doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete husband, did you send for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:
" Come hither, Kate: What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;
" 'Tis foolish; I wil not have thee weare it.
[*She takes off her cap, and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphosis!
" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you shall see.
" Come hither, Kate: Where are thy sisters?
" *Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alfon.* I promise thee, Ferando, I would have sworne
" Thy wife would ne'er have done so much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more then this;
" For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

" *Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes them come unto their husbands cal.*

" *Kate.* See husband, I have brought them both.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, Kate.
" *Emil.* I sure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praise for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herselfe and us.
" *Aurel.* Beshrew thee, Phylema, thou hast
" Lost me a hundred pound to night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
" *Pol.* But, thou, Emelia, hast lost me a great deal more.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

" *Emil.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?
" *Feran.* Now, lovely Kate, before their husbands here,
" I prethee tel unto these head-strong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their husbands.
" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pampered wils,
" Now list to me, and marke what I shall say.—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
" For all the course of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand.
" The first world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodilesse,
" Where all the elements were orderlesse,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to stand in perfect course.
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Old Adam, and from his side asleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, so term'd by Adam then,
" Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
" And for her sinne was Adam doom'd to die.
" As Sara to her husband, so should we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
" If that by that we might procure their ease;
" And, for a president, Ile first begin,
" And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[*She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*

" *Feran.* Inough sweet; the wager thou hast won;
" And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.
" *Alfon.* I, Ferando, the wager thou hast won;
" And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For she is not the same she was before.
" *Feran.* Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For Kate and I will leave you for to-night:

But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

" 'Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped:
" And so farewell, for we will to our bed.
[*Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*
" *Alfon.* Now Aurelius, what say you to this?
" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father I rejoyce to see
" Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.
[*Exeunt Aurelius and Phylema, and Alfonso and Valeria.*
" *Emel.* How now, Polidor? in a dumpe? What saist thou man?
" *Pol.* I say, thou art a shrew.
" *Emel.* That's better than a sheepe.
" *Pol.* Well, since 'tis done, come, let's goe.
[*Exeunt Polidor and Emilia.*

" *Then enter two, bearing of Slie in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the Tapster.*
" *Tapster.* Now that the darkesome night is overpast,
" And dawning day appeares in christall skie,
" Now must I haste abroade: but soft! who's this?
" What Slie? o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night!
" Ile wake him; I thinke he's starved by this,
" But that his belly was so stufft with ale:
" What now Slie! awake for shame."—&c. STEEVENS.

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not [1].
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

[1] She will not.] I have added the word—*come*, to complete the measure, which was here defective; as indeed it is, almost irremediably, in several parts of the present scene. Steevens.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns [2] since supper-time.

[2] — AN hundred crowns—] Old copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions. MALONE.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads[3];
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

[3] — as frosts DO bite the meads:] Thus the old copy. The second folio, and the modern editors, omit the word *do*. BOSWELL.

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions [4], and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are [5].
Then vail your stomachs [6], for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

[4] — our soft CONDITIONS,] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.

So, in King Henry V.: "my tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." STEEVENS.

[5] — which we least are.] The old copy erroneously prolongs this line by reading—which we *indeed* least are. STEEVENS.

[6] Then vail your stomachs,] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. So, in King Henry IV. P. I.:

"'Gan *vail his stomach*, and did grace the shame
"Of those that turn'd their backs." STEEVENS.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:——
We three are married, but you two are sped[7].
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white[8];
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew[9].

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
[*Exeunt*[1].

[7] — you two ARE SPED.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience. STEEVENS.

[8] — though you hit the WHITE;] To "hit the *white*" is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's Answer to Ben Jonson's Ode at the end of his New Inn:

"As oft you've wanted brains
"And art to strike the *white*,
"As you have levell'd right."

Again, in Sir Aston Cockayn's Poems, 1658:

"And as an expert archer *hits the white*." MALONE.

[9] — shrew.] I suppose our author design'd this word to be sounded as if it had been written—shrow. Thus, in Mr. Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. ii. p. 164, Burghley calls Lord Shrewsbury—Shrowsbury. See, also, the same work, vol. ii. p. 168—9. STEEVENS.

[1] *Exeunt.*] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows:

"*Enter two Servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

"*Sly.* [*awaking,*] Sim, give's some more wine.——What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?

"*Tap.* A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

"*Sly.* Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

"*Tap.* Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

"*Sly.* Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew.* I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream

that ever I had, But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me."

These passages, which have hitherto been printed as part of the work of Shakspeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being not published in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of The Taming of the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of King Henry V. in which Oldcastle is introduced,) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almost unnecessary to vindicate Shakspeare from being the author of the old Taming of a Shrew. Mr. Pope, in consequence of his being very superficially acquainted with the phraseology of our early writers, first ascribed it to him, and on his authority this strange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might, with just as much propriety, have supposed that our author wrote the old King Henry IV. and V. and The History of King Lier and his Three Daughters, as that he wrote two plays on the subject of Taming a Shrew, and two others on the story of King John.—The error prevailed for such a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is so extremely scarce, that one of our author's editors [Mr. Capell] searched for it for thirty years in vain. Four copies, however, are now known to exist. My own, and that which was in Mr. Steevens's collection, were printed in 1607; but the first edition of 1596 was in the library of the Duke of Roxburghe, and an-

× at a Sale by Sotheby in April 1826. a copy of this play was sold (I believe to Mr Heber) with the date of 1594. The Edit and that of 1596 differ as much in the Words lately printed from the Duke of Devonshire's copy as from the more correct editions of Q 1

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other, of the same date, is in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford. Mr. Pope's copy is supposed to be irrecoverably lost.

I suspect that the anonymous Taming of a Shrew was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene.

MALONE.

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his Notes on the Epistle to Augustus: "The Induction, as Shakspeare calls it, to The Taming of the Shrew, deserves, for the excellence of its moral design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

"This Prologue sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprize and aukward deportment of Sly, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions: Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent* and *wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *lordships*.

"To give a poignancy to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

'O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

'Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!'

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at the state of stupid *insensibility, the image of death*. Nothing can be juster than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present *a foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is here sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists: 'qui in mensam vomunt et qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant.'

But as for the 'mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis, pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione,* his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem,' these they complimented with the name of *beatos sapientes.* [*Cic. de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

"And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

"However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

'Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:'

And so proposes to have him *conveyed to bed,* and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins. Sly, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale.* On which the *lord* very characteristically, and (taking the poet's design *, as here explained,) with infinite satyr, replies:

'O! that a mighty man of such descent,
'Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
'Should be infused with so foul a spirit!'

And again, afterwards:

'Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
'Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;
'And banish hence these lowly abject themes.'

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichsoever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants ready at his beck:* musick, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing:* couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis: burning odours, and distilled waters: floors bestrewed with carpets:* the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses:* in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

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* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiss to recollect what the sensible Bruyere observes on a like occasion: "Un *Grand* aime le *Champagne,* abhorre la *Brie;* il s'enyvre de meillieure vin, que l'homme de peuple: *seule difference,* que la crapule laisse entre les conditions les plus disproportionées, entre le *Seigneur,* et *l'Estassier.*" [Tom. ii. p. 12.]

" But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted upon. We had a hint of what we were to expect, before:

' Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
' And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures*.' (Sc. II.)

And what lord, in the luxury of all his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

' 2 *Man*. Dost thou love *pictures?* We will fetch thee straight
' Adonis painted by a running brook;
' And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
' Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
" Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
' *Lord*. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid;
' And how she was beguiled and surprized,
' As lively painted, as the deed was done.
' 3 *Man*. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
' Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds:
' So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.'

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen*. But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantials. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaste* school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

' Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
' Than any woman in this waning age.'

Here, indeed, the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refine-

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* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an insipid collection; for he would have *his rooms*,

" Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius took
" From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
" But coldly imitated." *Alchemist*, Act II. Sc. II.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Asoti*, before mentioned. In general, the satiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further gathered from a similar stroke in Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass, where, to characterise the *voluptuous*, he makes him say:

" ——— I would delight my sight
" With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
" *Naked and bathing*."

ments of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out with a proposal so remote from all his former practices. Be it as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the inchanting deception:

'I see, I hear, I speak;
'I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
'*Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.*'

The satyr is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

"Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare et fortunam experiri meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit hominem in *aureo lecto, strato pulcherrimo, textili stragulo magnificis operibus picto:* abacosque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato:* hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros* delectos jussit consistere, eosque *nutum illius* intuentes diligenter ministrare: aderant *unguenta, coronæ: incendebantur odores: mensæ conquisitissimis epulis extruebantur.*" [Tusc. Disp. lib. v. 21.]

"It follows, that Damocles fell into the sweet delusion of Christophero Sly:

'*Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur.*'

"The event in these two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the *beggar*. But this was according to the design of each. For, the *former* would show the *misery* of *regal luxury;* the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar in disguise*.

"To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this Induction make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by showing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one—

'No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.' (Sc. III.)

"Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his

betters, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*:

'Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte
'Jussit et *hanc vitam dixit habere Deos*.'"

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

In justice to Bishop Hurd it ought to be mentioned that this elaborate trifling is only to be found in his work, as it first appeared, and was withdrawn by himself from the subsequent editions. BOSWELL.

The circnmstance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has observed,) by Heuterus, Rerum, Burgund. lib. iv. The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimestone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heuterus,) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

"Philip called the good Duke of Bourgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him: his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Duke's chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day.——They bring him rich apparell. This new Monsieur amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups

in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before:—he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension."

MALONE.

The following story, related, as it appears, by an eye-witness, may not be thought inapplicable to this Induction: "I remember (says Sir Richard Barckley, in A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man, 1598, p. 24,) a pretie experiment practised by the Emperour Charles the Fifth upon a drunkard. As this Emperour on a time entered into Gaunt, there lay a drunken fellow overthwart the streetes, as though he had bene dead; who, least the horsemen should ride ouer him, was drawen out of the way by the legges, and could by no means be wakened; which when the Emperour saw, he caused him to be taken vp and carried home to his palace, and vsed as he had appointed. He was brought into a faire chamber hanged with costly arras, his clothes taken off, and laid in a stately bed meet for the Emperour himselfe. He continued in a sleepe vntil the next day almost noone. When he awaked and had lyen wondring awhile to see himself in such a place, and diuers braue gentlemen attending upon him, they took him out of the bed, and apparelled him like a prince, in verie costly garments, and all this was done with verie great silence on everie side. When he was ready, there was a table set and furnished with very daintie meats, and he set in a chaire to eat attended vpon with braue courtiers, and serued as if the Emperour had bin present, the cupboord full of gold plate and diuerse sortes of wines. When he saw such preparation made for him, he left any longer to wonder, and thought it not good to examine the matter any further, but tooke his fortune as it came, and fell to his meate. His wayters with great reuerance and dutie obserued diligently his nods and becks, which were his signes to call for that he lacked, for words he vsed none. As he thus sate in his majestie eating and drinking, he tooke in his cups so freelie, that he fel fast asleepe againe as he sate in his chaire. His attendants stripped him out of his fresh apparel, and arrayed him with his own ragges againe, and carried him to the place where

they found him, where he lay sleeping vntill the next day. After he was awakened, and fell into the companie of his acquaintance, being asked where he had bene; he answered that he had bene aslepe, and had the pleasantest dream that ever he had in his life; and told them all that passed, thinking that it had bene nothing but a dreame."

This frolick seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or to the revelry of the boisterous Henry, than to the cold and distant manners of the reserved Charles; of whose private character, however, historians have taken but slight notice.

HOLT WHITE.

From this play, The Tatler formed a story, vol. iv. No. 231:

"There are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance:

"A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit,) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin money,) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse,

(which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress,) with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it; the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, Child, pr'ythee take up the saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to his brethren, how much to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer made by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, 'My dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

It cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of The Tatler, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive; that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

the fact

the latter doubtless. Steele was a great lover of Shakspeare's writings - and on a part of one entirely quoting from them.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katherine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. V.

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